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THE OLD DOMINION

HER MAKING AND HER MANNERS

BY

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

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Dedicated to

ROSEWELL PAGE, ESQUIRE,

A VIRGINIA COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, WHO BY HIS CHARACTER, HIS UNSELFISHNESS, HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND HIS LIFELONG HABIT OF SPENDING HIMSELF FOR OTHERS, HAS PRESERVED IN THE PRESENT THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE OLD DOMINION'S PAST

PREFACE

IT has from a long time back been an author's privilege to say a word more or less confidential to his Reader before committing himself in cold type to the Public. The author of these Essays now avails himself of this privilege to express the hope that whatever their faults may be, they may lead some of his readers to turn for themselves to the almost unknown page of their Country's History: the Record of the early life of "The Antient Dominion." Few know it now, yet no page of the History of the Race will better repay patient study; for none shines with more heroic deeds, or more sublime fortitude and endeavor. Her History belongs not to the present Virginia alone. It is the heritage of every State carved from the mighty empire once embraced within her borders. Of the first six thousand settlers who came over and seized and held this great country for

England and her People; nine out of ten "left here their bodies in testimonie of their mindes." But they left the Old Dominion founded, to be the foundation of a new Nation. She brought forth in time a new Civilization where Character and Courtesy went hand in hand; where the goal ever set before the eye was Honor, and where the distinguishing marks of the life were Simplicity and Sincerity.

It was by no mere accident that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Henry, Mason and their like came from Tidewater and Piedmont Virginia. They were the proper product of her distinctive Civilization, and were not uncommon types of the Character she has given to her Children.

The writer is under obligations to all the faithful Historians who have in the past labored to preserve and set forth the true History of Virginia as they were able to find it. And he especially wishes to record his debt to the pious labors of the late Alexander Brown of Virginia, who devoted his life to the collection and publication of the early records of the History of the Old Dominion. To his monumental work, "The Genesis of the United States," every American Historian must ever be indebted.

The fact that these Essays came in part from

addresses delivered before various Societies at different times, will account for certain repetitions in them. The author, however, hopes that this repetition may not be frequent enough to prove tedious, and, moreover, he feels that some facts cannot be too often repeated.

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THE OLD DOMINION
HER MAKING AND HER MANNERS

THE OLD DOMINION

I

THE BEGINNING OF AMERICA

"Some tracks of Feeting they found upon a Sandy Bank."—STRACHEY: FIRST TRAVAILS INTO VIRGINIA.

TO comprehend truly the achievement of the settlement of Jamestown and what it has signified to the world, and still signifies today, if we but knew it, it is necessary to go back among the forces that were at work in Western Europe during the time when the Dark Ages were giving way to the light of the New Learning. Many forces combined to produce the results, working with that patience which characterizes the laws of Nature. The energies of men had been engrossed by the exactions of war, and of a civilization based on war. The mind of man had been for ages monopolized by war militant or spiritual. Person and intellect alike lay under rule. Then gradually, after long lethargy, men began to think. Historians

wrote; poets sang; statesmen planned; scientists experimented. The mariner's compass, whether brought by Marco Polo from the East, or invented by the Neapolitan, Flavio Gioja, or by some one else, came into use in Europe: other nautical instruments were invented or improved. Gunpowder was invented and gradually changed the methods of war. The New Learning began to sweep over Europe. The Art of printing from movable types was invented. The ice was broken up and the stream, long dammed, began to flow. The Reformation came and men burst the chains which had bound them.

The breaking up of the old conditions and relations made necessary a great readjustment. Two quite distinct peoples and civilizations were found facing each other. The Latin race and the civilization founded on the Civil Law and the Roman Church were on one side; the Saxon race and its civilization founded on the Common Law and a greatly modified Ecclesiastical System were on the other.

Spain, fighting under the banner of the Cross, was just freeing herself from the Mahometan, and in the very year in which Columbus gave her a new world, Castile achieved her final victory over the Moor. On the other hand, the Moslem was strengthening himself on the

eastern frontier of Europe. The city of Constantine, after a long struggle, fell before him in 1453, and the Eastern Empire which had been the asylum and nursery of civilization became the prey of the Ottoman Turk. Her trade, which had made Venice and Florence and Genoa, was hemmed in on the eastward, and the land which Marco Polo had visited was with its fabulous wealth suddenly cut off.

Prince Henry, the Navigator, had set up his observatory in Portugal, and drawn around him the best cosmographers and navigators of the world. Under his patronage bold Portuguese and other mariners had coasted down the African continent, and in 1486 Bartholomew Diaz was blown so far south that when he turned to strike the coast again he passed the southern point without seeing it and turning north found the land to the westward and himself on the eastern coast.

Thus, the spirit of the age was alert, and in the very moment of time came the Genoese navigator, who on his first appearance in history, is described as "Christopher Columbus, Stranger." He had conceived and worked out the noble idea that he could reach the East by sailing boldly west, and he devoted his great powers and his life to establish it in the minds of men.

The sphericity of the earth had been suggested speculatively as far back as the time of Pythagoras; Plato, who seems to have contemplated everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, discussed it; Aristotle half taught it; and Ptolemy, the geographer, laid it down as a probability. Columbus probably did not even first among Europeans touch this hemisphere; five hundred years before his day, Eric the Red planted a colony on the northeastern peninsula, and Lief, his son, led explorers down to Vinland the Good, somewhere on or near the northeastern coast of the United States. Eric's colonies throve for four centuries and then perished, whilst the story of Vinland was lost so utterly that no memory of it remained except in the Sagas. Other later bold adventurers touched on those shores—possibly among them the Zenos of Venice, whose map shows all the knowledge of the earth known in their time.

Much has been made of late by certain scholars of the new and so-called critical school, out of these earlier voyagings of Scandinavian seamen, and the great Admiral has been even a second time decried as an impostor; but the difference between them and Columbus was that they were bold seamen and captains, and

merely that, voyaging in distant seas in quest of booty as others of their race had done often before, whilst the great Admiral, with a high prevision and a noble enthusiasm, after a life devoted to the work, struck boldly out across the globe on lines of navigation which he had mapped for himself to find in unknown seas the shores of a continent which was to enrich and save Christendom. He had no dream of a new continent; any more than had others who for many years followed in his wake; but he braved the Sea of Darkness with all its terrors to find by untried routes through unknown oceans Cipango and Cathay. To set the egg up on end was easy enough when once it had been done. He was the man for the time; and the time suited the man. Had he not discovered America barring his way he would have found the Indies. And had not America been here it is likely that European enterprise and force would have made Asia their field, and so the history of the world would still have been different.

He found a land, not that, indeed, he sought; but one richer than ever he dreamed Cathay to be, and though, when he died, the records of his town contain no mention of the fact, the half a world he gave to Spain glorifies his memory four hundred years afterwards as the greatest human

benefactor the human race has known. He alone of all men of his time had a right conception of the greatness of the work he was to accomplish. There is nothing finer than the story of the interview between him and Isabella: when on her refusal to grant him all he demanded, and it was a high demand, made as a king to a king, he, on the eve of attaining all he had worked for, striven for, pined for through long years of waiting and struggling, turned his back on the Court and set out to try once more a new king in a new land. We know how he was recalled when already on his way to leave Spain, and we know how it is said Isabella pledged her jewels as security for the loan she raised to help him; we know how he set his prows steadily to the West and held them there alike against threats and entreaties, and how he found not the Indies, indeed, but a land greater and richer and nobler far; which, though he died in ignorance of the greatness of his discovery, was the vastest fruit that one man's genius ever produced.

The Wars of the Roses had ended on Bosworth field (August 22, 1485). The rival houses of York and Lancaster which had torn England for generations had been united, and for the first time in many years England had peace within her borders, and soon had time to apply

her energies to the Arts of Peace at home and to preparation for war abroad.

The news of the discovery of new shores by a Spanish navigator and their possession by Spain stirred England and her awaking people, as it did the nearer nations. Spain freed from Moorish domination and claiming a new world of fabulous wealth suddenly loomed up as the greatest nation of the earth, and with Portugal proceeded under arbitrament of the Holy See to parcel out between them the unknown world.

Portugal already had a right under papal decrees to all heathen lands discovered or to be discovered east of a line of longitude one hundred leagues west of the Azore Islands, and Spain had obtained from the same authority the right of discovery to the westward. Portugal procured the shifting of this line to a point three hundred leagues west of the islands, a circumstance to which was due at a later date her claim to Brazil.

The English had the blood of bold sailors in her veins. Norseman and Dane had intermingled with Celt and Saxon, and there was left, if partly dormant, the undying spirit which had flouted the fierce Baltic and in old days had gone as far as Greenland to the north and Constantinople to the south.

Spain's good fortune was viewed with envy,

her proud claims with jealousy. Bold navigators were not wanting. Columbus, despairing at one time of success in Spain, had sent his brother, Bartholomew, to England to try his fortune there, and he was there when Columbus sailed from Palos. In the summer of 1480, according to William of Worcester, two vessels sailed to find the Island of Brazil, but put back again by reason of foul weather. On the 21st of January, 1496, Puebla, the Spanish Ambassador, informed his sovereigns that "a person had come, like Columbus, to propose to the King of England an enterprise like that of the Indies." On the 28th of March the sovereigns instructed him to warn Henry VII. that such an enterprise would be an infringement on the rights of Spain and Portugal.

The Indies were the goal of all men's hopes, and the idea of a northwest passage thither took firm hold in the minds of men, especially of Englishmen.

On the 5th of March, 1496, a charter for discovery and colonization was granted to John Cabot and his three sons; as similar charters were granted to Richard Warde and others; but in order to be "without prejudice to Spain and Portugal" these charters extended only east, north and west of forty-four degrees north latitude.

John Cabot sailed with a fleet of five vessels in the spring of 1497, one of which was commanded by his son, Sebastian, destined to become even more famous than his illustrious father, and explored the coast of New Foundland, which they reached, according to Sebastian Cabot's map, on June 24th, thus becoming the first white men who ever touched the shores of North America. They were back in England again in August.

Sebastian Cabot, still seeking for the northwest passage to India, the goal of all hopes, sailed again the next year and penetrated that Bay in which Henry Hudson, more than a century later (1610), still looking for the unfound passage to India, the El Dorado of the Arctic Seas, was to be set adrift with his dying son, and to which he was to give his name, a memorial of his romantic and pathetic fate. Having failed to find the northwest passage, Cabot took service with Spain, whose growing possessions and power were making service under her the ambition of all navigators.

The Island of Hispaniola was settled and planted, and from this as a centre of the work of new discovery, conquest and colonization went rapidly on. Diego Columbus took possession as Admiral and Governor of the Indies

in 1509, and he gave all his energies to the work. In 1509 Ojeda and Nicuesa took possession of Darien, which La Cosa and Amerigo Vespucci had explored under Ojeda in 1505–7. In 1511 Diego Columbus sent Valasquez to conquer Cuba. In 1513 Nunez de Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Darien and waded into the new ocean which he discovered on the other side. The stories of the Incas and their wealth reached him, and a few years later (1517) he had fitted out three ships and was about to start southward, when he was arrested on a charge of treason and put to death by the bloody Pedrarias, Governor of Darien.

In the spring of 1513 Juan Ponce de Leon, a brave soldier who had been with Columbus in his second voyage, and had now got permission to lead an expedition in search of the fabled Isle of Bimini and Fountain of Youth, told of by Sir John Mandeville, set out to the westward, and reaching a harbor on Easter day, the Feast of Flowers, named the land Florida, in honor of the day. He explored the land on the east and the west, and found in some sort, indeed, the fountain he sought, for though an Indian arrow cut short his career, he still lives in the perpetual youth of romance, the most attractive character of all that time.

About this time, 1518, Grijaloa heard from a

tax-gatherer in Yucatan the story of his master Montezuma. This was the first time the newcomers had found anything like the civilization and wealth they had been dreaming of. As they were still in Asia, this, of course, was the Great Khan. Grijaloa bore the news to Cuba, and was superseded for his reward, and the command of the expedition that was sent out was given to a young soldier of fortune who had been with Valasquez in the Conquest of Cuba: Hernando Cortez. By the end of 1521 Cortez had conquered Mexico and found the way to the conquest of all of what is now Central America, justifying his proud rebuke to Philip II., that he had given him more provinces than his father had had cities.

In 1519 Alvarez de Pineda followed the western coast of Florida as far around as Tampico in Mexico, where he met Cortez exploring that land. Turning back he entered and spent six weeks in exploring the lower Mississippi, and seems to have been the first European to sail on its waters.

In September, 1519, Ferdinand Magellan set out to circumnavigate the globe, and in the face of starvation, desertion and mutiny, circumnavigated it, the greatest feat ever accomplished by a navigator, that of Columbus hardly excepted,

and verified his high boast to his mutinous lieutenants that he would sail to India if he had to gnaw the leather from his ships' yards. The great navigator lost his life in the Philippine Islands after he had traversed the unknown seas and reached lands that were known; but his work was accomplished and he had circled the earth.

In 1531 the Pizarros began the conquest of Peru, and added to Spain the richest province she had yet found: the province, indeed, which was to be her chief source of wealth.

From this time it may well be believed that all maritime nations were looking to the region where the East met the West. It was just beginning to dawn on men that the new Land was not Asia and the Indies at all, but a New Continent which stretched across the track to Asia; and enterprise began to be turned to the work of finding a way through this land to far Cathay. Bays and even rivers were explored with the hope of discovering some passage.

Among the navigators who turned their attention to this, the first was Lucas Vasquez d'Ayllon; and he was the first that is certainly known to have made any exploration of the Coast of Virginia. In 1524 he sailed from Hispaniola, and it is claimed that he sailed into the Chesapeake, and up the broad river which

poured its waters down almost opposite the capes. Liking the country, he obtained a grant from Charles V., and, returning in 1526, he is said to have brought with him colonists and some five hundred negro slaves, and to have begun to found a town, which he called San Miguel, on the banks of the river, near where the first Anglo-Saxon settlement that was to live was to be founded, almost a hundred years later. This is the first reputed settlement of Virginia, and the first importation of slaves within the borders of the present United States. He lost his life and his colony failed. The evidence, however, is far from conclusive that this settlement was not much further south than the Chesapeake.

In 1525 Estevan Gomez, who had been one of Magellan's pilots and had deserted him, is said to have coasted from Labrador to Florida, taking notes of capes and rivers. But by this time the growing wealth and power of Spain were beginning to excite the jealousy of other countries, and they were looking with envious eyes to the new and not very well defined possessions which she claimed.

More than one French navigator seems to have preceded Gomez. Norman and Breton fishermen were visiting the banks of New Found-

land regularly; and Spain's pretensions were beginning to be the subject of more than question. Bernal Diaz says that Francis I. sent word to his great rival Charles V. to ask by what right he and the King of Portugal undertook to claim the earth. Had Adam made them his sole heirs? If so, why, produce the will, and meanwhile he should feel at liberty to seize all he could get.

In 1523 Giovanni da Verraza, a Florentine by birth, but in the service of France, captured the treasure sent by Cortez to Charles V. and next year coasted from about Cape Fear to 50 degrees north. Charles, however, so crippled Francis in the Italian Campaign (1525) that it was not until ten years later that Jacques Cartier explored the lower St. Lawrence and founded Montreal. It was now believed that the land stretching from Labrador to Darien was a narrow strip like the Isthmus itself and Spain bent her energies to cross it. The first of her gallant explorers to attempt it was Panfilo de Narvaez, but the best known in history was Ferdinand de Soto, who, in 1539, penetrated as far as the Mississippi, on whose banks he died and in whose waters his body was buried.

The penurious Henry VII. had meantime died (April 21, 1509) and been succeeded by Henry VIII., married to the Spanish princess,

Catherine of Aragon, and one of the most notable monarchs in all history. A beast in his personal tastes and private life, violating brutally every law, human and divine, he was one of the most able and powerful rulers of modern times. To gratify his personal appetites he divorced his Spanish wife, exploited the nascent Protestantism of the English people, repudiated the Roman Church, and slew all who opposed him; but he laid the foundation of the English navy, and once more established England as a great power.

The publication of "Utopia," by the first subject in England, showed how the English mind was working. The great intellect of Sir Thomas More was already forecasting the establishment of a mighty nation beyond the seas "where peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety should be established for all generations." In 1512 the Trinity House was founded by Captain Thomas Spert as an "Association for Piloting Ships," and it was incorporated in 1514. In April, 1536, Master Robert Hore, of London, sailed in John Cabot's track to New Foundland, in two ships, with some twenty-five gentlemen and ninety others, sailors, etc.

On the 28th of January, 1547, Henry VIII. died, and his young son, Edward VI., succeeded him. Strongly Protestant and under direction of

stout Protestant haters of Spain, he or his advisers began to establish Protestantism in England. They recalled Sebastian Cabot from Spain, and proceeded to encourage the discovery of new lands without reference to limits and claims based upon papal decrees. The great association was formed, known as "The Mysterie and Company of Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown." It was to a certain extent a re-issuance of the Charter of 1496 to John Cabot, but it no longer recognized even by implication the bounds fixed by the Pope, as that did when it confined discoveries to lands north, east and west of England.

Queen Mary succeeded Edward VI. (July, 1553), after the sad little ten days' reign of that sweetest and most pathetic of sovereigns, the little Queen Jane. She married Philip II. of Spain (July 25, 1554) and with an earnest woman's zeal gave her life to restoring England to the Papacy. The dazzling richness of the Spanish retinue of the bridegroom, and especially the wagon-loads of Spanish ingots hauled through the streets of London on this occasion, awakened the English people to a sudden realization of the value of the prize Spain had seized. It was an object-lesson which they never forgot. On the 6th of July, 1555, Mary granted a sec-

ond charter to the Merchant Adventurers, confining them, however, henceforth to the north, northeast, and northwestward of England, thus reasserting recognition of the Papal decrees and of the claims of Spain.

The spirit of discovery and adventure was, however, now wide awake, and many merchant adventurers visited the new world, and turning southward inspected enviously the possessions of the Spanish Crown. Their minds could not have been insensible to the contrast between the rich possessions of Spain, with its fabulous El Dorado, and the bleak and barren latitudes to which they themselves were restricted. "Adventure" then meant simply coming to, and commerce was its great motive. The great coiner of a golden language a generation later showed the spirit of the age by putting in his lover's mouth the words,

> "But wert thou far as is that farthest sea,
> I would adventure for such merchandise."

In 1555 Richard Eden published his "Decades of the Newe Worlde or West India," the first published collection of voyages in English. He dedicated it to "Philip, King of England and Spain."

Queen Mary, happily for the world, died (on

the 17th of November, 1558), and was succeeded by the great Elizabeth. She was Protestant and England was Protestant. With much of her father's imperious nature, she meant that England should be supreme and that she should be supreme in England. She at once threw down the gage. In her first Parliament (1559) a bill was passed vesting in the Crown of England the Supremacy claimed by the Pope; abolishing the Mass and declaring England Protestant. Elizabeth proceeded to enforce her claim. The question passed from being one of religion only; it became one of patriotism. She gathered about her the ablest men of her realm, used them with consummate art, governed them with extraordinary ability and laid the foundation of England's real greatness. The fight between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism was becoming fiercer and fiercer. In France the Huguenots were making fast progress; in the Low Countries the fight was yet more bitter. Spain was the head of the Catholic powers. Elizabeth made England the head of the Protestant powers. Spain became her rival and enemy; and the whole trend of English opinion and endeavor was to surpass and overcome this mighty enemy. Elizabeth employed all her arts to win. She encouraged the Huguenots here, the Orange States there; she,

with the same plan, even entertained proposals of marriage, playing her royal game with royal deception, and always with an eye to England's and her own aggrandizement.

The struggle between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism was now to add a new interest to the new land. The great Coligny was the first to attempt to found a Protestant State on this continent. In 1555 he sent out a small colony of Huguenots under Nicholas de Villegagnon who, striking south, started a settlement on the present site of Rio de Janeiro. Theological disputes, however, soon divided his people; Villegagnon returned to France to maintain his side, and the Portuguese massacred the remnant. Coligny's next attempt was on the coast of Florida under one Jean Ribault. Ribault took out a small advance party, who on May 1, 1555, reached land in what is now South Carolina, and started a colony at the present Port Royal. Leaving thirty men there under a commander, Ribault returned to France to bring out the rest of the settlers, but was driven by the breaking out of the war between the Huguenots and the Guises to England, where he published in 1563 his account of Terra Florida.

In 1564, peace having been patched up, an expedition came out under Réné de Laudonnière,

a noble kinsman of Coligny. Meantime, the colony left at Port Royal had broken up. They had pillaged and maltreated the Indians, after the old custom, until the latter had turned on them; then mutiny had broken out: they had killed their commander and set to sea in a small ship which they had. Their provisions had given out and they had already resorted to cannibalism when an English ship rescued the survivors and brought them to England.

Laudonnière's expedition turned further south and landed on the St. John's River in Florida, at the mouth of which stream they built a fort and laid out a town, called Fort Caroline, after Charles IX.

This settlement is of special interest to us, because on its fate in some sort hinged the subsequent history of this country. It was a large and well-equipped expedition; but consisted mainly of soldiers and gentlemen adventurers who had come in search of gold and were unaccustomed to work. They explored and searched for gold, and, finding none, presently some of them fell to mutinying and, becoming "a gang of malcontents," stole a couple of pinnaces and went off to Cuba, where they captured a Spanish boat, but were presently obliged to put ashore for provisions. Here they were

seized, and in hopes of saving their necks they gave full information as to the unknown colony on the St. John's. The news created much excitement. Word that the Huguenots were attempting to seize Florida, was sent to Spain and caused a furore there. It so happened that about this time Philip II. had found the man just fitted to his hand in Pedro Menendez d'Arvilles, a man who was (to quote Fiske) "an admirable soldier and a matchless liar; brave as a mastiff, savage as a wolf." Menendez had just persuaded Philip to let him go to Florida to convert the Indians. The news of Laudonnière's colony enraged him. Both as Frenchmen and heretics they were the enemies of Spain and of the Lord. He would root them out. Rumor had added to the report that Ribault was about to take out reinforcements and supplies; so no time was to be lost. Menendez increased his force and set sail from Cadiz on the 29th of June, 1565. Meantime, the colony on the St. John's had gone through the common hardships of all such colonies; the strong hand of Laudonnière had quelled mutiny, but starvation was staring them in the face, when, on the 3rd of August, Sir John Hawkins, cruising in the Spanish Main, found them and offered to take them home. This Laudonnière refused, and, leaving them such pro-

vision as he could of bread and wine, and one of his ships to use at their need, the Englishman cruised on. The rumor heard in Spain was true, and, on the 28th of August, Ribault arrived with three hundred men and abundant supplies.

When, therefore, on the 3rd of September, after losing a number of ships, Menendez sailed down upon them, he found them too strong to attack, and too vigilant to surprise, and so sailed away. He did not go far, however, but turning down the coast, put in where stands to-day the oldest town on the Continent—St. Augustine. Here he proceeded at once to build a fort. His movements had been watched by one of the French ships, and information of his landing and work was brought back to Laudonnière. There was no time to be lost. It was decided that Ribault should take the ships and most of the men and, sailing down, fall upon him at once before he could complete his fortification, whilst Laudonnière should remain with such men as should be left to defend the fort. The plan promised well, and on the 10th of September Ribault sailed out of the St. John's. Unhappily, however, next day, just as he was bearing down upon the Spaniard, one of those fierce equinoctial gales common to that region and season sprang up and soon changed to a storm, which blew

the French ships out to sea. Menendez was not a man to lose an opportunity or to waste time. The continuance of the storm blowing off shore made it certain that the ships could not have got back to harbor, and rendered it equally probable that precautions would be relaxed on land. Accordingly, on the 17th of September, whilst the storm still raged, he set out with five hundred men and two Indian guides to surprise Fort Caroline. It was a tremendous undertaking, a three days' forced march through a Florida wilderness, but it was completely successful. Pushing on night and day through swamp and forest, and across swollen streams, the bloody Menendez, torn with briars and haggard with fatigue, but his wolfish appetite only sharpened thereby, just before dawn of the third night fell upon the sleeping settlement and butchered men, women and children to the number of one hundred and forty-two souls. Laudonnière and a few others escaped to the forest, and after untold sufferings were picked up on the shore by a friendly vessel. Meantime, Ribault's vessels were wrecked one after another on the long sandy beach to the southward, and the men who got ashore divided into two bodies and set out to march home. On the 28th of September the first body, some two hundred in number, reached

the southern bank of Matanzas inlet, twelve miles below St. Augustine, and found Menendez awaiting them on the other bank with some seventy men. As they had no boat a parley ensued, and a few officers got into a boat that Menendez sent over and came across to negotiate terms.

Just what followed is not known except from Menendez. He says that they were informed of the destruction of their town and surrendered on what they understood to be a promise of safety, but that he used equivocal words. Anyhow, this is what happened. It was surrender or starvation. They agreed to surrender. The arms were first sent over, and then he brought the men over in a boat ten at a time, and taking them off behind a line of sand-hills, bound their hands behind their backs. By sunset they were all over and securely bound, and then he coolly butchered every soul. A day or two later the other body, about three hundred and fifty in all, came up as the first had done, and again their officers were courteously entertained, and surrender was proposed. About two hundred refused to surrender and marched away. The rest surrendered as the others had done before, Menendez swearing on the cross to spare them. Again the same scenes were witnessed: a few at

a time they were brought over and led around the hill and bound, but to be butchered when all were in the clutches of this wolf. Only five were left alive, and one who was not quite dead crawled off after the butchers had left. The other party were caught later, but Menendez's own men revolted at further butchery, and their lives were saved. Menendez wrote his master of his work as coolly as if he were speaking of slaughtered pigs, and received from him the calm reply, that as to those he had killed it was well, and as to those he had left he would put them in the galleys. Such was Philip II. The memory of those dreadful scenes survives to-day in the name of the pretty inlet just below St. Augustine which so many visitors sail on each winter. The name, Matanzas, is musical enough, but it means "The Slaughtering."

This brief but bloody affair possibly settled the destiny of the southern coast of the continent.

This was in a time of peace with France; but Catherine de Medicis, who murdered Coligny and planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew a few years later (August 24, 1572), was not likely to go to war with the master of the Duke of Alva about the butchery of a few hundred of Coligny's Huguenots. This, perhaps, Menendez understood, for he put up over the heads of those

he hanged this legend: "Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics." If, however, the Queen Mother did not care about the butchery of her subjects, there was one Frenchman who did care. Dominique de Gourges, a noble Gascon, had himself suffered at the hands of the Spaniards, having been captured by them and put in the galleys, and the story of this new outrage fired his heart, as later the news of the slaughter of John Hawkins' men fired Walter Raleigh's heart. He determined to avenge it. He sold his family estates and fitting out three vessels sailed for the coast of Guinea with a commission to capture slaves. Then, presently, he turned his course towards Florida, and landed quietly on the coast somewhere above the Spanish Fort. The Indians, who had learned by this time what Menendez was, joined the newcomers with joy, and, with some five hundred of them as allies, Gourges marched down upon the Spanish Fort. The surprise was as complete as that of the French Fort before, and the work as ferocious and thorough as that of Menendez. Menendez, unfortunately for poetic justice, was in Spain, and the Spaniards not dreaming that a Frenchman was nearer than France, and taking advantage of the Governor's absence, had relaxed their watch, and were just concluding their midday meal

when Gourges swept down upon them. Every man of the four hundred constituting the garrison was put to the sword except some fifteen or twenty whom he hanged, and over whose heads, in grim repartee for Menendez's declaration, "Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics," he posted a sign, "Not as Spaniards, but as liars and murderers." Then he sailed back to France.

A couple of years later Menendez returned and refounded his settlement. But by this time new elements had come into being. The extension of Spanish power in North America was doomed, and the fate of Spanish ascendency in the world was sealed. Spain, cohesive within her own borders at home, abroad dominant on Land, Mistress of the Seas, possessing a vast empire at home and an even vaster one abroad, yet contained a radical and fatal vice which was to destroy her. She was the embodiment of the old as opposed to the new; of the past as against the future; of the out-worn as against the fresh and vigorous; of the narrow as opposed to the broad. She held to the established with unspeakable pride and blindness, and permitted no growth, no advance. She excluded the light which was breaking on all sides and remained in darkness, and whilst others advanced and grew, she stood still and dwindled. Nor was

it unnatural. Progress moves on natural lines; nations rise and fall by natural laws. It was in the year 711 that the Moor first landed in Spain, and, setting up the Crescent against the Cross, he had in a short time established himself and almost conquered the Land that had withstood Rome at the zenith of her power; but the Visigoth was a sturdy stock and in the mountain sections he withstood the new invader and maintained himself. In time the Moor, under the influence of peace, applied himself to the arts of Peace, and a civilization sprang up based on Peace, whilst the Spaniard, always maintaining himself hardly, remained a soldier ready for the field. Religion being the battle-cry, the cause was ever the more sacred, and the question of faith became a vital one, by which men were judged as friend or foe, loyal or traitor.

By degrees the Spaniards began to reconquer their land; always using the same battle-cry—the Cross against the Crescent, and in time, as we have seen, they achieved complete success, and won their final victory over the Moor in the same year that Columbus discovered America.

This long struggle had a decisive influence on the Spanish character. Trained to war, the Spaniard was accustomed to blood. His religion bred in the bone, he was a zealot, a bigot,

a persecutor. No new ideas were allowed to grow, no differences of opinion were tolerated. Thus when, in the general awakening of Europe, the new ideas had their birth and spread in other countries, they could not exist in Spain. Men in other countries began to think; in Spain it was not allowed. The Reformation came elsewhere; in Spain it never obtained a foothold; the Holy Office not only repressed it when it appeared, but made inquisition and stamped it out. Its very name was significant. It was called the Holy Office. Two hundred thousand executions in a generation are computed to be the number who fell victims to its furious zeal. Thus, Spain cut off her thinkers, and blinded and crippled her people. She not only crushed Progress at home, but deemed it a sacred duty to root it up abroad. The Duke of Alva was sent to destroy it in the Low Countries, even if he had to put the whole population to the sword; and he did his work to his royal master's approval. Spain built up against herself the hatred of all the Protestant world everywhere. Weakened as she was at home, she drew upon herself the deadly hatred of the enterprising and industrious Dutch, of the bold and earnest Huguenots, and of the great Protestant body of England; and now she made her last

error. Inspired by zeal, stimulated by ambition, she undertook to crush Protestantism in England.

This was the opportunity of Protestantism. Able as Philip was, he was easily outranked by the extraordinary woman who sat on the English throne. She knew her people, and she knew how to govern them. She knew that Peace built up a people; that whilst War might bring glory, Peace brought power, and so she held to Peace. "No war, my lords," she said, "no war." Thus, when the time came she was strong enough to fight.

She made laws that advanced her people; she played one party against the other at home, and both against other countries. She helped the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and pretended to consider a Catholic marriage on the other. She kept Mary Stuart a prisoner to play as need might demand; she persecuted Papist priests and sternly curbed Protestant complainers. And all the time she built up England. The hold she had on her people is admirably illustrated by the incident which Green relates of the Catholic priest, whose hand had been chopped off for his offense, waving the stump and crying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Yet Catholicism was the foe of England, and England was its foe, and

this the English people, including many Catholics, knew; and they were always on the watch. They noted with keen anxiety as well as envy the growing possessions of Spain in the New World, and were eager to interpose. For it was well understood now that Spain aimed at rivalling ancient Rome as Mistress of the World. In fact, Spain excelled Rome in the extent of the territory she governed, and was becoming more despotic in her sway. She undertook to rule the minds of men no less than their actions. And this hastened her downfall. She was the champion of the Old, and England set herself to become the champion of the New. It has been well said that it became a contest between Spain and the Inquisition and England and the Bible.

English merchants had before this often visited these shores and made exploration not only of the coast, but had on more than one occasion attempted some exploration of the interior. England, on the ground of these visitations and on the strength of John Cabot's first discovery, now laid claim to such portion of the new land as lay north of the actual possessions of Spain, and south of that which France undertook to claim by virtue of the expedition of Jacques Cartier and others towards the St. Lawrence.

As early as 1530 two voyages had been made by William Hawkins, of Plymouth, to the coast of Guinea, and thence to Brazil, taking with him cargoes of slaves—the first beginning of the slave-trade by Englishmen.

Among the first, Thomas Stukeley, a gentleman of Devonshire, the home of bold sea-captains, bred on the traditions of Saxon and Dane, laid broad plans to plant an English colony in the forbidden land, where he was to rule almost as an independent sovereign. Though he never carried out his designs, his plans remained a part of the history of the movement.

In October, 1562, Captain John Hawkins, son of William of Plymouth, sailed from England on his first voyage to Guinea and thence to the West Indies with slaves, and in September, 1563, returned to England with much profit and with accounts of his voyage. He sent two ships to Spain, which were promptly seized there. In October, 1564, he sailed again on his second voyage, sent forth by such able patrons as the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Robert Dudley, the Lord Admiral Clinton, Sir William Cecil and others, and cruised the Spanish Main and on August 3, 1565, relieved for the time the unhappy Huguenot colony at Fort Caroline.

Thence he sailed "along the whole extent of our coast," as says the chronicle (observe the pronoun), via New Foundland, and reached England in September, 1565. Thus, we see Englishmen were now asserting their claim. They gave a lively description of Florida, and brought back with them gold, silver, pearls, tobacco, and other products, from which the adventurers derived great gain. The next month Laudonnière, Le Moine, Challeux, and such Huguenots as had escaped Menendez's fury, reached England and published accounts of the country. November 17, 1566, a bill passed Parliament enlarging the privileges of the Merchant Adventurers of 1555, and changing the company's name to "The Fellowship of English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades."

Some time before November, 1566, Humphrey Gilbert, from that sea-indented southwestern coast of England, whose men have ever followed the sea, petitioned Elizabeth for privileges for himself and his two brothers to discover the northwest passage to Cathay. Soon after this date he petitioned the Queen for privileges for himself and "the heirs of Otes Gylberte" for discoveries to the Northwest.

October 2, 1567, Captain John Hawkins sailed

from Plymouth with six vessels on his third voyage. They cruised first to Africa and took four or five hundred negroes on to Dominica, but found that the Spaniards had been forbidden to trade with them, and they had substantially to storm Rio de la Hacha. At Carthagena they were repulsed and had to sail to San Juan d'Ulua in Mexico for repairs and supplies. Here they claimed the privilege of allies of the Spanish and were well enough received. Twelve Spanish ships were in the harbor with two hundred thousand pounds on board, which Hawkins looked on with envious eyes, but restrained himself from attempting to seize. Next day a fleet of twelve more Spanish ships arrived. Hawkins, afraid to force hostilities with a friendly power, let them enter the harbor, having first made a compact for peace with the Government. Four days later a concerted attack was suddenly made on the Englishmen, and in the little harbor was fought a fight which, although the immediate issue was in favor of Spain, was the beginning of the end of her supremacy, and of England's succession to it. Only two of Hawkins' ships escaped, the *Minion* and the *Judith*, and the *Minion* was so overcrowded that Hawkins had to put one hundred and seventeen of his men ashore at Tampico; whence seventy of

them, marching inland, were captured by the Spaniards. It was an unhappy day for Spain when she put in practice in that far-off harbor the doctrine of the Inquisition that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Among other results, she drew down upon her the implacable hatred of two men who, more than any others, contributed to humble her power and wrest from her her vast possessions. The commander of the little *Judith*, at Vera Cruz, was "Master Francis Drake," and from that day he devoted his life and genius to fighting the Spaniard. He ravaged the Spanish Main until he acquired the title in Spanish annals of "The Dragon."

Another Englishman no less great than Drake, and more directly connected with Virginia, found his chief inspiration to hatred of Spain in the treachery shown to John Hawkins at Vera Cruz. The arrival of Hawkins in England with his story of treachery and defeat fired England from end to end. Just then at Oriel College was a young Devonshire gentleman of good family, of strong Protestant blood, of vast ambition and of extraordinary ability: Walter Raleigh, son of Walter Raleigh of Fardel, in Devonshire, and half-brother, by his mother, of John, Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, whom we have seen peti-

tioning the Queen for privileges to discover lands to the northwest, and cousin to Sir Richard Grenville of the *Revenge*. With him they were to do more towards making this Land English than any other family in England.

Raleigh was by descent of a stout Protestant strain and a hater of Spain; for his father had been a staunch opponent of the Spanish marriage, and his mother is mentioned by Fox as having comforted Agnes Prest in prison in 1557, before she was brought to the stake. He was also not unfamiliar with the sea, for his father owned a barque which bore his cousin Peter Carew safely out of England after the unsuccessful Devonshire uprising of 1553. Raleigh was a student at Oxford when the story of the Spaniards' attack on Captain John Hawkins in the harbor of San Juan d'Ulua reached England. Some of his biographers say that this outrage sent him abroad at once to fight the Spaniard. It may well have been so; for as has been well said, "All the materials for an explosion had long been accumulating, and nothing but a spark was necessary to fire the train."* All England was fired by the story of Spanish treachery. Elizabeth set to work in earnest to be ready for the work in hand. She repaired

* Burgon's "Life of Sir T. Gresham," I., p. 277.

her seaports, strengthened her navy and took stronger measures against the papists. The fight was on.

In the autumn of 1659 there was a rising of the Roman Catholics in the North of England. She crushed it.

On the morning of May 15, 1570, the Bull declaring Elizabeth deposed and her subjects absolved from their allegiance was found nailed to the Bishop of London's door. It was met with defiance and scorn. It only heated England's rage the more against Rome and all that supported her. It did much to make England Protestant.

In 1572 the plot to assassinate Coligny having failed, a deeper scheme was laid, and on the 25th of August the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, the miserable Charles firing from a window with his own hand on his subjects. The figures of the number of Huguenots murdered throughout France in the three days of butchery differ widely, some putting them at fifteen hundred, some at three hundred thousand. They were large enough to appall Protestantism throughout Christendom.

The house of Walsingham, the English Minister, became the sanctuary of the hunted fugitives in Paris, and England became the refuge

of tens of thousands of homeless refugees from all over France. England was struck with more than horror at the crime. It was charged that Rome instigated the plot, a charge as hotly repudiated as laid. If, however, Rome did not instigate the scheme, it chanted Te Deums over its execution. It made the fight between the old Church and the new a fight to the death the world over, and that between the countries which sustained them equally crucial.

America thus became not only a new field for the discovery and production of wealth, but one which might become a great strategic point in the struggle for the existence and supremacy of the nations.

Most of the Englishmen set ashore by Hawkins in October, 1568, were in 1574 sentenced by the Holy Office, and sixty were sentenced to the galleys, whilst three were burnt at the stake. It was in this year (March 22, 1574) that Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir George Peckham, Mr. Christopher Carlile, Sir Richard Grenville, and others petitioned the Queen for a privilege to discover certain lands, as they say, "fatally reserved for England and for the Honor of your Majesty," and shortly afterwards Elizabeth, through Frobisher, sent first a letter requesting, and then one requiring the Muscovy Company "either to at-

tempt the matter themselves or to grant license to another to do it by the northwestward."* This license was thereupon granted by the company, and Frobisher made his three voyages to the Northwest in June–October, 1576, May–September, 1577, and May–October, 1578, respectively. These voyages were undertaken by a stock company, some of the members of which, together with the heirs of many of their associates, were interested in the expeditions which came some thirty years later, and established a permanent colony on James River.

Spain naturally regarded all this as an infringement of her rights. Still there was not open war. England was eager, her Ministers were ready, but Elizabeth wisely still held back from war and built up her strength. Her feeling, however, was well known; and it is illustrated by the unsigned "Discourse" presented to her November 6, 1577, setting forth, "How her Majesty may annoy the Kinge of Spaine by fitting out a fleete of Shippes, under pretence of Letters Patent to discover and inhabit strange places, with special proviso for their safeties whom policy requires to have most annoyed—by which means, the doing the contrary shall be imputed to the executors' fault, your Highness's Letters Patent being

* Alexander Brown's "Genesis of the United States," I., 8.

a manifest show that it was not your Majesty's pleasure so to have it," etc. The writer to this sly suggestion adds shrewdly, "If you will let us first do this we will next take the West Indies from Spain. You will have gold and silver mines and the profit of the soil. You will be Monarch of the Seas and out of danger from everyone. I will do it if you will allow me; only you must resolve and not delay or dally—the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death."* This shows how men's minds were working.

In January, 1578, Elizabeth and the United Netherlands made a treaty for mutual support against Spain.

During these years the young soldier, Walter Raleigh, who was to play so important a part in the making of Virginia, was piling up a store of hatred of Spain in France and the Netherlands; first under Coligny and then under the Prince of Orange. In 1577 his brother, Humphrey Gilbert, already a man of approved ability and distinction, planned his expedition to capture Spanish ships, sell them in Dutch ports, equip vessels, and sailing, as under the Prince of Orange, conquer all the Spanish possessions in America. In 1578* Elizabeth granted Sir Hum-

* Alexander Brown's "Genesis of the United States," I., 8.

phrey Gilbert letters patent for the inhabiting and planting an English colony in America with a special proviso that there should be no robbing "by sea or land." In the fall of that year he set sail with seven ships and three hundred and fifty men. One of these ships, the *Falcon*, was commanded by Walter Raleigh himself, and, though the entire expedition was forced back by the terrible storms, it is notable that the young captain's vessel was the last to return, and did not do so until he had fought with the Spaniard and had run short of provisions.

Early in 1579 Gilbert was preparing again to sail for America with "a puissant fleet able to encounter a King's power by sea," but was stayed by order of the Council, who were not yet ready for war with Spain. Raleigh was not one to waste time. Disappointed in his immediate project, he at once took service in Ireland, where he soon distinguished himself, both by his dashing bravery and his bold and shrewd criticism of his superiors. His hardy courage, his strong understanding and his genius—equal to every situation in which he was placed—soon brought him into note, and he was quickly promoted to an administrative position.

Francis Drake, who since the fight in San Juan

*June 11.

d'Ulua had been cruising against the Spaniards and had caught a glimpse of the Pacific, now performed the greatest feat yet achieved by an Englishman. Having swept through the Spanish seas and though deserted by his four other ships, having kept on in the *Pelican*, he sailed up the western coast of America, captured the great plate carrack of the Mar del Sud, and, preferring to follow Magellan around the earth rather than risk so rich a prize in the Atlantic, safely circumnavigated the globe, and in September, 1580, brought his vast spoil, estimated at something like three million dollars, into port. The Spanish King demanded that the treasure should be returned, and Drake surrendered as a pirate. But the deed Drake had accomplished was too great to be repudiated. It filled England with enthusiasm. Elizabeth responded by knighting Drake and dining with him on his ship, and the Council responded by repudiating Spain's right to all America, and boldly asserting, on the contrary, the right to navigate freely the Spanish Seas and transport colonies "to all those parts where the Spaniards do not inhabit." The Spanish Ambassador threatened that "matters would come to the cannon." Elizabeth replied, "quietly, in her most natural tone, as if she were telling a common story," wrote Mendoza

to the King, "that if I used threats of that kind, she would fling me into a dungeon."

Spain knew that this was a gage of battle; and Philip set himself to meet it. But he was not in position at this time to go to war with England: the provinces of Flanders were still in revolt, and France was negotiating for Elizabeth's aid to make them hers. Elizabeth fostered this hope. The assassination of the Prince of Orange threw Flanders into disorder and the death of the Duke of Alençon left Henry of Navarre, the head of the Huguenot party, the heir to the French throne, and the Catholics in England, finding their hopes vain, attempted the same tactics there. Plots were set on foot to assassinate Elizabeth; but were foiled, and Mary Stuart, who had approved from her prison at Fotheringay Castle the plot of Babington, fell a victim instead, dying like a Queen, even if she had not lived so. Philip was, excepting Mary's weak son, the next heir to the English throne. He knew that Spain's supremacy and what was as dear to him, the Roman Church, trembled in the balance, and he prepared to strike; for the signs were unmistakable.

Meantime, the young Devonshire soldier left in Ireland had prospered. He had shown too bold a tongue and too strong a head for

his superiors there and he had come to England to try his way at Court. He is described as having "a good presence in a handsome and well-compacted person; strong natural wit and a better judgment, with a bold and plausible tongue." No mean figure, indeed. Tradition cherishes the story of the way in which this dashing young cavalier won Elizabeth's favor. Modern critics of the so-called scientific school pretend to scout at it; but they scout at most things human and divine which they do not discover themselves. It is said that Raleigh had not been long an attendant at Court when the Queen going to Greenwich was stopped by a muddy place in the park. The young courtier, waiting for no one, flung his velvet cloak in the mud for her Majesty to walk on. The story may well have been true; for it exactly accords with his nature. He was as bold as he was chivalrous. At any rate, whether this was before or after he secured Elizabeth's favor, he secured it, and his fortune was made. He was no sooner in position to act than he turned his energies to the attainment of that which he so passionately desired, the wresting of America from Spain, and its settlement as a Protestant Land by England. The time was propitious.

In 1582 we find Englishmen studying with

more and more interest the information which they possessed about America. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was an authority on the subject. On November 2, 1582, after conferences with Walsingham, the Secretary, and others on the subject, articles of agreement were indented between Sir Humphrey and such as adventured with him touching new lands to be discovered and conquered by him. There was much work to be done; and we find Raleigh now no longer a subordinate and dependant, but a counselor and patron, conferring with and assisting him. March 17, 1583, Raleigh wrote him telling him: "I have sent you a token from her Majesty; an ancor guided by a lady," and conveying him her Majesty's good wishes for his voyage. March and April were spent in laying plans and completing preparations. Merchants of London and Bristol as well as others contributed to the expedition, and privileges were obtained for the settlers who should go. June 11, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, having sold his landed estates to fit out his expedition, set out, sailing from "Caushen Bay neere Plymouth" with five vessels. One of these Raleigh had furnished. He himself was prevented from going in person by the peremptory order of the Queen. Gilbert landed in New Foundland,

August 4, and the next day took formal possession in the name of the Crown of England. August 31, after cruising southwest of Cape Breton and compelling the fleet of thirty-six sail of various nations in the harbor of St. John to acknowledge the authority of England, whose laws and religion he declared binding in the new found land, he sailed for home. The work of the brave Gilbert, however, was done. On September 9, the little *Squirrel*, on which he had chosen to take passage, went down in a storm with all on board. Her gallant commander's last words, which were reported as heard on her consort, being the brave words that it was "as near to heaven by sea as by land."

Another American venture was meantime fitting out. It was ever believed that a northwest passage could be found which would lead to the East and be free from the dangers of the Spanish Main. On February 6, 1584, the Queen granted letters patent to Adrian Gilbert, Walter Raleigh, Dr. John Dee, John Davis and others for the search and discovery of the northwest passage to China. And under this Captain John Davis made three voyages.

On March 25, 1584, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert's death was assured, the letters patent issued to him were regranted, without

limit or reservation, to Walter Raleigh; and from this point the history of Virginia, England's first colony, stretches in an unbroken line.

Raleigh laid his plans for a permanent settlement. His colonies were not only to possess forever the soil in the lands he should discover, but were to "have all the privileges of free denisons, and persons native of England in such ample manner as if they were born and personally resident in our said realm of England." They were, moreover, to be governed "according to such statutes as shall be by him or them established; so that the said statutes or laws conform as near as conveniently may be with those of England, and do not oppose the Christian faith, or any way withdraw the people of those lands from our allegiance," etc. These guarantees, renewed in the charters of 1606, 1609 and 1612, were the foundation of the liberties of the American people on which our fathers based their rights when they stood out for them in 1776.

Two ships sailed on the 27th of April, 1584, and on the 4th of July reached the American coast, and sailing northward found the entrance of the harbor (probably of New Inlet) and, after returning thanks to God, put ashore and took

possession in the name "of the Queen's most excellent Majestie, as rightful Queen and Princess of the same," and afterwards delivered the same over to Sir Walter Raleigh. Natives coming aboard, they were asked the name of the land, and their reply, Win-gan-da-coa, was mistaken as the name.

The newcomers made some exploration, including an island called Roanoke, and found the natives friendly. They then returned to England, taking with them two natives, and gave an enthusiastic account of the new land which they described as "the most plentiful, sweet, fruitful and wholesome of all the world," and the people as "most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the Golden Age."

Elizabeth graciously accorded the privileges proposed by Raleigh, giving to this new land a name in honor of her maiden state, and it was called Virginia. Raleigh was knighted for his service and given the title of "Lord and Governor of Virginia."

The fitting out of the colony went swiftly forward, and on the 9th of April, 1585, Sir Richard Grenville sailed with seven ships carrying "one hundred householders, and many things necessary to begin a new State." The head of

the colony was to be Ralph Lane, who was called from Ireland to undertake "the Voyage to Virginia for Sir Walter Raleigh at her Majesty's command." A jealousy sprang up between Lane and Grenville, but on the 26th of June (1585) they came to anchor in Ocracoke Inlet. On the 11th of July Grenville crossed Pimlico Sound and discovered three Indian towns, where, shortly afterwards, a silver cup having been stolen by the Indians, an act of reprisal followed in the burning of the Indians' corn and villages, and the long contest between the English and the Indians, so fatal to the latter, was begun. Grenville landed the colony at Roanoke Island and sailed for England August 25, promising to return by the following Easter. Lane built a fort and then began to explore the country. He went southward some eighty miles, and northward about one hundred and thirty miles, and as far as Elizabeth River. He also ascended the Roanoke River, perhaps as far as Halifax. Here he found that the tribes who had been friendly on his first visit had become hostile. He was told that the river came out of a rock on the shores of the Western Ocean and ran through a land rich in minerals, so, though provisions gave out and the men were reduced to eating dogs, they pushed on. In time, how-

ever, even this provision failed and they returned. Lane now found it necessary to divide his men into three parties to maintain them, one of which he sent to Croatan Island, and another to Hatorask. In a short time a plot by King Penisapau to murder the whites was divulged by a hostage named Skyco, and Lane promptly met it by striking the first blow and slaying Penisapau and seven or eight of his leading men.

Meantime, affairs in England had progressed: Philip had for three years been collecting such a fleet as had never sailed since the days of Xerxes, and its object was well understood. Sir Francis Drake had been called to the sea again, a service for which he was ever more than ready, and taking the offensive, though war was not yet declared, had sailed to the West Indies and sacked Santiago, St. Augustine and Cartagena, and was now sailing home to "singe the Spanish King's beard" by burning his vessels in the very harbor of Corunna. He reached Roanoke Island on the 10th of June and relieved the colonists, and finding that Lane declined to return to England, handsomely offered him one of his ships. The only one, however, which he could spare that could enter the harbor (the *Francis*), being blown out to sea, Lane and

his men accepted Drake's offer and returned to England. Meantime Raleigh had been busy. Soon after their departure Raleigh's first supply-ship sent for their relief arrived, but finding the colony gone, returned to England. Fifteen days later Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships fully provisioned, but finding no one, he, too, returned to England, leaving behind him to hold possession fifteen men with two years' provisions.

Lane brought with him to England a description of the country, and also an account of another and far better harbor of which he had learned, a few days' journey to the northward. Raleigh with undiminished enthusiasm immediately set himself to work to found a colony on this harbor. He granted a charter to thirty-two persons, of whom nineteen were merchants of London who put in their money, and thirteen, who were to come personally, were styled "The Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia." Of these nineteen merchants, ten were afterwards subscribers to the company which settled Jamestown. John White was selected for Governor of the Colony, and the expedition of three ships was under charge of Simon Ferdinando. It was claimed that Ferdinando, being a Spaniard, was guilty of treachery.

At least, he was guilty of disobedience. His orders were first to take the men off of Roanoke and then to sail to the Chesapeake. Instead, on reaching Hatorask (July 22, 1587), where White took a pinnace and forty men to go and relieve the little colony left at Roanoke Island, he gave the sailors orders that none of the men were to be brought back, claiming that it was too late in the season to seek a new location for the colony. They were forced, therefore, to spend the winter at the island. White found on his arrival that the men left there had been murdered, a not uncommon fate of colonists. The arrival of a small vessel of the expedition, however, brought the number of souls on the island up to one hundred and twenty.

Among the new colonists were seventeen women, the first English women who had come to America. They had not been there long when Eleanor Dare, a daughter of the Governor, White, gave birth to a daughter, who, as the first English child born on the continent was christened Virginia. When the time came for the return of the ships to England, White was unanimously requested to return with them to set forth the needs of the colony. Although averse to leaving, he consented and left the colony, reaching England November 5. He found England in

great excitement over the threatened Spanish invasion for which Philip was massing his ships. Raleigh, Grenville and Lane were all members of the Council of War, and Raleigh was urging the policy of England's defending herself at sea rather than waiting for her antagonist to assail her on land. He was at work drilling troops, but he found time to fit out a small fleet for his colonizing work. Every ship, however, was impressed, and it was not until April 22, 1588, that White got off with two small vessels. They had not proceeded far when they had a fight with Spanish ships and were forced to put back to England.

On the nineteenth day of July, 1688, the sails of the vast fleet which Spain was sending to subjugate England and overthrow Protestantism were descried from the Lizard. It was the land of "Jack, the Giant-Killer." And for some time Jack had been preparing to meet the Giant, whose shadow had so long rested over England. Beacons flamed from headland to headland, and from shire to shire; England made herself ready for the final struggle on which was to rest her civilization, as more than a hundred years later she made ready to meet Napoleon in his victorious career of conquering the world. From port to port and from hamlet to hamlet

the news flew on the wings of flame, and when the vast Spanish fleet entered the Channel every man who could board a craft was girded for the fray. The war-cry was England against Spain, and Catholic and Protestant, no longer divided, stood shoulder to shoulder to withstand the invader. The Admiral of the English fleet was Lord Howard of Effingham, the head of the Catholic Peers of England. Behind him sailed Drake and Raleigh and Grenville, and a long line of Protestant fighters.

The history of that long and epochal battle is too well known to need repetition here.

Spaniards have never lacked courage or gallantry; but on the side of the English ships, though they were smaller and weaker in armament, was love of home—the spirit of freedom, and the desperate courage which they ever give to a freedom-loving people. For days the furious battle raged through the English Channel, the sea-dogs of England dashing in to cut out the Spanish ships one by one; and then after Drake had burnt a number of their vessels with fire-ships in the harbor, where they sought refuge, the Spanish fleet, broken and dismayed, made its way as best it could into the North Sea in a desperate attempt to sail around Britain, only to fall a prey to its fierce storms, and to

scatter its wrecks all the way from the Hebrides to the south coast of Ireland. It was the end of Spanish supremacy. Overweighted with wealth and wealth's evil offspring, arrogance, from this time her star declined, and in the morning skies rose the resplendent star of a freer and a broader Civilization.

II

JAMESTOWN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

"In Kingdoms the first Foundation or Plantation is of more Dignitie and Merit than all that followeth."—Sir Francis Bacon

I

CLOSE to the northern bank of the winding and placid James, some three score miles above where it pours its waters through Hampton Roads into that inland sea, the Chesapeake, into which flow well-nigh a score of rivers, some of them among the noblest on the globe, lies a narrow island. Steeped in the sunshine, or soaked by the rains, it has until but yesterday, as it were, lain asleep for the last two centuries and more, just as it had lain, with the exception of about seventy years, since the Powhatan at flood cut it from its neighboring shore. At the upper end, on the river side, in a clump of trees, and what was until lately a tangle of shrubbery, on the edge of which are piled the remains of an old redout, a relic of the

Civil War, stands a brick church-tower—a single surviving fragment of the first Protestant church built in America. About it lie the traces of a once extensive graveyard, where of late the pious zeal of loyal women of the Land has uncovered and preserved a few broken tombs graved with armorial escutcheons and bearing the names of a very few among those whose ashes have lain for nearly three hundred years embosomed in Virginia's soil.

The foundation of a later State-House has been exhumed near by; and the eye of the born antiquary may detect out on the plateau in the sun the faint traces of ancient streets and houses, but to the ordinary passer-by, there has been until just now nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary Virginia river-plantation dozing in the sunshine.

Yet, here on this very spot, at the head of this little island was Jamestown, the Birthplace of the American People: the first rude cradle in which was swaddled the tiny infant that in time has sprung up to be among the leaders of the nations; the torch-bearer of civilization, and the standard-bearer of popular government throughout the world. Here was planted three hundred years ago the first surviving colony of the English-speaking Race which has since

occupied this continent and spread over the globe. Here was established the first outpost and earliest settlement of the American nation, since then dedicated to the principle that "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People shall not perish from the earth."

And this in brief is the story of it, and the manner in which it came about.

On the morning of the 13th day of May, 1607, James I. being then King of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and Philip III. being King of Spain, the American Continent when the sun rose belonged absolutely to Spain. When the sun set, could the eyes of men have read the future, they would have seen that it belonged to England. This was accomplished by a little band of six score men who "after long toil and pain" landed that day about the hour of four from three small ships: the *Discovery*, the *Good Speed*, and the *Sarah** *Constant*, and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon on the point which they promptly proceeded to fortify and call "James Fort" or "James Town," after their king.

The day that a besieged city capitulates is not so truly the day of its capture as the day on

* The names *Sarah* and *Susan* are both used in the earlier records, but SARAH is the name found in reports of the Company.

which the besiegers plant their standard upon the walls never again to be taken down. So, much more here. The approach had been long and arduous. Effort after effort, attempt after attempt, had been made to make a breach in Spain's extensive defenses. As has been described in the previous paper, a break had actually been made under Sir Walter Raleigh's inspiring direction twenty-odd years before by a gallant and devoted band on Roanoke Island, some score of leagues to the southward. But the assault had finally failed; the little band on Roanoke Island had disappeared into the mysterious limbo of Croatan, that vague land of Romance. It was this new band of settlers who on this May day, 1607, finally seized and permanently held the outpost, which was the key to the continent, and led to the supremacy of the Saxon Race, with its laws, its religion and its civilization in North America.

As a matter of mere history, it ought to be known that North America was firmly settled by the English people, and the Anglo-Saxon civilization was established in this country before the *Mayflower*, under the encouragement and charter of the Virginia Company, brought her body of devoted Pilgrims to the shores of North Virginia.

This happened at Jamestown. And unless this had happened at Jamestown, it is far from improbable, that the French colonies planted under the charter of Louis XIII., on what is now the coast of Maine, which were rooted out in 1612-13, by the expeditions under Samuel Argall, sent for that purpose by Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, might by 1620 have extended so far to the southward as to seize the coast and prevent any settlement of the English between them and the Dutch colony on Manhattan Island. Moreover, but for the development of the Virginia colony, in which the People and Church of England were so deeply interested, the destinies of the nations might have been changed, and under the pusillanimous James, who even as late as 1618 sacrificed Sir Walter Raleigh to the enmity of the Spaniard, Spain, with her civilization, might have so firmly established herself on the shores of Virginia that no English settlement could have taken root.

By this time the colony of Virginia, first rooted at Jamestown, and fertilized with the ashes of over three thousand English settlers, had spread until it had become a Commonwealth, with settlements extending almost unbrokenly over a hundred miles into the interior; with several towns, one of them with houses

partly of brick; with forts guarding the mouths of the rivers; with a charter which secured forever to all colonists in Virginia, and their posterity from sea to sea, the rights, privileges and immunities of native-born citizens of Great Britain; with a Vice-Regal Court, a Legislative Assembly composed of twenty-two burgesses elected by the people, with an Established Church, Monthly Courts, a University projected and endowed with ten thousand acres of land, and a College already begun for the education of the Indian population, under a competent master, endowed with a thousand acres of land, for which over fifteen hundred pounds (equal to ten times the amount now) had been subscribed; with a hospital "containing fourscore lodgings and beds sent to furnish it." In fine, with a civilization which, though at the time it lacked the comforts and the expansion which it later attained, contained the substantial principles of the later civilization which throughout her entire Colonial period, and for over a half century afterwards, made Virginia the first colony in America in influence, as she was in time, and more than any other contributed to the making of this nation.

That this happened at Jamestown, and that Cavalier and Roundhead, Churchman and Puri-

tan alike, owe the same debt to the Jamestown colony, the historian can now show; not from partisan histories, but from the facts taken from the original records, many of which have only of late become generally known.

In consequence of Columbus's discovery of the New World and of the discoveries and explorations of the southern parts of the new-found hemisphere by Spanish navigators, Spain had grown until, by the middle of the sixteenth century, she was not only the richest kingdom of the world, but the most arrogant, and the most powerful. She promised to become greater than Rome had been under the Cæsars. Her empire covered twice as great an extent of land as that over which Rome's eagles ever flew, and her sway extended over many times as broad a main. She made it death to fly any other flag than her own in those seas which have retained almost to our own days the name of the Spanish Main. Indeed, she had it in her power to have been Mistress of the World in a far larger sense than Rome ever was. But she lacked the wisdom of Rome. Not content with commanding the actions of her teeming myriads of subjects stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific, she undertook to assert her imperial sovereignty over their minds as well, and this sovereignty was already becoming

effete. Its insignia were the outworn robes of a prelatical ecclesiasticism, bent on perpetuating its power and prepared to put to the sword every one who did not bow abjectly before its dogmatism and arrogance.

Happily for the world, just at this time the Crown of England fell on the brow of the able and hard-headed daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, the great Elizabeth, and yet more happily, she found herself at the head of an awakened and eager people alive in every fibre of their being and most of all alive to the peril of allowing Spain to go on unchecked in her career of conquest over body and mind.

The rest of Europe was growing anxious under Spain's advancing power, and Francis I. had sent his powerful rival, Charles V., a message asking by what right he claimed the earth.

There was some sort of claim to discovery under the patronage of England by John Cabot and his sons. This was the ostensible peg on which was now hung the right of further exploration and settlement. But it is probable that even had the Cabots never sailed beyond the Downs, the Sea Dogs of Devon and Cornwall, of Bucks and Kent and Surrey with their Norse blood, would have set their prows into the west where El Dorado, the Fountain of

Gold, was flowing hard by the scarcely less mythical Fountain of Youth. Within a few years Fame was filling her trump with the names of a score of these captains—of whom many survive to-day: John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher, Captain Christopher Newport, Sir Richard Grenville and the brave Gilberts, Sir Adrian, Sir Humphrey and Sir John, half-brothers of Walter Raleigh, and Sir Walter himself, bold adventurer; fine gentleman; patron of explorers; favorite of Queen Elizabeth; godfather and first president or governor of Virginia.

Almost the whole of the sixteenth century was spent in one long contest between the two civilizations: the Latin and the Saxon. Into the contest entered every principle that two widely diverse civilizations represent, and every feeling that can animate nations. Patriotic zeal; religious fervor; bigotry; personal adherence, or hostility; lust of power and lust of gold—all united to make the contest one of continuous war between the two peoples, if not the governments of the two countries. The wealth, the power and the arrogance of Spain, with her bigotry, aroused the people of England to a pitch which had possibly not been known since the Norman Conquest.

Although England claimed the middle zone of North America by virtue of the discovery made in 1497 by John Cabot and his sons, under patent of Henry VII., of which event the only official record is the item noted in the "Privy Purse" of Henry VII., "Ten pounds to hym who found the New Land," the continent was won a hundred years later in the war with Spain, which lasted substantially through the latter half of the sixteenth century.

For a generation the great sea captains of England had been training in Western waters and garnering up implacable hate against Spain. Sir Philip Sidney had written vigorously of England's opportunity and duty; Hawkins, Drake, the Gilberts, Grenville, and others had flouted Spain and fought her from Cadiz to Peru. And now Sir Walter Raleigh and his half-brothers, the Gilberts, gentlemen of Devon, bred on traditions of sea-fighters, and hereditary haters of Spain, had definitely set before themselves the colonization of the region claimed by England.

It was a perilous business. Spain had declared it piracy to sail the western seas under any other flag than her own. Menendez, the Spanish Governor, had ruthlessly butchered Coligny's Huguenot colony started at St. Augustine on the St. John's River.

The struggle was on between Spain and England—and not only between the countries and the governments, but between the two races and the two schools of thought; the two forms of religion. The Latin and the Saxon had locked in a wrestle which was to end only with the absolute supremacy of the one and the subjection of the other. And Spain was now seeking to destroy England's power forever.

Menendez's ferocity was destined to make such a lodgment in the minds of Englishmen as to be mentioned as a warning in the instructions given to the first colonists of the race who effected a permanent settlement.

The treachery of the Spaniards at St. Juan d'Ulua arrayed against her two of the most potent enemies she ever had to face: Among John Hawkins's men was one, who from his fury against Spain came to be known later as the "Dragon of the Seas," young Francis Drake. To the other, who later came to be known as "The Shepherd of the Seas," more, possibly, than to any other one man in England, Spain owed the wresting of North America from her grasp. For Sir Walter Raleigh inspired and equipped and dispatched the fleets which opened the way to the settlement of Virginia and of America. He gave Virginia her name and was her first governor.

Previous to the final and successful effort there had been several attempts to plant here colonies fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, which failed. That on Roanoke Island might have succeeded had not the Spanish war and the peril of the Spanish Armada kept supplies from being sent over seas to their relief.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada left the seas open for England's schemes for colonization to go into effect.

The victory of England was complete; but it had been at the cost of her utmost resources. March 7, 1589, Raleigh signed an indenture as Chief Governor of Virginia with Thomas Smith and others, merchants of London, and John White and others, gentlemen, transferring the Colony in Virginia and the planting thereof in his domain to this Company, and contributing 100 pounds towards the planting of the Christian religion there, and reserving one-fifth part of the gold and silver for his share.

When, on August 27, 1587, White, the governor of Raleigh's new colony on Roanoke Island, sailed for England for supplies he left behind him eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and eleven children, among them his daughter, Eleanor, and her infant daughter, Virginia Dare, the first English child born on this hemisphere.

When White reached England, November 2, war had, as we have seen, become flagrant with Spain, and he was unable to return until after the destruction of the Spanish Armada left the sea once more comparatively open and England once more free to give her attention to the work of expansion. Before leaving Roanoke White had provided that in case the colonists should have any reason to change their seat, the place to which they should move should be so posted that he might be able to follow them. White was not able to get away finally to his colony until 1590, when three ships, furnished at the charge of Mr. John Watts, being ready to sail for the Indies, "to make spoil of the Spaniards," being detained under the orders prohibiting ships from sailing, Raleigh obtained permission for them to sail on condition that they should take White back to Virginia. They would, however, take no one but White himself, and so he returned alone to Virginia. They cast anchor off Hatorask on the 15th of August, but there was no one there; the settlement had been abandoned. The settlers had not been murdered; for they had buried boxes containing books, etc., which some one had found and dug up afterwards. "Some tracks of feeting they found upon a sandy bank," says old Strachey

("First Travails into Va.," Brita., p. 152) "and on a tree curiously carved these Roman letters, C. R. O., which gave them hope that they might be removed to Croatan." This White interpreted to mean that the colony had moved to the Island of Croatan, from which they had previously taken the friendly Indian, Manteo. White begged the Captain to take him to Croatan, which he agreed to do, but a violent storm prevented him and he determined to sail straight for England, where they arrived October 24, 1590. This was White's fifth and last voyage (as he stated to Hackluyt in a letter in 1593). He fell into a despondency after his disappointment. There appears to have been a tribe of Croatans in the interior, at some distance from the coast, but diligent search failed to find trace of the lost settlers at that time. And since that day the researches of investigators have scarcely been more successful. The little Virginia colony with the babe, Virginia Dare, simply faded away into the mystic Land of Romance. Some effort has been made to prove that there exists in the interior of North Carolina a body of people who are rather assumed than shown to have the mixed blood of the Indian and the White, and have vague traditions of being thus descended. Twenty years later when a perma-

nent settlement was effected on the banks of the James, one hundred miles to the northward, one boy was found with yellow hair and a lighter skin than the Indians have, and it has been conjectured that he might have been the offspring of some one of the colonists, but his age did not admit of this explanation, and no man knows to this day what became of them.

The blotting out of this colony was a heavy blow to English enterprise, and as one of the old writers declared, "all hopes of Virginia thus abandoned, it lay dead and obscured from 1590 to this year, 1602." By this time, the end of the long war with Spain was in sight, and the English public, the English Church, and the English Government once more turned their eyes to that far off, but "sweet, wholesome and fruitful country."

Though the efforts made had all failed, the spirit still remained. Even the death of the great Queen in 1603 was not able to quench it. National pride; religious zeal; the spirit of adventure and of cupidity, all combined to make the effort time after time to establish a foothold where all previous efforts had failed.

Just as in our fathers' time, adventure and the love of gold drew the Argonauts and their followers around the Horn and across the arid plains of the West to California, and in our own

time the same motives have sent thousands to Alaska and South Africa; so then the trophies of Spain's fortune-hunters would not let the adventurers of Great Britain rest. Hatred of Spain and envy of the plate-ships of Peru drew them from the Devon coast. The tales of Spain's El Dorado untied the purse-strings of the London companies. But there was another and loftier motive. The zeal of the children of those who had suffered at Smithfield and Tower Hill under the Queen of Philip II. could not with languor see the church of Torquemada and Alva bringing vast tribes within their fold.

The cities of England were full of soldiers returned from the wars in the Low Countries; the spirit of adventure was abroad, and much more the hatred of Spain. The State reflected it; the poet sang of it; the writers wrote of it.

About 1590 Elizabeth granted a commission to Richmond Greynville of Stow and others, for discovering lands in the Arctic Ocean to the domains of Great Cam of Cathaia. August 26, 1591, Captain Thomas Cavendish sailed from England on his last fatal voyage. In 1592 (January 25), Captain Christopher Newport sailed from England with three ships and a pinnace for the West Indies, where he took and "spoiled" several Spanish towns. In this same

year an expedition was organized for an attack on the Spanish settlements at Panama, the nearest way to the South Sea, and the key to the possessions of Spain and America. The adventurers provided thirteen vessels and the Queen two ships of war. Sir Walter Raleigh was to have had command of the expedition as Admiral; but he was again balked in his enterprise by the peremptory order of the Queen to resign and return forthwith to Court. He, however, laid off the plan of the expedition, and Sir John Burrough, his vice-admiral, and Captain Christopher Newport, with other vessels, captured the great carrack, the *Madre de Dios*, which Edwards in his "Life of Raleigh" says "was in one sense the most brilliant feat of privateering ever accomplished, even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a piece of mercantile enterprise pregnant with results."

All through '93 and '94 the adventures to the American shores went on under the influence of Raleigh's enterprising genius. In '94 he sent a small expedition to Guiana, in South America, and in '95 (February 6) he sailed himself on his famous voyage to that coast. The interest in America increased throughout '96, '97, '98 and '99, and many new adventurers were enlisted, some to invest their property, and others to adventure their persons in the work of making

America English. Raleigh himself never relinquished his interest in the work, and vessel after vessel sailed to Guiana, or to some other point on the coast in his interest. In 1602 he sent Samuel Mace of Weymouth on a vessel to Virginia, and in that same year Captain Bartholomew Gosnold and others voyaged to our New England coast. On the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, and on the same day James VI. of Scotland was proclaimed King of England as James I. That day Raleigh fell. He made the mistake of opposing James and espousing the cause of Arabella Stuart, and James never forgave him. "I have heard of you but rawly, Sir Walter," he said to him acridly when later on Raleigh went to him to offer him his submission. In time he pretended to receive his submission, but it was Raleigh's first offense, coupled with James's cowardly fear of Spain, which afterwards sacrificed the greatest colonizer whom England has ever known, to the hatred of Spain. Raleigh, however, had set on foot too great a work for even James to undo, and on the 10th of May Captain Bartholomew Gilbert set sail for the Chesepian Bay in the country of Virginia. Gilbert, his surgeon, and several officers and men went on shore on their arrival, and were all killed by the Indians.

In 1605 Captain George Weymouth and others, some of whom had been with Raleigh in Guiana, visited again the North Virginia, later the New England coast, and that same year Champlain entered the present harbor of Plymouth on that coast.

Peace was signed by Philip III. and Lord Howard at Valadolid in 1605 (June 25).

This Treaty of Peace opened the way to the immediate colonization of America by the English.

Indeed, peace had already become assured for England, and, under the conviction that Spain must make peace, steps were already being taken to recover the lost land.

A month later Captain George Weymouth, who had been cruising along the coast of North Virginia, returned to England taking with him five Indians; "which accident," says Sir Ferdinando Gorges, later President of the Plymouth Company, "must be acknowledged as the means, under God, of putting on foot, and giving life to our Plantations." Weymouth was arrested afterwards under suspicion of setting forth to betray the Virginia Colony to Spain, but at this time he was engaged in trying to enlist others in American colonization. So great was the interest in Virginia that two companies were formed and two

settlements were planned: one on the southerly shores of Virginia, the other on the northerly.

Thus, in 1606, despite the failure of all earlier attempts, an expedition was ready to set forth to try to seize once more the American continent for England, her King and People.

A great obstacle had been the difficulty of securing the active co-operation of the Government in the work. Experiment had abundantly proved that such aid was necessary for final success. This was now partly secured.

On April $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$, 1606, the warrant for the proposed Virginia charter was prepared by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, and was passed under the great seal of the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Egerton. It was stated to be "for the furtherance of so noble a work as the planting of Christianity among the Heathens," and claimed for the Crown of England the whole of North America between 34 and 45 degrees north latitude, "commonly called Virginia."

All England was now astir, and on the 10th day of April, 1606, letters patent were granted Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hakluit, Edward Maria Wingfield, Raleigh Gilbert and others, for two separate colonies and plantations to be made in Virginia, and

other parts and territories of America. Both companies were incorporated by this one charter. The first colony was authorized to seat their plantation in some convenient place between 31 (about Brunswick, Ga.) and 41 degrees North latitude (about New York City), and when so located they were to have fifty miles north and fifty miles south of said location, as well as one hundred miles to sea, and one hundred miles within the land. The second colony was authorized to seat their plantation between 38 (about the southern point of Maryland) and 45 degrees north latitude (about Halifax, N. S.), and were granted the same extent of territory with the first, provided, however, that they should not plant within one hundred miles of each other. This charter set forth, among other things, the privileges and franchises which Raleigh had obtained before for his first colony, and on which our liberties are based to-day.

Preparations which were, no doubt, already on foot were pressed forward rapidly to send out the colony immediately to take possession and occupy the goodly land which Raleigh had so long been trying to reach, and to secure the land of the Thespians or Chesepians. It was a dangerous adventure, for the Spaniards were

ever present in their minds, and the mysterious fate of the last colony at Roanoke must have been still a matter of constant discussion and conjecture, which kept very fresh in the minds of men the perils of adventure in those distant shores. Cupidity, ambition, the chance of sudden wealth and power, and fame, like those which had come to Frobisher and Drake, to Hawkins and the Gilberts; religious zeal, patriotism, all combined to turn men's minds to the new, and, as yet, unknown land.

The Stage is ever apt to reflect the current feeling of the time, and Virginia became the theme of the Stage. The play, "Eastward Hoe," written by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston, was entered for publication at "Stationers Hall," on the 4th of September, 1605, and gives, though in the form of comedy and of exaggeration, what was no doubt in the minds of many men at that time. "Quicksilver," "Sea-Gull," "Spendall," "Scape-Thrift," were among the characters. "Sir Petronel Flash" was the first of a long and illustrious line of Virginian colonels, and their talk was so racy that the authors presently got themselves into prison, not indeed for lampooning Virginia or Virginia colonels, but for their gibes at the Scots, which was a matter which lay much

nearer the hearts of Sir James Murray and the King. I venture to quote from the second scene of the third act.

Enter Sea Gull, Spendall and Scape-Thrift in the Blewe Anchor Tavern with a Drawer:

Sea Gull. Come, Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogshead and let's have cheer not fit for your Billingsgate Tavern, but for our Virginian Colonel who will be here instantly.

Drawer. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spendall. More wine, slave, whether you drink it or spill it; drawe more.

Sea Gull. Come, boys, Virginia longs 'till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spendall. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea Gull. A whole country of English is there, man, bread of those that were left there in '79, they have married with the Indians, and make 'em to bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England, and, therefore, the Indians are so in love with them that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scape-Thrift. But is there such treasure there as I have heard?

Sea Gull. I tell thee that gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as I can bring, I will have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans are pure

gold, and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massie gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold, and for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holy days and gather them up by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron gilt groates with holes in them.

SCAPE-THRIFT. And is it a pleasant country with all?

SEA GULL. As ever the sun shined on. Full of all kinds of excellent viands, wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton, and then you shall live freely there without sergeants or courtiers or lawyers, and intelligenceers; (only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who are, indeed, dispersed over the face of the whole earth, but as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England when they are out on 't in the world, and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there; for we are all one-countrymen now you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than here. Then for your means to advancement; there it is simple and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be a scavenger; you may be any other officer there and never be a slave; you may come to preferment and never be a pandar; to riches and fortune, and have never the more villany nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either; serve God enough; eat enough; drink enough, and "enough is as good as a feast."

It was this last speech of Captain Sea Gull which got Ben Jonson and his friends in jail.

The close of the wars had left London full of soldiers out of employment, who had returned and were ready for anything which promised them the bettering of their fortunes. To these men Virginia must have commended herself, and one of them was to become in the first colony the most able and noted soldier and administrator. He had returned from a youth of adventure in the south-eastern part of Europe, and had influence enough to have himself appointed one of the first Council of the colony about to set forth.

It was with reference to this expedition, perhaps, that Michael Drayton's "Ode to the Virginia Voyage" was written. It begins:

"You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name; that honor still pursue,
Go and subdue,
Whilst loytering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

. . . . . .

And cheerfully at sea,
Successe you still intice
To get the pearle and gold,
And ours to hold,
VIRGINIA
Earth's only paradise.

The Northern Virginia Company had trouble from the first, according to Sir Ferdinando Gorges; because so many merchants were of the Council that the gentlemen and great adventurers withdrew from it. The Southern Virginia Company was more fortunate. It escaped, at least, this difficulty; for the great majority of its members were men of the upper class and almost without exception members of Parliament.

The expedition designed to settle North Virginia got off first.

August 22, 1606, a ship, the *Richard* (fifty-five tons), was dispatched by Chief Justice Popham, under Mr. Henry Challons, with twenty-nine Englishmen and two of Weymouth's Indians, to settle a colony in North Virginia, and two months later another ship was dispatched by him under Captain Thomas Hanham, and Martin Prinne, "for the seconding of Captain Challans and his people." Captain Challans, however, and his people had been captured by the Spaniards in the West Indies, and were taken over to Bordeaux, where some escaped and others became the subject of diplomatic correspondence, and by Lord Bacon's Report, were left in prison because, for England to request their release might be considered a

recognition of Spain's rights. But for this untoward accident, it is possible that the first colony in America might have settled in North Virginia. As it was, the first colony that made good their footing, settled in Southern Virginia and established, on the banks of the noble James, the "Mother Christian town," of the English-speaking race in America: Jamestown.

On the 20th day of December, 1606, after many prayers, and sermons in various churches, three small vessels, the *Sarah Constant* (of one hundred tons), Captain Christopher Newport, Admiral; the *Goodspeed* (forty tons), Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, Vice-Admiral; and a pinnace, the *Discovery* (twenty tons), Captain Ratcliffe, all under command of Captain Christopher Newport as Admiral, dropped down the river from London, with six score souls on board besides some fifty-odd mariners, on their way to Southern Virginia. They carried with them the destinies of nations.

Three weeks later, on January 16, 1607, the ships anchored in the Downs, where "the winds continued contrary so long that they were forced to stay some time, where they suffered great storms." The record of the voyage shows that there was a strong inclination to turn back then, but they were held to their duty

largely by the heroic devotion of "Worthy Master Hunt"; the simple parson, the first apostle of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Americas, whose name never appears in the sombre, and often squalid, records of that time that it does not illuminate it with the light of a heroic spirit, wholly devoted to the service alike of his fellow-man and the Most High God. For many weeks the little ships tossed at anchor within twenty miles of the coast where lay his home; and many a heart failed; but not his, this faithful soldier of Christ whose heart was stayed on Him. Whether it was in encouraging his fellow-voyagers in the midst of great storms in which his own bodily sickness was so severe as to be deemed worthy of mention, or whether it was in the even darker hour at Jamestown, when factions and contentions threatened the destruction of the colony, he is always mentioned with that appellation: "Worthy Master Hunt," who endeavored to calm the troubled spirits of his co-sufferers amid the turbulence alike of the Atlantic and of the new plantation.

The storms having abated, the ships lost the coast of England about the 18th of February, and after a sorry passage reached by the end of February the southwest part of the great Canaries. There they stayed several days, tak-

ing on wood and water, when they again sailed for Virginia, taking the old route by the West Indies. They reached Dominica by the 24th of March, where they did some little exploration, and where one of the leading adventurers appears to have fallen under some suspicion of stirring up a mutiny, for he was arrested, and because of it, to quote his own account, was "unjustly restrained as a prisoner" until June 20, when he suddenly emerges from his obscurity into the fame which has for three hundred years surrounded the name of "Captain John Smith: President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England."

II

Once again they set forth, and after three weeks more, on the 26th of April, about four o'clock in the morning, they reached the mouth of the Chesapeake and anchored inside of the Capes of Virginia, the nearest one of which was immediately named Cape Henry, after the promising son of James I., whose chief distinction is, that he was Sir Walter Raleigh's friend, and received the dedication of his "History of the World." They anchored Europe to America; the old they made fast to the new.

Having landed here, they planted a cross, taking possession in the name of England; and, it being Sunday, having, no doubt, under the direction of "Worthy Master Hunt," first offered up devout thanksgiving for their escape from the perils of the sea, which even to-day in our Church service thankful voyagers occasionally render, they undertook a little exploration.

It is a curious fact, and speaks for their joy at reaching land, that, although they found the aborigines extremely hostile and two of the ship's company were grievously wounded by them, so great was their delight on reaching these shores, clad in fresh vernal garb that, in their reports, the attack on their men is only incidentally mentioned, while their records are full of the memories of the charm of this Virginia shore, with its clear streams running through the woods, in that spring season.

Here, that night, the box containing their sealed orders was opened, and they discovered who were to be thenceforth their rulers.

The first president was to be elected by the Council, which was composed of gentlemen the most noted of whom in after time was this same young captain who just then was a prisoner.

The first president elected was Edward Maria Wingfield, a brave and high-minded gentleman,

though unhappily not a man absolutely qualified to deal with the situation that confronted them.

The first Council was composed of the president, Edward Maria Wingfield, Captain John Ratcliffe, Captain George Archer, Captain John Martin, Captain John Smith, George Kendall and George Percy, all old soldiers, and men of force.

The colonists learned, moreover, even if they did not know it before, that they were to have the privileges of British subjects, which, after all, was the fundamental basis on which the possibility of a permanent settlement of this country rested. Many matters were detailed in their instructions which were in the main sound and sensible. Among other things the settlers were ordered, with wise forethought on the part of the London Council, to establish themselves at some spot up one of the rivers sufficiently high—at least one hundred miles—to prevent the Spaniard, who is ever on the horizon, from coming on them as Melindus had done on the Huguenots, and pulling them out of their seats. And, with this view, they were directed to select a place where the river would be narrow enough to enable them to prevent with their ordnance the Spaniard from reaching them. The broad James then, as now, but under another kingly

name, poured its flood into the inland sea, and the newcomers, seeking a secure abiding place, quickly discovered this noble river. Their first investigations, however, disheartened them, owing to the discovery that the water was too shoal for their ships, and when, exploring further, they discovered that close to the northern bank there was a channel deep enough for their ships, their comfort was so great that they named that shore "Point Comfort," the name it bears to-day.

For many days they worked their way up the broad stream which was to become so historical in after time; until, on the 13th day of May, three hundred years ago, on this small island in this Virginia river, that little band of sea-worn adventurers disembarked and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon Race, which, though often threatened, and sometimes endangered, has never since been lowered.

The manner of their going is told interestingly enough in the quaint and virile Elizabethan English. Having, on May 9, set up a cross "at Chesupioc Bay," claiming the land for the Crown of England, and named the place "Cape Henry" for their young Prince, who was ever a patron of Virginia colonization, on May 10 they brought their ships into the river at "Cape Comfort" channel there. "Leaving

ten men as sentinel at the river's mouth," with Newport in his shallop going before them, they went to Kecoughton, now Hampton, and on from day to day up the stream which they called "King James his River," looking for "a suitable seating place." On the $\frac{18^{th}}{28^{d}}$ of May, after having "explored up the river" as far as the mouth of the Appomattox, they moored their ships to the trees "in six fathom water," and thus made fast to Jamestown Island and the American continent.

The account of the landing given at the time tells how, "After much and weary search (with their barge coasting still before, as Virgil writeth Æneas did, arriving in the region of Italy called Latium, upon the banks of the River Tyber) in the country of a Warrawance called Wowinchapuncha (a ditionary to Powhatan) within this faire River of Paspiheigh, which we have called the King's River, they selected an extended plaine and spot of earth which thrust out into the depth and middest of the channel making a kinde of Chersonesus or Peninsula. The Trumpets sounding, the Admirall strooke saile and before the same the rest of the fleet came to an ancor, and here to loose no further time the colony disimbarked, and every man brought his particular store and furniture together with the

general provision ashore." And thereupon, "a certain canton and quantity of that little half island of ground was measured which they began to fortifie, and thereon in the name of God to raise a Fortresse with the ablest and speediest meanes they could."

The landing on this spot that day of that little band of some six score sea-worn men (not counting fifty or sixty seamen) and the planting of the English flag was the date of the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon Race in this hemisphere, and the true date of the capture of this continent for the English-speaking people. To employ their own phrase, they "brake the ice and beat the paths," and all who came after them found it easier. For, as Lord Bacon says, "In Kingdoms, the First Foundation or Plantation is of more noble dignitie and merit than all that followeth."

There were bickerings and contentions and quarrelling, disheartening enough; there were heart-burnings and backslidings; movements to give up and return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, rebellious and weak enough. There were occasions, and even periods when it appeared as though almost all spirit had deserted them, and their great enterprise must fail. But in the providence of God they survived them all.

Time fails to go into the vicissitudes and struggles of this little colony, which, like the Spartan band, held the gateway by the sea against the seemingly overwhelming forces which ever pressed on and on.

In this age, when well-nigh the whole earth lies just outside of our neighborhood; when every morning's dispatches bring us news of almost every portion of the globe; when the heart of Africa and the frozen regions of the Arctic zone have been explored and charted; when there is scarcely a region in which a traveller may not venture with security, it is difficult to realize just what the conditions were amid which this colony was founded. Our imagination has been almost destroyed by the destruction of the standards by which we form our conceptions. The wonders of the world are scarcely any longer wonderful, and the labors of Hercules are excelled by the work of thousands of enterprising companies every day of our life. We may now coast for pleasure where three hundred years ago it was more dangerous to venture than to beard the Nemean lion roused. The vast *terra incognita* that stretched illimitably before the eager eyes of those settlers is as familiar to us as a city park to the inhabitants about it; and the trackless wild, which seemed to swallow them

up, is a part of the habitual round of the pleasure-travelling public. But on that May day three hundred years ago, when the company of those little ships debarked and made their final landing on American soil, they faced every peril and danger that the human mind can imagine.

Every tree and bush and patch of weeds might conceal a crafty Indian with his deadly arrow.

The Spaniard with sword and stake was ever on the horizon. The shadow of "Melindus" was yet black.

No one who has the least conception of what those men endured will question their courage. It is possible, however, that had they known what they had to face in their new home the stoutest hearted of them might have quailed. To face death was nothing to such men, it was an incident of the life of every man as it is to-day of the life of the soldier in the field. Indeed, this little band was the forlorn hope of volunteers sent to seize a continent. They made the breach and held it against all odds, and it is to the lasting renown of the English Race that as fast as their numbers failed they were replaced. On their maintaining their position hung the fate of North America, and possibly of the world. They had reached a charmed but an unknown land with a changeable and an untried climate.

Their provisions, intended only to last until they could seed and harvest a new crop, had been wasted during their long voyage and would not last them out. Their form of government, under which the president could always be removed by a majority of the Council, was one well framed to breed faction. The community of interest which was imagined to be necessary in a new land placed the industrious at the mercy of the idle, and the zealous supported the shirker. But it is well for the Anglo-Saxon Race to pause and take note of the one great fact, that, however their perils may have alarmed them, however their vast isolation may have awed them, there always survived spirit enough to preserve them, and they remained in this far and perilous outpost of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and with the devotion of the vestal virgin of old, kept the fire, however dim its spark, ever alight on the sacred shrine.

Before the first summer was out sixty men of the one hundred and four whom Newport left when he returned to England were dead, and, though others came in their place, before two years had passed another large section of them had been laid away on the shores of the James, whose current has borne away their ashes as the current of time has borne away their memory. In fact, of all that brave company scarcely one

found that which he sought. Hardly one found that for which he set forth, save, haply, "Worthy Master Hunt," who counted nought so that he might win souls to Christ, and Captain John Smith, who owes his fame even more to his pen than to his sword.

Christopher Newport, who was the guardian angel of the colony, and preserved it from extirpation in more than one crisis, has no monument in all this State of Virginia. It is questionable if even the name with which he is supposed to be associated, actually was derived from him. He explored the seas of both the East and West; and, having had sole command of the first five voyages which brought the earlier colonists here and subsequently relieved their necessities when they were about to perish, his shotted hammock was swung at the last in the long surges of the Indian Seas.

Bartholomew Gosnold, that "worthy and religious gentleman," bold discoverer and explorer of both coasts of Virginia, was laid in an unmarked grave somewhere there at Jamestown where the waters have cut into the shore, and his heroic dust has long since been swept away by the waters of the James, like that of so many another brave and devoted soldier and mariner. Years afterwards Captain John Smith declared

that he had not one foot of ground in Virginia, "not the very house he had builded; not the land he had digged with his own hands."

But though these men and their followers are not known save to a few historical students, their work is written large upon the history of the world. They laid the foundation for what we call North America. Truly, "they brake the ice and beat the paths," and the rest was comparatively easy. One of them, Captain John Smith, has, indeed, through the skill of his pen, found imperishable fame, but of all the rest there is scarcely one whose name is known at present except to the small class of historical scholars whose pleasure is to delve among musty records, and whose reward is the joy of finding the jewel, Truth. A high-minded and "valiant gentleman" like Edward Maria Wingfield, successor to Sir Walter Raleigh as first governor of Virginia; a scholarly man like George Percy, brother to the Duke of Northumberland, who wrote in his hut at Jamestown the heartrending accounts of the "starving time"; bold seamen and explorers like Newport, Gosnold and Argall, who explored the coast and repelled intruders, and made the crossing of the sea in their frail boats so common that in a few years all might adventure there; devoted and faithful servants

of God like "Worthy Master Hunt," Mr. Bucke and "Excellent Mr. Whittaker," the "First Apostle to the Americans": bold soldiers of Christ, whose names never appear in the dim records of that time that they do not illuminate them with the reflected glory of their Master's service; and all the long following who through the first fifteen years of the colony's history faced death in every form, and faced it bravely, because it was "for the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of England"—who, except the small class of seekers for historic truth, knows anything of their fortitude, sacrifices and heroic deeds? The histories which have circulated for nearly a century have dealt mainly with what they deemed blemishes on the colony. A few picturesque episodes like the rescue of John Smith by Pocahontas, or the shipment of the "chaste maids" as wives for some of the settlers, or the appearance of Newport at the crucial time, or the wreck of the *Sea Venture* on the "still vext Bermoothes," have been perpetuated. The occasional shipment of wild characters and criminals convicted under the hard laws of the period have been seized on and made the subject of exegesis as protracted as it is often inaccurate. But the great and epoch-making work that this first colony of Jamestown

and their successors performed, and the hardships which they endured are scarcely known at all to the world at large.

Yet the Virginia Colony not only planted and developed Virginia; they seized and held the continent, explored and charted and protected its shores from Florida to Nova Scotia; established thereon the Saxon civilization and the Protestant religion, and finally gave America its distinctive form of government.

The first month was spent in fortifying against the savages, of whom they had already experience on their first landing and were to have yet bitterer experience, until they themselves became wellnigh as crafty and revengeful as the savages; and afterwards in "exploring the King's River" as they had been urged to do by the Council in London.

The first night after their landing, "about midnight some savages came prying at them." Two weeks later, on May 28, the Werrowance of Paspaha came himself with one hundred armed savages and made signs to the English to lay their arms away, but they would not trust him so far. Two days later he sent forty of his men with a deer, as a present, and "they faine would have laine in the Fort all night." But the English knew their business better than to trust them.

The last day of that month Newport took with him George Percy, John Smith, who was still under arrest, and four other "Gentlemen," Francis Nelson, and three other mariners, and Jonas Poole and thirteen other sailors and set forth in his shallop "to discover up the river." Captain John Smith later claimed this as one of his exploring expeditions, but in fact, Smith was still restrained as a prisoner and so remained until the 26th of June, twenty days after their return to Jamestown, when he was discharged.

They named the north side of the river "Popham Side," doubtless in allusion to the North Virginia Colony which had sailed the summer before under Sir John Popham's patronage; the south side they called "Salisbury Side," and though the name is lost in Virginia, men still speak, and are spoken of as coming from "The South Side." As the explorers proceeded up the river, "so much they were ravisht with the admirable sweetnesse of the streame, and with the pleasant land trending along on either side, that their joy exceeded, and with great admiration they praised God."

Whenever they encamped the Indians met them and danced for them and "took tobacco" with them, but when they reached Jamestown on their return they discovered that the Indians to

the number of above two hundred, with their king, had attacked the fort and killed a boy and wounded eleven men in a fight, "which endured hot about an hour," and in which the Council were in front "in mayntayning the Forte," and four of the five present were wounded (Gosnold, Ratcliffe, Martin and Kendall), and "our President, Mr. Wingfield (who showed himself a valiant gentleman) had an arrow shot clean through his bearde, yet escaped hurte."

On their trip the explorers learned from an Indian at Turkey Island, who laid out with a pen given him the whole river, that at a great distance were the mountains, and beyond them that which they "expected," the South Sea.

On Whit Sunday, June 3, they reached "the Falles," where they "feasted the King Pawhatah, giving him beer, aqua vite and sack to drink, and made him very sick with their hot drinks." After dinner Captain Newport, "upon one of the little ilets at the mouth of the Falls," where Richmond now stands, "set up a crosse with this inscription: "JACOBUS REX, 1607, and his owne name belowe."

When on Monday, June 2, Newport, in the *Sarah Constant*, departed from James Fort for England, accompanied by the *Goodspeed*, he took with him "the First Report of His

Majestie's Counsel for the first Colony to Virginia to His Majestie's Counsel for Virginia in England"; the "First Relatyon" of the discovery up James River, with a "dearnall of our voyage," a "draughte of our river"; and also a number of letters, among which was one to the Earl of Salisbury. In this letter the writer, William Brewster, says:

"This is all I will saye to you, that suche a Baye, a Rivar, and a land, dide nevar the eye of man behould; and at the head of the Rivar, which is 160 myles longe ar Rokes and mountaynes, that prommyseth Infynyt Treasure, but our Forces be yet too weake, to make further discovery: Nowe is the King's Majesty offered, the most statlye, Riche Kingdom in the woorld, nevar posseste by anye Christian prynce; be you one meanes amonge manye to further our secondinge, to conquer this land, as well as you were a meanes, to further the discovery of it: and you, yet maye lyve to see Ingland, moore Riche & Renowned, than anye Kingdom, in all Europa * * *."

Virginia in the Spring is a prospect to gladden the heart.

The quarrels and contentions were enough to have swamped a much stronger colony than that which had found a resting place on this

little peninsula, but happily, in the providence of God there was always found enough wisdom and courage when the final issue came to decide in favor of maintaining the position which had been secured.

Time fails to go into a detailed history of the long struggle. The wrangle that began then has continued even down to the present time, and polemists are engaged to-day in discussing with something of the rancor of the original contestants whether Captain John Smith was the greatest man of the early period of the English settlement of the continent, or whether he was simply a braggart and a blusterer, who had the good fortune to survive most of his opponents, and lived to write a history which damned them all as a parcel of incompetents and fools. Those who have the time will find it mighty interesting reading if they will take the trouble to follow the original accounts of this earliest plantation of the English-speaking race on the continent. Possibly they will not agree with the advocates on either side. My own study of the case has led me to the conclusion that, as in most discussions of the kind, feeling has been allowed to usurp the place of calm, judicial investigation. I do not find that Edward Maria Wingfield was what his opponents in that first King's Council of

Virginia tried to prove him: a selfish, greedy, weak, incompetent man, and what later generations of historians have accepted him as being on their statement. And neither do I find proof that Captain John Smith was the one man who accomplished everything of worth that was done in those first years to establish this colony, any more than I find it that he was simply a braggart and a robber of the reputation of others.

Wingfield's report, on the truth of which he offered to stake his life, as well as his reputation, sets him before the world as an honorable and high-minded gentleman, a faithful and unselfish administrator, and it bears on its face the stamp of truth which cannot be countefeited.

Captain John Smith had many grievances and many real wrongs to right, and, no doubt, when he came to act as his own advocate, he set others who were opposed to him in a more unenviable light than the simple facts would have justified. But for all that, after the long lapse of years, he stands forth on all the evidence which we have as being undoubtedly, though not the only notable man, yet the most notable of all that ship's company who remained behind when Newport sailed away. But for him, it is possible, if not probable, that at more than one crucial moment the enterprise might have failed; actu-

ally extinguished by starvation. But the final accomplishment of that colony, though the actors were at times unable to see it, contained glory enough for all who participated in it.

III

Scarcely had Newport left when the worst enemy that the new settlers had to encounter, more lurking and more deadly than the "salvages," came upon them. About the 5th of July, appears the record, "Many of our men fell sick," and before that season was out, sixty men of the one hundred and four left by Newport were in their graves. They had pitched upon a landing place simply because of the security which it offered against their enemies, without knowing aught of the climate and its perils, and it proved to be a spot so malarial that before the first summer was out, sixty men were dead of wounds and disease, as later many more perished. The sounds of their sufferings so impressed itself on that scholarly historian, George Percy, fourth president of the colony, that he pictured it in one of his reports whose virility is to-day the wonder of all English writers.

"Burning fevers destroyed them," says the historian, "some departed suddenly, but, for

the most part, they died of mere famine. There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new discovered Virginia." "There was groaning in every corner of the fort most pitiful to hear." "If there was any conscience in men, it would make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries . . . some departing out of the world, sometimes three and four in a night; in the morning their bodies trailed out of the cabins like dogs to be buried." Among the first losses was the brave Bartholomew Gosnold—mariner, explorer, soldier and administrator, who had in 1602 crossed the sea direct from the Azores to what is now the Newfoundland coast, and then sailed home again with accounts of those shores, which led subsequently to their settlement. His ashes lie with those of "Worthy Master Hunt" and many another brave gentleman, mingled with Virginia's soil in some unmarked spot at Jamestown, or borne like Wickliffe's "far as the waters be," but his work remains. He may have been an element of peace in the settlement, for soon after his death, according to the record, dissensions began, which ceased not until every one of his fellow-members of the Council had disappeared from the scene.

By the last of September Wingfield had been deposed from the presidency by Ratcliffe, Smith and Martin, and was succeeded by Ratcliffe; and a few days later Kendall was shot for conspiracy to seize and run off with a pinnace to the Newfoundland fisheries.

Captain John Smith himself, who, released from the unjust restraints of his liberty, had developed extraordinary energy as an explorer, and from the 6th of December, 1607, to the 12th of January, 1608, had been absent exploring the Chickahominy, or in captivity to Powhatan, and whose life had been saved by the young Pocahontas, was, on his return, immediately indicted for the loss of his companions and condemned to be executed. But to quote his own words: "It pleased God to send Captain Newport unto us that same evening."

Newport, who had reached London on August 18, returned (on the *John and Francis*, with the *Phœnix;* Captain Nelson and forty men in consort) and reached Jamestown, Saturday evening, January 12, having separated from his consort, which had gone to the West Indies, and did not arrive until the end of April.

Of the one hundred and four men left by him at the end of June, Newport found only

thirty-eight or forty alive, but he brought something like seventy in his ship.

An interesting entry, notwithstanding its brevity, relates to his arrival. "By his comyng was prevented a Parliament, which ye new Counsailor, Mr. Recorder, intended thear to summon." "Mr. Recorder" was Captain Archer, who had been the first man wounded on American soil, and whose name is thus associated with the first mention in any record of an elective assembly in America. He with Martin and others were among the first protestants against the evils of the form of government established by the King's Charter, and their protests led later to the amended charters of 1609 and 1612, which last was the Magna Charta of American liberties. The protests set forth by them became the battle-cry between the "Patriot Party" and the "Court Party" in the long contest which then began, and which bore its part in leading to the great struggle in England.

Thus, these men, who have had scant justice done them in history, were the first of the long and illustrious list of American patriots who stood for the increase of personal liberty against the domination of the Crown. Smith himself took extreme ground against them.

The order in which the governors were selected

by the Council were as follows: Wingfield, Ratcliffe, Smith and Percy. And undoubtedly the others were more highly esteemed at first than the young Captain.

A man may be an excellent gentleman and a brave soldier, and yet may lack administrative ability and the precise qualities needed for the management and government of such a company as that which came to settle in Virginia. Undoubtedly it appears that among the brave and honorable gentlemen who came as leaders of this colony, while others may have been of nobler character and of more unselfish ambition, the most enterprising and resourceful among them was this young Willoughby adventurer, who, having served with some distinction in Southern Europe, had now come to seek new adventures under the Western Star. He appears to have been gey ill to deal with as a subordinate, but to have been prompt, bold and efficient as a governor. By his own account, he is entitled to the credit of most of what was accomplished during the brief period of his stay, extending over only a little more than two years. He declares it was he who preserved the lives of the colonists again and again from the conspiracies of their Indian enemies; that it was he who forced them to work, and thus saved the little colony

from starvation; that it was he who preserved them by going among the Indians intimidating those who were hostile and securing the friendship of those who were simply indifferent.

He unquestionably did not "discover up the King's River in May," as he claimed to have done. For although he accompanied Newport on this expedition, he was, by his own account, still "restrained of his liberty," because of the plot at Nevis on the way over, and was not discharged until June 26.

One incident which he relates has of late years been made the point of attack by a hostile faction among the historians, who, for one reason or another, can see no good in him. He relates in his account written in 1616, and repeats it in that of 1624, that having been captured in December, 1607, during the exploration of the head-waters of the Chickahominy, he was taken to Werowocomoco, the residence of King Powhatan, and was about to be executed by having his brains dashed out, when, at the moment of his execution the King's dearest daughter, Pocahontas, shielded him and preserved his life at the hazard of the beating out of her own brains.

The point is urged, that had this episode really occurred, Smith would never have waited so long to record it, but would have mentioned

it in the "True Relation" of 1608, which Captain Francis Nelson fetched back to England in the *Phœnix* in June, 1608.

It is no part of my intention to enter fully into this discussion, though the weight of argument appears to be so overwhelmingly on the side of the truth of Smith's report, that the arguments against him seem to me to have but little weight. Two facts may be mentioned to establish this view. The first is, that "I. H.," who edited the "True Relation" when it was printed, states that "somewhat more was written, which being as I thought fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public." The second is, that at the time when Smith wrote the report of 1616, there were a number of his fellow-colonists yet living, some of them in England, who loved him none too well, and would have been ready enough to attack him had he written such a story without foundation.

It has been conjectured by Smith's advocates that the omission in the "True Relation" referred to by the editor, related to his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of being implicated in the conspiracy of Nevis.

I hazard a conjecture which does not appear to have been esteemed as weighty as I deem it. Pocahontas was the daughter of a king who

ruled over a great domain almost as large in extent, with its dependencies, as England itself. It was a period when it behooved men to go delicately where they were concerned with matters relating to other kings and the daughters of other kings than those of England.

Sir Walter Raleigh, first president and earliest patron of Virginia, lay pining in the Tower of London because of alleged dealings with a Royal Princess, the Lady Arabella Stuart. Many a man had gone to the block or to the gallows for showing too much interest in the cause of some scion of the royal house. Time and again in the history of the colony crops up the suggestion of Pocahontas's royal pedigree being an element of danger. Had he been less discreet it would have been boldly charged that Smith, who was believed to have a vaulting ambition, had aspirations, which, exhibited with a little more plainness, might have led him promptly to the block or to the gallows.

Two of his fellow-colonists who were on the spot, Pots and Phittiplace, in their account of the arrival of the third supply in 1609, show the fact.

"Some prophetical spirit," they wrote, "calculated hee had the Salvages in such subjection, hee would haue made himselfe a king, by mar-

rying *Pocahontas, Powhatan's* daughter. (It is true she was the very Nomparell of his kingdome, and at most not past 13 or 14 yeares of age. Very oft shee came to our fort, with what shee could get for Captaine *Smith;* that ever loued and vsed all the Countrie well, but her especially he euer much respected, and she so well requited it, that when her father intended to haue surprized him, shee by stealth in the darke night came through the wild woods and told him of it. But her marriage could in no way haue intitled him by any right to the kingdome, nor was it ever suspected hee ever had such a thought; or more regarded her, or any of them, than in honest reason and discretion he might. If he would, he might haue married her, or haue done what him listed; for there was none that could haue hindered his determination."

Here then we have a hint of a good reason for his not dwelling on this adventure, and of I. H.'s omission of it if Smith himself related it.

When a little later John Rolph won the young woman's affection, although Dale readily acquiesced in the plan, Rolph felt it necessary as she was a princess to write and ask for permission to marry her.

Although the young councillor had enemies

enough, and appears to have done enough in the way of making the lazy work or go hungry, to bring a swarm about his ears, the balance is immensely in his favor. He was hated by his opponents, and adored by his old soldiers. Returning from his expedition to the Falls, where now stands the capital of Virginia, while he was asleep in his boat a bag of powder in his pocket was accidentally exploded, which tore his flesh from his body and thighs in a "most pitiful manner." He sprang overboard to prevent himself from burning to death and came near being drowned. While he lay suffering from this accident a plot was formed to murder him in his bed, but the assassin's heart failed him. His old soldiers rallied about him and importuned him to permit them to put his enemies to death, but this he refused, and took order with the masters of the ships for his return to England, and later on in life he was able to make the proud boast that, whatever provocations he had had, he had never put any man to death.

Among his followers, one writing of his departure said: "What shall I say? but thus we lost him that, in all his proceedings, made Iustice his first guid[e], and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignitie more than any dangers; that never

allowed more for himselfe then his soldiers with him; that vpon no danger, would he send them where he would not lead them himselfe; that [he] would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get vs; that would rather want than borrow, or starue then not pay; that loved actions more then wordes, and hated falshood and cous[e]nage worse then death; whose adventures were our liues, and whose losse our deathes."

No higher tribute could be paid, and it has the smack of having been paid to worth.

On the 17th of January, 1608, a new misfortune befell the settlement: Jamestown was burned to the ground with the store-house full of supplies, the church, and the library of "Worthy Master Hunt," and the store of ammunition.

Newport employed his mariners to rebuild the church, but the winter was severe in America and in Europe also, and many deaths occurred from cold.

Newport, having with Smith, Tyndall, the surveyor, and others explored and made "a draught" of York River, and got corn, wheat and beans for the colonists, whom the fire had reduced to great straits, sailed for England again on April 20, taking with him Wingfield,

Archer and others, who went home to lay their claims before the Council, and what is more, to make them good. For the personal reports of Wingfield, Martin, Archer, Nelson, Ratcliffe and others, and of Newport himself, showed those in England who were interested in the colony the gross defects in the system when put into practical operation. And in January, 1609, soon after Newport's arrival from Virginia, after his third voyage, a new charter was drawn up by Sir Edwin Sandys, a name ever memorable in the annals of America and of all lands where liberty has her home.

This charter, in which the rights of the colonists were declared inalienable, and which guaranteed them to be theirs forever, extended the borders of Virginia to the furthest sea. Moreover, the government thenceforth was to be vested in the Virginia Council in London, instead of in the Crown. And this was the first victory of the Americans over the Crown.

Meantime Virginia had seen evil days. About three hundred and thirty settlers had come over by this time, and only a hundred or so were left, while these were reduced to the greatest straits. It was a dark hour for the colony and for the British people; but light was soon to come. Newport, who was the good angel of the colony,

had been to Virginia twice more, saving more lives than that of Captain John Smith, and on his third voyage he took over a number of women, the most valuable part of his valuable cargo.

The new charter gave great joy to the colony. Lord Delaware was chosen Governor and Captain-General; Sir Thomas Gates, a bold captain, whose name stands first in the Charter, Lieutenant-General; Sir George Somers, Admiral of Virginia; and Captain Christopher Newport, Vice-Admiral of Virginia; all notable men whose history is that of the making of America.

The company was strengthened by the accession of a large number of the members of the North Virginia Company, who accepted the invitation to co-operate in establishing the Southern colony, thus doing away, at least temporarily, with the first sectional lines which were drawn touching America. In fact, "of the forty-three members of His Majesty's First Council for New England formed some years afterward, at least thirty had assisted in founding the First Colony on James River."

The prospects of the colony were now brightening, at least in England. A large fleet of nine ships was now got ready to send under Sir

Thomas Gates. Some ten days before, however, a single ship had been dispatched under Captain Samuel Argall, "a pleasant, ingenius, and forward young gentleman," to find a more direct route to Virginia; avoiding the land of the pirates [the West Indies]; and to "make an experience of the winds and currents which have affrighted all undertakers by the North."

Argall did his work thoroughly, and arriving in the Chesapeake after only a nine weeks' voyage, in which he was becalmed fourteen days, established the fact that there were no currents nor constant winds to prevent a direct crossing, thus shortening the distance and escaping not only the "Pyrates," but the calenture, which was the most deadly foe that the new colonists encountered.

Of the fleet of nine vessels, six arrived duly, two with their masts cut away; but the *Sea Venture*, with Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, was driven ashore on the coast of an island, which had theretofore been deemed so stormy that it had been called the "Isle of Devils." It was, however, a fortunate wreck, not only for the little colony in Virginia, but for the whole English-speaking race; for the following summer, when the settlers were reduced to the last straits, not only did Sir Thomas Gates

and Sir George Somers arrive in two little vessels which they had built to take them to Virginia and relieve their immediate necessities, but the romantic story of the *Sea Venture* gave a London playwright an idea on which to base one of his immortal dramas.

So reduced were the settlers at the time of the arrival of Sir Thomas Gates, that having only fourteen days' provision in all, they started to set sail for New Foundland, where they knew the fishing fleet could be met, and had actually buried their cannon and started down the river, when they were met by Lord Delaware, who had come over with new succors, and, having learned at Cape Comfort of their distress, had sent ahead of him his long boat, the little pinnace *Virginia*, the first boat of even that size which had been built on the American shores.

Lord Delaware landed at Jamestown on the 10th day of June, 1610, and Sir Thomas Gates was drawn up with his soldiers to receive him at the South Gate. His first act on landing was to kneel and offer up prayer and thanksgiving.

He immediately took steps to place the colony on a sounder foundation than had yet existed, and though he set up a style of living which was deemed at the time rather out of place in a wilderness, he knew the effect of order, and even

of show when wisely employed. One of his first acts was to build a good and suitable church, sixty by twenty-four feet, with chancel and pews of cedar and two bells in the west end. Here he attended services escorted by all his high officials, and fifty halberdiers in red cloaks; sitting in the choir in a velvet chair, and kneeling on a velvet cushion.

In the beginning it was claimed by some that, "a good soldier who knew how to use a pick was worth many knights who could only break a lance," but the lances that Sir Thomas West broke were pointed against the enemies of good government, and when having been seized with a violent ague which undermined his health, he was forced to leave Virginia, he left behind him such a character and such fruits of his rule, that long afterwards he was cited as a model by those who asked that some nobleman of rank, or of scarcely less high order, might be appointed governor of the new commonwealth.

Lord Delaware's successor was Sir George Yardley, who has been spoken of as "the mild Yardley." His mildness, however, was that of a broad-minded and high-minded gentleman, and, possibly, more than any other one who held rule in Virginia, he contributed to liberalize her government. For a while he was superseded by

one who was far from mild, but who possibly was better suited at the time for the control of a young colony filled with "wild gallants" and holding at bay wilder Indians: Sir Thomas Dale, "a man skilled in divinity and of a good conscience in all things" but withal an old soldier. He was at the time in service in the Low Countries, but was lent to the Virginia Company by his Dutch employers as a man well fitted for the work in hand. He quickly proved the stuff of which he was made, and under the iron rule which he set up, the new plantation took a long leap forward. He found men playing at bowls in the streets, but he soon put a stop to this. His government became unpopular enough for a conspiracy to be hatched, but discovering it he arrested the leaders and inflicted the death penalty, in what was charged to be "a cruel, unusual and barbarous one, at one time customary in France." In 1624 a number of Burgesses signed an account of what they had witnessed. "One man had a bodkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he perished, others were put to death by hanging, shooting, breaking on the wheel and the like." But, cruel as this punishment was, it was deemed that Dale prevented the utter subversion of the colony.

During all this period Spain was far from

quiescent. Her power was still great enough to cause constant anxiety, her diplomacy was steadily at work, and only the deep feeling of the English people prevented the timid James from yielding to her threats. Zuñiga, wiliest and most active of ambassadors, was ever seeking his ear, with mingled promises and threats, and again and again he left the royal closet and even the royal table to send dispatches to his master, urging him to lose no time to uproot the new plantation in Virginia, and cut the planters' throats. The correspondence in cipher between the Spanish Ambassador in London, Zuñiga, and his master at home, has only recently been published.*

Zuñiga was, in strict obedience to orders from home, using his utmost diligence to prevent the success of the English colonization schemes, and we find him now seeking interviews with James and now reporting progress to his master. We find James putting him off on one pretext or another, doubtless under the advice of ardent haters of Spain, and men with interests in the Virginia adventures, and when run down and cornered, using all sorts of evasive replies; much as one in high government position might do

*The monumental work of Alexander Brown, "The Genesis of the United States," throws a flood of light upon this time.

to-day; first expressing friendship for his brother monarch and ignorance of what was going on, then claiming a right to colonize, and again shiftily disavowing the acts of the colonists, and, altogether, giving a very good picture of his mean and miserable self. We find Zuñiga declaring to him that "this invention of going to Virginia for colonizing purposes was seen in the wretched zeal in which it was done, since the soil is very sterile, and that hence there can be no other purpose connected with that place than that it appears to them good for pirates," and the King telling him in reply that "they are terrible people, and that he desired to correct the matter." Zuñiga in this same letter assures his master that he would be "very careful to find out about what was going on," and adds a significant hint, "but I should consider it very desirable that an end should now be made of the few who are there, for that would be digging up the root, so that it could come up no more."

On the 16th of October, 1607, he wrote to his master, urging dispatch on his part, and quoting the King as reported to him by a Count Salisbury, to the effect that it seemed to him, after full consideration, that the English might not go to Virginia, and that thus if evil should

befall them there, it would not be on his account, since to him this would not appear to be contrary to friendship and peaceful disposition. (Certainly, if he was correctly quoted, a most damning statement.) And then Zuñiga adds for himself, "it will be serving God and 'Y. M.' to drive these villains out from there, hanging them in time, which is short enough for the purpose." This hint was taken promptly, as appears from a copy of the report of the Spanish Consul of State, dated November 10, 1607, declaring Virginia a part of the Indies, and providing that "the fleet stationed to the windward should be instantly made ready, and forthwith proceed to drive out all who are now in Virginia, since their small number will make this an easy task, and this will suffice to prevent them from again coming to that place." On this report the King of Spain endorses his "Royal decree," "Let such measures be taken as may now and hereafter appear proper." Happily for the Saxon civilization, Spain had enough to do just then in Europe, and however factions may have divided the plantation and led to the cutting of throats, the throats were not so easily cut by a foreign power.

King James had at his side as sturdy a people and body of councillors, and as far-sighted a body

of statesmen as even those on whom Elizabeth had leaned. When Challons's party, which had sailed to settle North Virginia, were captured and held by Spain, their petitions for deliverance were long ignored, because any request for their release on the part of England might, it was deemed, be held an acquiescence in the rights which Spain asserted.

Dale's method of dealing with some conspirators, who had attempted to run away with a boat caused opposition. Yet, he was an able administrator, and not only enforced order, but enlarged the plantation and built the new town of Henrico, in the loop of the James, which soon became a flourishing settlement, and was the seat of the first college and the first hospital ever founded on American soil. Moreover, he quelled the Indians and made alliances with them, not only public alliances, but personal alliances. It was under his governorship that a marriage was brought about between John Rolfe and Powhatan's favorite daughter, Pocahontas; which had a decided effect in reducing the hostility of the Indians so long as Powhatan lived, and secured a truce which lasted with some exceptions till the great massacre of April, 1622, in which it is said even John Rolfe fell a victim.

Dale offered himself to espouse the Indian

King's other favorite child, an honor which Powhatan declined on account of her youth.

It was Dale who abolished communism and the general store, and allotted to every man in the colony land: "three acres of clear corn ground," on a rent of two and one-half barrels of corn, exempting them from all service or labor for the colony, "more than one month in the year." But Dale did more than merely extend the colony of Virginia into the interior. He defended the entire territory of Virginia against encroachments by other powers.

It having been learned that the French had settled a colony at Mount Desert, in North Virginia, he sent that same "forward young gentleman," Captain George Argall, with an expedition to "root up the colony," which was effectively done. And, but for this, it is possible that France might have seized and held what a little later was called "New England." It is certain that the destruction of the French colony made the New England coast safe, not only for the English fishermen who now came in numbers to the northwestern waters, but for the English settlers who seven or eight years later followed in their wake.

At the Michaelmas quarter court, of 1619, Sir Edwin Sandys recalled "how by the admirable

care and diligence of two worthy knights, Sir Thomas Gates and Sir Thomas Dale, the colony was set forward in a way to great perfection; whereof the former, Sir Thomas Gates, had the honour to all posterity to be the first named in His Majesty's patent of a grant to Virginia, and was *the first* who, by his wisdom, valour and industry, accompanied with exceeding pains and patience in the midst of so many difficulties, laid a foundation of that prosperous estate of the Colony, which afterward in the virtue of those beginnings did proceed.

"The latter, Sir Thomas Dale, building upon those foundations with great and constant severity, had reclaimed almost miraculously those idle and disordered people and reduced them to labour and an honest fashion of life; and proceeding with great zeal to the good of this Company."

Dale was succeeded in 1617 by Captain Samuel Argall, now "Admiral of Virginia, and Vice-Governor"; a man of parts, as we have seen. He was, like Dale, a man of prompt action; and, like Dale, he passed stern laws and enforced them.

He forbade "the teaching of Indians to shoot guns on pain of death to learner and teacher"; forbade all trading with them and set up

"slavery to ye Colony as a punishment." Every man was to set two acres with corn or forfeit his corn and tobacco, and "be a slave to ye Colony." Every person must go to church on Sundays and Holidays or "lay neck and heels on the *corps de garde* ye night following and be a slave ye week following." For a second offense, he was to be a slave for a month; and for the third, for a year and a day.

The Governor was so pleased with the effect of his laws touching slavery to the colony that he introduced a few slaves on his own account, and the ship which in 1619 first introduced negro slaves into the colony, and has generally been called a "Dutch Man-of-War," was really Argall's ship, the *Treasurer*, which engaged in something very like piracy, and thereby came near bringing on a war with Spain. The term employed for a privateer was, "Dutch Man-of-War," because they commonly hoisted the Dutch colors.

It was, however, possibly the severity of the laws of Dale and Argall which brought about the greatest blessing that had hitherto happened to Virginia: the liberalizing of her government.

Two parties now existed in the Virginia Company in England, "the Court Party" and "the Patriot Party," and the latter had begun to pre-

vail. The great Virginia Courts held in London became the talk of England and were spoken of as the "Virginia Parliaments."

The broad-minded and liberal Yardley was reinstated as Governor by the patriot party in the Company, and on his return he brought over the announcement that the people of Virginia were to have an elective assembly, and thenceforth were to rule themselves. It was the greatest step yet taken for the new country.

In pursuance of this far-reaching measure, Yardley, on his arrival at Jamestown, ordered a general election of burgesses by the freemen of the colony, and issued writs to the eleven boroughs now existing in the colony for the election. In pursuance thereof, on Friday, the 30th day of July (old style), the 9th day of August, 1619 (new style), convened at Jamestown, the first elective assembly that ever sat on the American continent. From the first they claimed the privileges of members of the British House of Commons, and, though the session was held in the church, they asserted their right to sit with their hats on. And among their first acts was the appointment of a committee to consider the new charter, and determine whether it was adapted to their needs. In fact, thenceforth Virginia was herself a Commonwealth, and

though it has been through many vicissitudes, a Commonwealth she has remained to the present time: the first Commonwealth that sprang from England's loins, and mother of many Commonwealths herself.

This freedom thus growing up in Virginia was understood; and, largely in consequence thereof, the Puritan congregation at Leyden, after long negotiation with the Virginia Company, set sail in the summer of 1620 to settle in Virginia, possibly about the mouth of the Delaware; quite certainly south of the mouth of the Hudson. They were, however, blown or drifted farther northward than they intended to go, and finally, after trying to work southward, finding shoals, turned northward again and landed on Massachusetts Bay in December.

James, who had long been warned by the Spanish Ambassador that his Virginia "Courts" were a "seminary for a seditious parliament," awoke to the danger of so much liberty in his "fourth kingdom," but it was too late. The Virginians had tasted the sweets of popular government and stood on their liberties.

Under Sir Francis Wyat, who came over in 1621, everything appeared prosperous in Virginia, when, without warning, on the morning of April 1, 1622, the Indians throughout the colony

fell on the unsuspecting colonists and massacred over four hundred of them. Jamestown, the seat of government, was saved through a warning given the night before by an Indian named Chanco; but from the Falls of the James to the Chesapeake the plantations were devastated. The flourishing town of Henrico was destroyed, and with it went the hospital, with its fourscore beds, and the projected university, with its endowment of ten thousand acres and two thousand pounds. Six members of the Council fell victims, including Mr. Thorpe, the deputy for the college, and probably John Rolph, the former husband of Pocahontas.

Had Virginia not already been established on a firm foundation, this blow must have destroyed her. As it was, it only served to excite both the company and the colony to renewed efforts. The massacre was the death-blow of the Powhatans and their allied tribes. The settlers from this time applied themselves to the work of clearing all that region of a people who had proved so "subtile," and the leader of the movement was the "Mild Yeardley." From now on we find the settlers going on "marches" three times a year to harry and do the Indians all the damage in their power.

In the confusion and disturbance consequent

on the massacre, James was enabled for a brief space by the exercise of tyrannical power to suppress the Virginia charter, but it was not for long. He arrested Sir Edwin Sandys, the chief spirit of the Patriot party, and a number of others, and when the Commons protested against this violation of their privilege, he went to Westminister, and, in the presence of his Privy Council, tore with his own hands from the records of the House the leaves on which they had spread their protest. He sent commissioners to Virginia to investigate, and they demanded the surrender of the records there, but the House of Burgesses refused to obey the order, and when their clerk, Edward Sharpless, in disobedience to their orders, gave up copies, they stood him in the pillory and cut off his ear.

From this time the people were aroused. They soon extorted their charter again from Charles, and not many years later, when one of their governors, Sir John Harvey, failed to espouse as warmly as they thought proper the cause of William Claibourne, "the Rebel," in his war with the Lord Proprietor of the new colony of Maryland, they rose in arms and "thrust him out of the Government." He appealed to Charles I., who reinstated him as Governor; but the Virginians, though they re-

ceived him loyally as they later did his successor, Sir William Berkeley, were now well aware of the strength of their position. They withstood Cromwell to the point of exacting what was really a treaty with his commissioners; but they readily assimilated the defeated Royalists who came over after Edge Hill and Naseby and Worcester, and the exiled Republicans who sought homes among the planters after the Restoration. They were loyal subjects of the Stuarts, as they were a hundred years later loyal subjects of George III., but they were more loyal yet to their ideal of popular government. Their petitions were filled with expressions of devotion; but with equally plain declarations of their chartered rights. They viewed the death of Charles I. with horror, and offered a realm to his son when in exile. But with it all went enthusiastic devotion to the cause of self-government, and whenever this was assailed they flamed into revolution.

The "rebellion," led by Nathaniel Bacon in 1676, was at bottom for the same cause as that which a hundred years later was led by George Washington. The immediate occasion was different, but the basic cause was the same in both: the inalienable right of British subjects to have self-government. Both of them were

based on the original charters under which Virginia was planted. Both of them were founded in the liberty-loving character of Englishmen expanded under the broad skies of the Old Dominion.

III

COLONIAL LIFE

THE life of the Old Dominion was in a manner distinctive, and that it was not more so was due to the impress that it extended to the life beyond its borders. It preserved far more than that of the other colonies the traits of the English country life, including the distinction of different orders of society and their traditionary habits of life and forms of government.

From the first the Virginia colonization was under charge of the best element in the kingdom. It had its inception in the great strategic motive of wresting this continent from Spain and making it English. The charter itself was granted to men of rank and standing, like the Gilberts and Raleigh, with whom were associated men of the highest class, who gave it a character which it never lost. Elizabeth's interest in the movement gave it the catchet of the court and the nobles and other gentry in Parlia-

ment eagerly lent their names and interest to a work so fraught with promise for England. Raleigh boasted that he could number a hundred gentlemen among his kindred, and the great landowners took part in the movement as "adventurers," adventuring for such merchandise, as Romeo vowed he would for Juliet, as far as was the farthest sea.

The first Virginia Councils were composed almost entirely of men of title. The spirit of adventure, which had brought Hawkins, Drake, the Gilberts and others such honors and such renown, drew the young gallants fresh from their father's estates or from the wars in the Low Countries. And the term "Gentleman," as showing one of the arms-bearing class is constantly found in the list of immigrants.

Captain John Smith, who had the good fortune to become the best-known writer and historian of the first colony, began by decrying the class of gentlemen who had accompanied them, and who being, certainly at first, not accustomed to the laborious manual toil which fell to their lot, without doubt gave much trouble to their taskmasters. Yet, later on, he recorded the significant fact that these gentlemen cut down more trees than those who had been brought up to labor. The Governor and the

Council in Virginia were all men of the upper class, and while the settlers were composed of men of every class, the names of the gentry predominate throughout the early years and compose a large percentage throughout the whole history of the colony. From the time that Sir Walter Raleigh impressed his spirit on the first explorers down to the time of Lord Dunmore, her last Colonial Governor, it was esteemed almost as essential that the Governor of Virginia should be a man of rank as it is that the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland or of Canada or the Viceroy of India should be such to-day. None but gentlemen were selected for the Governorship or the Council, and to have been a Councillor was in itself a proof of gentility. But there was ever a tendency to transplant the life of England as closely as might be to the new country.

Much has been made in some quarters of the shipment to Virginia at certain times of bodies of convicts, and of a shipment of "chaste maids" as wives for a class of the settlers who paid for their passage. A number of such shipments were made: "wild gallants" and "dissolute persons" who followed the Court, or unfortunate adherents to the cause of a Monmouth, though the number who came over thus

was very limited, that of the maids being, thought some of the settlers, far too limited, while the shipment of convicts was quickly stopped on the protest of the Virginians. But the introduction of these, like that of the indented servants, who worked out their passage, only served to widen the gap between them and the gentry, and to emphasize the distinctive aristocratic feature of Virginia society. The exactions of the new life steadily wrought their influence. Every man was a soldier on outpost duty. Every woman was on frontier service. Courage, force, endurance, constancy were demanded day by day, and day by day strengthened their fibre until a new people began to come into being.

The breadth and freedom of the vast spaces about them entered into their spirit, and from the first, while they professed unbounded devotion to their King and the Home Government, they were instant in their jealous watchfulness of their rights and privileges. Happily for them, in their earliest charters, they had been granted by Elizabeth, and later by James, the rights, privileges and immunities of native-born citizens of Great Britain to them and their posterity, forever, and from the first protests of Archer and Martin, and other members of the

first Colonial Council in 1607, down to the final Declaration of Independence, they, and their posterity, appealed to and relied on these charters of their liberties for the justice of their action.

As the country developed, the grant of lands in large tracts to gentlemen, on condition that they should settle bodies of tenants on them, served to foster class-distinctions, and the settlement of separate plantations along the rivers wholly isolated, and surrounded by deadly enemies, created conditions somewhat feudal in their form, the planter-employer engaging to take care of his people and the latter binding themselves to work for him and march with him in any exigency demanding their service. Thus, when grants were made like that to William Byrd, of lands at the Falls of the James, the condition would be that the grantee should settle so many families on them and in time of danger furnish so many fighting men. This was the very form of feudalism. Whatever its shortcomings were, its foundation was a duty owed by every one to some one else. The introduction of slaves and of the indented servants served to establish the class-distinctions which already existed, and while the exactions of life in a new country offered opportunities to men of push

and enterprise to rise, and by their courage and abilities enter the upper class, the history of the colony shows that, having risen, they promptly took to themselves titles, coats of arms and all the insignia of such a class. But this class had not only its privileges but its responsibilities.

The cultivation of tobacco early proved a mine of wealth for the colony which no other colony possessed, and the exemption of the negroes from malaria made them among the most valuable settlers.

The easiest and most secure means of intercommunication were along the rivers, where the fertile bottom-lands had in a generation or two, after the cultivation of tobacco began, enriched the landowners, and thus social life followed these waterways, and the old colonial houses along the James, the York, the Potomac, the Rappahannock and their tributaries, which are to-day among the most interesting relics of our past history, marked the rise of families of gentry, who for something like two hundred years made marriage alliances among themselves, and built up a landed gentry whose history is one of the notable elements in the civilization of the country and the race. Aristocratic in its form, it contained the essential principle of Republicanism. Every freeholder

had a vote. There was much wealth; but little luxury in the modern acceptation of the term. The great landlord must be as hardy as his hunter; the mistress of the plantation must be as brave as her ancestress who defended her castle or her grange.

Outside of the small class of students of the history of that time little is known of the work accomplished by this colony of Virginia and the people who founded it. Historians themselves have taken little account of the influence that this plantation and the work of its founders exerted in moulding anew the thought of the English people in the direction of liberty. Yet it was the necessity for a new form of government, adapted to the needs of a wholly new system of colonial existence, which brought the changes in the charters granted by the Crown to the people who undertook this settlement. The Virginia courts became the talk of the English People, and every session was thronged with interested onlookers studying the new system of government, until they came to be known as the Virginia Parliaments," and the Spanish Ambassador warned King James I. that his Virginia courts "were but a Seminary for a seditious Parliament"; and James, who was desirous to secure an alliance by marriage with

Spain, set to work to suppress the liberties granted under the Virginia charter.

Happily for Virginia and happily for the world, by the time that King James felt himself strong enough to attempt to suppress our liberties they had become too firmly established for his plan to be carried out. Sir Walter Raleigh fell a victim; but the great country which he had done so much to found, and of which he had been the first and "Chief Governor," survived, and survived also the spirit which he had done so much to create.

Virginia was Royalist, but she was Royalist as Raleigh and Southampton and Sandys were Royalists. And no Republican or Roundhead was ever more jealous for his rights than were her Royalist people.

By 1619 when the first General Assembly met, "this people had got their reins of servitude into their own swindge," and thenceforth directed their own course. In 1624 the Virginia Assembly passed a law providing that no taxes should be levied or applied in Virginia but by and with the consent of the Virginia Assembly. And this was the very ground on which one hundred and fifty years later the American Revolution was based. From this time, during this one hundred and fifty years, the continual

assertion of this right was the steadfast habit of the Virginia colony and the product of its civilization, for whether it was asserted in Virginia or in New England, it was based on the principle thus first enunciated and asserted by the Virginia colony.

In 1642 they boldly declared "freedom of trade to be the blood and life of a community."*

From this time the people were aroused, and not many years later when one of their governors, Sir John Harvey, failed to espouse as warmly as they thought proper the cause of William Claiborne, "the Rebel," in his war with the Lord Proprietor of the new colony of Maryland, they rose and "thrust him out of the Government." This was the first Revolution that actually took place on American soil. When Charles II. was a fugitive before Cromwell, the Virginians offered him a crown, and when Cromwell, victorious in England, undertook to trample on their rights, he found them so stubborn in their opposition that the ships he had sent to subdue them were fain to make peace with them, almost as an independent power. They withstood him to the point of exacting, in 1652, what was in effect a treaty with his commissioners: expressly stipulating

* Hening's Stats. at Large, I., 223.

that it was not on compulsion, but was voluntarily done, and reserving the right to levy all taxes and make local laws; but they readily assimilated the defeated Royalists who came after Edge Hill and Worcester, and the exiled Republicans who sought homes among the planters after the Restoration.

When, later, Charles became King of England, and, unmindful of the loyalty of his Virginia subjects, undertook to grant the Northern Neck to three of his Court favorites, the Virginians flamed up so threateningly that the King was forced to withdraw the grant.

Fifteen years later, when the Royal Governor refused the planters on the frontier permission to raise an army to defend themselves against the Indians, they rallied behind young Nathaniel Bacon, seized Jamestown, and forced from the Governor and his adherents on the Council the laws they demanded, and when, later, Sir William Berkeley withdrew his consent and declared them Rebels, they stormed and burnt the capital, and Berkeley was forced to take refuge on the Eastern Shore. Later, factions among the Revolutionists and the illness of the leader, Bacon, enabled Berkeley to recoup his loss; the revolutionists were defeated and scattered, and Berkeley hanged so many of them that King

Charles removed him, saying that he had hanged more men in that naked country for his rebellion than the King had hanged for the murder of his father. But though the participants were defeated and punished, the cause was not lost. The rights still survived, as survived also the resolution to claim them and make the claim good.

By this time up and down the broad rivers the landed proprietors had their own wharfs and their own ships to carry their produce to England, and they throve and grew rich on it, notwithstanding the trade-laws which hampered their traffic. The records are full of their protests against these regulations; protests against import taxes; protests against the further importation of slaves; protests against unequal trade regulations.

In 1718 the penny-a-letter postage on letters from England was resisted on the ground that Parliament could not levy a tax without the consent of the General Assembly.*

For Education the planters imported college-bred teachers from home, as England was called, or sent their children to England to be educated there in the public schools and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

* "The Colonial Virginian," an Address by R. A. Brock, p. 15. "Spotswood's Letters," II., p. 280.

Old Sir William Berkeley is said to have thanked God that in his day there were neither free schools—that is, classical schools—nor printing presses in the colony, and he trusted there might not be for three hundred years. But the declaration, if ever made by him, was untrue in fact, for a free school had been established in Elizabeth City County in 1634 by bequest of Benjamin Symes: "the first legacy made for that purpose by a resident of the American plantations," and other free schools followed in the benefactions of Virginia planters: one in Gloucester County in 1675, founded by Henry Plasiby, another in Yorktown in 1601, founded by Gov. Nicholson; one in Westmoreland County in 1700, by William Horton; one in Accomack in 1710, by Samuel Sanford, and one in Elizabeth City, by Thomas Eaton.* Indeed, within twenty years from the removal of Berkeley, the projected College of Henricus, which had disappeared in the massacre of 1622, had a successor which was to produce, possibly, the most notable list of graduates that any institution of learning has had in this country. William and Mary College, founded in 1698, at the new seat of government only a half dozen

* "The Colonial Virginian," an Address by R. A. Brock, p. 16. Beverley, p. 240.

miles from Jamestown, and being second in point of time only to Harvard, became a veritable factory of patriots. There the Grymeses, the Byrds, the Blands, the Pages, the Harrisons, the Lees, the Randolphs, and many others of the old families of the colony secured the liberal education which they put to such admirable use in the days when the Rights of the colonies engrossed all the energies of America, and overshadowed all other discussion. There Thomas Jefferson obtained the learning and developed the skill which made him, as John Adams said, "the most graceful pen in America," and thus led to the young Virginian's drafting the Declaration of Independence.

As the years progressed and the settlements extended farther to the westward, other elements came in: stout Scotch and Scotch-Irish settlers poured into the western districts from Scotland and North Ireland, particularly after the various revolutions. A strong infusion of Huguenot blood followed, and gave the Old Dominion some of her most noted sons.

Thus, the population of the Old Dominion was composed of sundry strains, all virile, and as the race pushed westward they carried with them the distinctive civilization which still shows to-day along the lines they travelled,

leaving its impress in Kentucky, Tennessee, southern Ohio, Missouri, and sections of many other States, and materially affecting all of them. For the civilization of the Old Dominion, while naturally more clearly preserved within her own borders, is not limited to her own long shrunken confines. As the oldest, wealthiest, and strongest colony, she, during the Colonial period, most strongly influenced the life of all the colonies, leading them finally in their action of breaking the ties which bound them to the old country.

The Character of the Virginians was remarked on by their fellow-members in the Colonial Congress, which adopted the Declaration. "The Virginia, and indeed, all the Southern delegates," wrote Silas Deane, "appear like men of importance. . . . They are sociable, sensible and spirited men." Not a milksop among them, was the judgment of one who appeared to think that some of the other delegations were not so free from this charge.

Whatever the faults of the Virginians were they were the faults of a virile and independent race. Their virtues and their vices were those of the corresponding English classes from which they came, modified by the conditions which surrounded them in the new country. Every planter was to some extent a captain—a ruler

over things few or many; but yet a ruler. And the qualities developed were those of a ruling class. But there was a class which existed far below this ruler-class also with virile traits and clean-cut character. It was not dependency; for they were in their poverty as independent as their wealthier neighbors. Slavery had not, as has so often been insisted, destroyed the dignity of labor, so much as it had furnished the laborers to perform most of the work. Thus, there was not the call for labor that existed in countries where the laborers were all free. Those who in other countries or sections composed the laboring class in the South were known as "poor whites," but however poor they were they retained their personal independence. They despised all menial employment and lived much as their ancestors had lived. Poor but independent, they exhibited the traits of frontiersmen, lovers of the woods; fond of fishing and hunting, and often skilled woodsmen; hospitable and kindly, pleasant in manner, firm in friendship and fierce in enmity; ready to follow the lead of the upper class; but stout in their opinions when formed, and tenacious of their rights.

Benjamin Harrison, the Signer, related how the men of this class came to him and his col-

leagues, as they were setting forth to Philadelphia at the outbreak of the Revolution, and told them that they confided their interests to them and would stand by them in whatever conclusion they might reach. And the same thing occurred at the outbreak of the Civil War.

They lived the life of Englishmen according to their several orders, making due allowance for the widely changed conditions amid which they found themselves placed. Their amusements were those which they had brought from England to which they naturally added those of a frontier life.

A picture of the life is contained in the old *Virginia Gazette*, published at Williamsburg about the year 1737, which represents the life at that time in my native county of Hanover.

"We have" says the *Gazette*, "advices from Hanover County that on St. Andrews Day there are to be Horse-Races and several other Diversions for the Entertainment of the Gentlemen and Ladies at the Old Field near Capt. John Bickerton's in that county (if permitted by the Honorable William Byrd, Esquire, Proprietor of said Land) the substance of which is as follows, viz.:

"It is proposed that 20 Horses and Mares will run around a three mile Course for a purse of Five Pounds.

"That a Hat of the value of 20 s. be cudgelled for and that after the first challenge made the Drums are to beat every Quarter of an hour for three Challenges round the ring and none to play with their left hand.

"That a Violin be played for by 20 fiddlers; no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him. After the prize is won they are all to play together and each a different tune and to be treated by the company.

"That 12 boys 12 years of age do run 112 yards for a Hat of the cost of 12 shillings.

"That a Flag be flying on said Day 30 feet high.

"That a handsome Entertainment be provided for the subscribers and their wives; and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives may treat any other lady.

"That Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys, etc., be provided to play at said Entertainment.

"That after Dinner the Royal Health, his Honor the Governor's, etc., are to be drunk.

"That a Quire of Ballads be sung for by a number of Songsters, all of them to have Liquor sufficient to clear their windpipes.

"That a pair of Silver Buckles be wrestled for by a number of brisk young men.

"That a pair of handsome Shoes be danced for.

"That a handsome pair of Silk Stockings of one pistole value be given to the handsomest young Country Maid that appears in the field.

"With many other Whimsical and Comical Diversions too numerous to mention. . . ."

When, towards the end of the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the age-long conflict which had gone on between the Government of England and her colonies culminated in the great Revolution which produced the American nation, it might have appeared to the casual observer, as it actually appeared to George the Third, that the only hope of the people of those colonies, stretched in a thin line along the Atlantic seaboard, was in absolute and unqualified submission. Their material interests were in many ways conflicting; their historical traditions were to some extent divergent; their religion was somewhat different at least, as manifested in their forms of worship. Indeed, in the same colony the material interests and the traditions of different classes of the inhabitants differed. But they were unified by one principle which was common to all the colonies and to all the classes therein. Love of liberty and independence of view, fostered by the experiences of an almost wholly new method of life and wholly new conditions had had its extraordinary

growth during the whole period of the American settlement.

Moreover, they were unified by their character. From one end of the country to the other the people arrayed themselves in defence of their rights as freemen, throwing all other considerations to the winds, so they might establish Liberty in their country. But the Virginians led. The Government and the Constitution under which that government is exercised sprang from the Character of our fathers. The tree of Liberty, which has grown until it has come to shelter almost the whole earth, had its roots in that Character. But for their character the great questions on which the Revolution was fought out would never have arisen; but for their character the Revolution would never have succeeded; but for their character the surrender of selfish advantages would never have taken place, and the Union, under a Constitutional government, based on such surrender for the good of all, would never have been established.

IV

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

I

THE year 1776 is not, as centuries are reckoned, very far away, still less, as the steps of Liberty are reckoned, was it distant from the date when Liberty was a poor and puny thing; walking with painful steps along the paths which often led to the dungeon or the scaffold, liable to be cut off forever by the mailed hand of a King's Pretorian guard.

The year 1776, however, may be almost taken as the birth year of Liberty as we know it; of true Liberty which can never be slain except by her own hand. Events have followed each other so rapidly in the last century—the current has swept us so swiftly from the old moorings that the time appears longer than it is.

A number of persons still survive who remember some of the participants in the drama of 1776.

In the year 1776 the American colonies, in-

stead of being one of the great Powers of the world, possibly the strongest, and certainly the wealthiest and the best able to sustain itself independently of the rest of the world, were a very insignificant and poor collection of dependent colonies hugging the sea-coast from Mount Desert Island to the northern line of Florida. It was a long line, covering some two thousand miles, with many a break of wilderness stretching between the settlements, with their back to the vast wilderness, peopled with savages, ready to crouch and spring at the first opportunity; and with their eyes turned in continual appeal to the mother country, which many still called "home." The population numbered something like three millions, about as many as are now embraced in the City of New York, and half as many again as are now within the borders of Virginia. They were mainly of English descent; though a small proportion were French Huguenots, a sturdy stock, and about fifteen per cent. were Negroes and slaves. The frontier, which until about fifty years before had been the Allegheny Mountains, had within a generation been pushed by hardy and adventurous settlers to the western lakes and to the banks of the Ohio. Beyond, to the north and to the west, lay the boundless

forests of France, and to the south lay Spain, while savage Indians ever lurked along the border ready to invade and slay almost with impunity.

As few in number as they appeared to be, they were rendered by their distant separation even more feeble, more insignificant than their numbers would seem to indicate. They were not united by the ordinary bonds of a common religion and a common interest. The major portion of them, it is true, were Protestants, but even they were divided. New England was almost entirely of the dissenting faith, a people filled with the spirit of Puritanism, who saw but one side, reckoned a Churchman little better than a papist, and classed both with the Devil; her history was the history of opposition. While, on the other hand, Virginia and the other Southern colonies were mainly of the Established Church, and the laws of intolerance yet stood on the statute books or had been but lately expunged.

Considered by classes we find them equally divided. Class distinctions had been largely destroyed in the major part of New England, but in Virginia and in some other colonies they yet existed, and a class of large landowners gave themselves the airs and filled, with reasonable success, the position of an aristocracy.

Even the common interest of commerce was lacking. All were dependent on England, and in trade, such as existed, the colonies were rivals rather than sisters.

If we look at the settlements we find them strangely small and insignificant. Philadelphia, Boston, Newport, New York, Portsmouth, York, Baltimore, Hampton, St. Mary's, Alexandria, Norfolk, Charleston, were, perhaps, the only considerable towns in the country.

On the other hand, England was almost at the zenith of her power, if not her glory, at home and abroad. Less than a hundred years before she had fought out her Revolution and established her charter of liberty, her bill of rights. Since that time she had conquered and laid the ghost of the Stuart invasion; she had defeated her hereditary enemy, France, both by sea and land; had forced her from the Low Countries; had wrested from her grasp India and the East; had reduced her fleets from the first to the second place, and now within ten years, with the aid of her colonists, had torn from her her northernmost American colony and had driven her from the Atlantic seaboard.

It was the same at home. With Peace, her internal affairs appeared to have advanced

with a bound. Her commerce suddenly swelled to an unprecedented volume. Wealth beyond the dream of avarice poured into her coffers.

In Letters—even in Art—she was on the topmost wave of her glory. Hume, Gibbon and Robertson were her historians. Goldsmith and Gray were among her poets, and Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney were among her painters. Her greatest chancellor had but lately retired from the woolsack, while Lord Mansfield was yet her chief justice. Her statesmen—Chatham, Burke, North, Fox and others —were not esteemed second to any whom she had ever had on her long roll of great men who had guided and maintained her destinies throughout her period of glory.

It must, indeed, have appeared to an onlooker, as it appeared to the Home Government, as though the colonies were mad to defy her to the point of war. Nor were the Americans ignorant of her power. They kept in close touch with her. They dealt with her constantly; sending her the product of their forests and plantations, and bringing from her warehouses almost every comfort and convenience of life.

They knew that in the time of their grandfathers her navies had swept the seas, and her

soldiery had humbled the vast power of the Grand Monarch. They knew that but a few years before, at the end of the Seven Years' War, she had wrested from France her most cherished Western possession. They had felt the thrill of all this as Englishmen in blood, and as Englishmen they had contributed their part towards its accomplishment. Among them were the descendants of that gallant officer who was knighted for bearing to England the dispatches announcing the victory of Blenheim, and among them was the young officer who had saved the remnant of Braddock's ill-starred force.

They fed on her Literature, sent their sons to her schools, and kept time with her progress.

To what, then, was the Revolution due? To one sole cause: to the invasion of the rights of English citizens—in other words, to the spirit of Liberty that animated the souls of those who had struck their roots deep into the American soil: to the spirit of Free institutions which flamed in every colony and in every class. From northern Maine to southern Georgia, gentle and simple; churchman and dissenter alike cherished it.

To get at the reason for it we must go a long way back. Traditions count for much, espe-

cially among a rural people. And the people who settled America had been bred on traditions of Liberty. From the time of Alfred down throughout the long struggle, at first of Baron against King, and then of Commoner against King and Baron, their history had been the history of wresting Liberty from Tyranny. At Runnymede the Barons had been strong because their retainers were at their back. In Westminster the Commons had been brave because the shires were behind them. At Edgehill and Naseby, at Worcester and Boyne-water Cromwell and William had won because the people were fighting for their English liberties. In Virginia, especially, tradition had the weight of unwritten law. When they came across the water they had brought their Liberties with them as the Children of Israel bore the Ark of the Covenant in their midst. And whenever the occasion arose the Ark was borne before them.

Often it appeared to be in danger of abandonment, but at need the cry was always heard: "To your tents, O Israel," and heard, it was obeyed.

All through their history on this side they had stood for their Liberties as English citizens.

Within five years after the assembling of their first House of Burgesses in 1619, and ten years before any other colony had an assembly, the

Virginia Assembly declared that "The Governor shall not lay any tax or impositions upon the Colony, their lands or commodities, otherway than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and employed as the said Assembly shall appoynt."*

Subservient as they may have appeared at times to the Crown as represented by the royal governors, addressing petitions with a humility of phrase which sounds strangely fulsome to modern republican ears, there were certain Rights which neither King nor Parliament could touch without arousing a resentment which both had been wont to heed. They called them the Inalienable Rights of Citizens. And they knew, as we know to-day, that they had been won by hard fighting.

A hundred years before 1776 Revolution had flamed through Virginia, kindled by the invasion of the right of self-protection, and her capital had been laid in ashes. It had been stamped out in blood; but the blood of Patriots is the seed of Liberty. And Liberty is the inalienable heritage of the Anglo-Saxon. Its flame is the divine fire which, ever burning in his breast, distinguishes him from all other men.

From this time on they had ever stood for

* Henning's "Statutes at Large," I., 124.

their rights as free citizens, and the hundred years which had passed had been spent in the assertion and, whenever necessary, the maintenance of those rights. As universally happens under government by alien governors, the results reflected largely the personal character of the individuals who held the office of governor. Under a Spotswood or a Botetourt, the people had clemency and consideration, if not justice, and felt that they were understood and befriended by their governors. Under a Harvey, a Berkeley or a Dunmore, they felt that they were misunderstood and were treated with hostility. It is the essential and inherent vice of governing by absentee rulers, and the inherent weakness of it is that the ruling power, however strong, does not know the depth and the strength of the feeling within, which may be pent up until it bursts forth in Revolution.

Too often the only contact with the Home Government had resulted in ignominious treatment and sometimes in galling insult. The conduct of that Government was the oft-repeated story of self-centred phariseeism, thinking that it knows the problems of another region better than those know them to whom they are as vital as the breath they breathe. And as in such cases always, the result was a fiasco.

"Damn your souls! raise tobacco!" flared out Seymour to Parson Blair, the esteemed commissary of the old College of William and Mary. As if the people were not raising tobacco.

These things had sunk deep into their hearts.

But deeper yet were the real grievances.

As in most instances, we find that the violation of rights also affected their interests.

The Acts in the Restraint of Trade had touched the pocket of every man in the Colonies. That England should regulate their commerce and not only fix the prices for their products, but refuse to permit them to trade elsewhere except through her ports, was a real grievance. In the same way, that she should not permit them to exclude the further introduction of slaves within their borders was a grievance—how real some of us can form an opinion on to-day after nearly two hundred years.

When to these was added the assertion by England of the right to bind by law without giving Representation, and to withdraw the protection of the great Writs of privilege, the injury was very real indeed. To yield would have been to surrender themselves as slaves.

Remonstrance after remonstrance had been addressed to the Crown, each one couched in terms respectful enough, but each firmer than

its predecessor in tone and assertion. This humility of expression had begun to gall the withers that had been so long wrung.

It appears as though Providence, watching over the growth of Liberty, had so set her immutable laws that at this juncture all things conspired to establish her in her home, with foundations laid deep in this broad Western world. Had but reasonable consideration been shown on the other side, this Nation might never have come into being.

But, "the Monarch was mad and the Minister blind."

And though every effort was made on the part of the colonists to settle the differences on grounds consistent with their Liberties, they were unavailing. Submission but brought forth only truculence. "They must either triumph or submit," said George III. "I am unalterably determined," he wrote to Lord North on August 18, 1775, "at every hazard and at the risk of every consequence to compel the Colonies to absolute submission."

"I remember," said Jefferson, speaking of Franklin's minutes of the negotiations between him and Lord North to prevent the contest of arms which followed,—"I remember that Lord North's answers were dry, unyielding, in the

spirit of unconditional submission and betrayed an absolute indifference to the occurrence of a rupture, and he said to the mediators distinctly at last that a rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great Britain, and that the confiscations would provide for many of their friends." *

"George, be King," used to say his silly mother to him. And George was trying to be king and was making a mess of it.

> "A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
> A worse king ne'er left a realm undone."

The only answer to subservience was a kick.

"The Governor dissolved us as usual," says Jefferson, speaking of the dissolution that followed the appointment by the Virginia House of Burgesses of a day of fasting and prayer, for the purpose of showing their deep feeling over the shutting up of the port of Boston.

A dissolution at that time was a serious matter. Every member had come on horseback from his home through forests and often through almost trackless wilderness. Some had come from far beyond the mountains in remote Augusta and Transylvania, the present State of Kentucky.

* Randolph's "Life of Jefferson," I., p. 89.

The day of subservience had, however, passed away; the answer to the dissolution of an Assembly was now a Convention.

In fact, the colonists knew that however their grants might run in terms, however dependent on the Crown they appeared by their phraseology, they had themselves wrested their holdings from the Savage and the Wild; had themselves builded and maintained their homes in what had once been the untenable wilderness and had themselves established their governments. There was not an acre that had not been cleared and fought for; there was not a house that had not been built by arduous toil; there was not a right that had not been won at the end of a struggle and at the expense of fortitude.

Happily for the colonists, they had friends on the other side. And happily for England, the assumption of arbitrary power had sent a thrill of fear through her as well as through the colonies. The issue of General Warrants had been fought out in the Wilkes case in 1765, at the very time when America was in the throes of her Stamp Act revolution, and as a sequel, that foundation-stone of Liberty, that mightiest engine for her preservation, the Freedom of the Press, had been established.

Pitt, that "trumpet of sedition," as George

called him, with those who were wise enough to see it, recognized that America was fighting their battle no less than her own. "He gloried in the resistance which was denounced in Parliament as rebellion. 'In my opinion,' he said, 'this kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the colonies. . . . America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.'"

The difficulty was to secure the united action of the colonies, and without union the chance of success was hopeless. Happily, George gave the occasion for union by proving its necessity. "George was, in fact," says Green, the historian, "sole Minister during the fifteen years which followed, and the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door."*

The value of union among the colonists was well understood, and had been the subject of discussion and the subject of solicitude among the leaders.

The idea of union for defence was almost as old as the earliest wars in which the colonists engaged. It had nearly taken shape in June,

* "Short History of the English People," p. 737.

1754, when commissioners from seven of the colonies met in convention at Albany for the purpose of strengthening their treaties with the Indians, and for devising a plan of union. Indeed, they recommended a plan of union drawn up by Franklin, which contained the germinal ideas of the American union. But it fell through.

Now the necessity of union was more pressing than ever.

"We must all hang together," said one, as they stood about the desk signing the Declaration of Independence.

"Yes," answered Franklin, "or we shall all hang separately."

The utmost care was used by the leaders to so direct public events that they should meet with the approval and secure the co-operation of all the colonists. The Committees of Public Safety, and the Committees of Correspondence were composed of the best men in the colonies, and they gave their utmost energies to raising and welding together the sympathies of all the colonies.

The importance of the Stamp Act in the history of the movement is that it affected the interests of every one and thus made a common cause for which every one would stand.

When the Stamp Act was passed and the at-

tempt was made to enforce it in 1765, the colonies made common cause. When the Stamp Act was repealed and only enough of the law was left by the tax on tea to maintain the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies by her laws without giving them representation they still stood together. When the right was asserted in Rhode Island, that "little acre of freedom," by Great Britain to send Americans to England to be tried for offences committed in America, it awakened the colonies to the imperative necessity of united opposition.

"We were all sensible," said Jefferson afterwards,* speaking of the action of the Virginia Assembly in 1773, "that the most urgent of all measures was that of coming to an understanding with all the other colonies to consider the British claims as a common cause to all and to produce a unity of action."

It was to forward this that Committees of Correspondence between the colonies were formed.

In this measure, as in many others, though the honor has been claimed by our younger sister, Massachusetts, the great weight of authority goes to show that, while Massachusetts first started Committees of Correspondence in the several cities of that colony, the Colony of Vir-

* Randolph's "Life of Jefferson," p. 4.

ginia started the idea of correspondence between the several colonies, looking to a confederation of the colonies, and finally leading to a union.

Says Jefferson, "Mr. Marshall in his history of General Washington, Chapter 3, speaking of this proposition for Committees of Correspondence and for a General Congress, says, 'this measure had already been proposed in town meeting in Boston,' and some pages before he had said that, 'At a session of the General Court of Massachusetts in September, 1770, that Court in pursuance of a favorite idea of uniting all the Colonies in one system of measures, elected a Committee of Correspondence to communicate with such Committees as might be appointed by the other Colonies.' This is an error. The Committees of Correspondence elected by Massachusetts were expressly for a correspondence among the several *towns* of that province only. Besides the text of their proceedings, his own note X., proves this. The first proposition for a general correspondence between the several States and for a General Congress was made by our meeting of May, 1774. Botta, copying Marshall, has repeated his error; so it will be handed on from copyist to copyist, *ad infinitum*."

The correction of this error is due to Virginia.

But, unequal as the struggle between England and her colonies might appear on the surface, there were conditions which tended to make it more even.

Their life had fitted the Americans for such a struggle. It is possible that throughout the colonies there was not a person who was not inured to hardship and ready to bear his part in whatever came. Men and women alike faced the conditions with undaunted hearts. Hall and farm-house and mountain cabin all held intrepid souls. The very boys were ready to enlist and fight as men.

Nature, moving with resistless step, had throughout the long years been training the people for just this crisis. For generations they had been inured to fighting Indians. They had fought the French on the north and northwest and the Spaniards on the south. Andrew Lewis, with his brave frontiersmen, had crushed the Indian power at the Great Kenawha. And now, just at the crucial moment, they had had an opportunity to witness and judge from personal observation the fighting qualities of the far-famed English regulars. Washington, a young and untried officer, had fought the French and Indians at Great Meadows and, though forced to capitulate, had marched out with the

honors of war, and the next year Braddock, with picked regiments of regulars, had been defeated and routed disastrously. His troops had been saved from annihilation only by the courage and the wisdom of the young American volunteer. By this test the prestige of the redoubted regulars had been lowered, and America had found out, after all, that on her own soil, man for man, she was better than they. Better than they, not because braver than they, for, indeed, they were brave enough and to spare. But better because, while the British, animated by physical courage, fought for duty or for fame, the Americans, inspired by the spirit of free institutions, and thus thrice armed, fought for Home and Liberty.

So, Fate, with sure and steady hand, was leading them along the path to the heights where Liberty with her torch lighted the way to Freedom.

In fact, war, though not declared, was really on them.

In April, 1775, the embattled farmers and minute men of Massahusetts had "fired the shot heard 'round the world." The Virginia uprising had proved less bloody; for when Virginia flamed and Patrick Henry led his "gentlemen independents of Hanover" and his Caroline men to Williamsburg to demand resti-

tution of the powder taken by night from Virginia's magazine, Dunmore, at Peyton Randolph's instance, had placated them by paying for it. England was now massing her troops about Boston; and her war-vessels were cruising in every bay along the coast. Dunmore had abandoned the capital of Virginia, and, after taking refuge on a warship, was ravaging Virginia's seaboard, arming her slaves, and threatening her Convention, even in their assembly-hall.

The colonies were arming with all haste. Virginia had sent her Washington, her best tried soldier, to command the Continental forces in the distant colony of Massachusetts.

"It was easy to distinguish him from all the rest," says Thatcher of him, on his first appearance as he rode into Cambridge.

It is still easy, after a hundred and thirty years, to distinguish him from all the rest. Sprung from Virginia's soil, compact of the elements that have given distinction to the character that bears her stamp; country-bred; level-headed rather than clever; direct and straightforward rather than astute or keen; inspired by her traditions; tempered on the anvil of adversity to be the truest instrument that Providence had ever fashioned to its hand; following with divine patience and divine humility

the call of Duty, that lordly Virginian rides down the years, still easily distinguished from all the rest. And the only one of all the company who bears a close resemblance to him was, like him, a Virginian also.

II

With a view to understanding just the situation when the convention sat, let us for a moment turn aside out of the clangor of revolution and picture to ourselves the external appearance of Virginia's capital, and then we shall come to those who made it what it is to-day—a shrine of Liberty. Fortunately, we have the picture of the town, drawn by a facile and friendly pen—that of the Rev. Hugh Jones—about three-quarters of a century before the sitting of the convention that declared for Independence.

"Public buildings here of note," he says, "are the College, the Capitol, the Governor's House, and the Church." Observe that he puts the College first; and he describes it with much warmth. Next comes a description of the capitol:

"Fronting the College at near its whole breadth is extended a noble street mathematically straight (for the first design of the town

form is changed to a much better) just three-quarters of a mile in length: At the other end of which stands the Capitol, a noble, beautiful and commodious pile as any of its kind, built at the cost of the late Queen, and by the direction of the Governor.

"In this is the Secretary's Office, with all the Courts of Justice and Law, held in the same form, and near the same manner as in England, except the Ecclesiastical Courts.

"Here the Governor and twelve Counsellors sit as Judges at the General Courts in April and October, whither trials and causes are removed from Courts held at the Court Houses monthly in every County by a Bench of Justices and a County Clerk.

"Here are also held the Oyer and the Terminer Courts, one in Summer and the other in Winter, added by the charity of the late Queen for the prevention of prisoners lying in goal above a quarter of a year before their trial.

"Here are also held Courts Martial by Judges appointed on purpose for the trial of pirates; likewise, Courts of Admiralty for the trial of ships for illegal trade.

"The building is in the form of an 'H' nearly; the Secretary's Office, and the General Court taking up one side below stairs; the

middle being a handsome portico leading to the Clerk of the Assembly's Office, and the House of Burgesses on the other side; which last is not unlike the House of Commons.

"In each wing is a good staircase, one leading to the Council Chamber, where the Governor and Council sit in very great state, in imitation of the King and Council, or the Lord Chancellor and House of Lords.

"Over the portico is a large room where Conferences are held and prayers are read by the Chaplain to the General Assembly; which office I have had the honor for some years to perform. At one end of this is a lobby, and near it is the Clerk of the Council's Office; and at the other end are several Chambers for the Committees of Claims, Privileges and Elections; and all over these are several good offices for the Receiver General, for the Auditor, Treasurer, Etc., and upon the middle is raised a lofty cupola with a large clock.

"The whole is surrounded with a neat area encompassed with a good wall, and near it is a strong, sweet prison for criminals; and on the other side of an open court another for debtors, when they are removed either from other prisons in each county; but such prisons are very rare, the creditors being there generally

very merciful, and the Laws so favorable for debtors that some esteem them too indulgent.

"The cause of my being so particular in describing the Capitol is because it is the best and most commodious pile of its kind that I have seen or heard of.

"Because the State House, Jamestown, and the College have been burnt down, therefore is prohibited in the Capitol the use of fire, candles, and tobacco.

"At the Capitol at public times may be seen a great number of handsome, well-dressed, complete gentlemen. And at the Governor's House upon Birth-Nights, and at Balls and Assemblies, I have seen as fine an appearance, as good diversion, and as splendid entertainments in Governor Spotswood's time, as I have seen anywhere else.

"These buildings here described are justly reputed the best in all the English America, and are exceeded by few of their kind in England."

I fancy that his Reverence's pen ran somewhat away with him in his enthusiasm to picture Virginia's capital for his friends in Westminster. I seem to see in his flowery description something of the generous warmth which always surges about the heart of Virginians when her memory comes to them in a far country. But,

at least, we know that he spoke the simple truth about the "complete gentlemen."

I have given the picture at length, partly because it shows the life of the Virginians who brought on the Revolution and their relation to the government, and partly because, making due allowance for his Reverence's warmth of feeling, the old town which he so affectionately described could not have changed greatly between his day and the day when the convention of 1776 sat. In fact, it has not changed incredibly since that day.

If I may say so without offence, Time appears to me to have dealt gently with this ancient capital of Virginia. Two wars have left her much as she was, as, indeed, they have left the Virginians much as they were when the Reverend Hugh Jones drew their pleasant picture; pleasure-loving; chasing their horses five miles through pastures to ride them two miles on the road; easy-going till necessity arouses them, but, once aroused, like the Nemean lion.

Into this capital came on May 6, 1776, one hundred and thirty of these "complete gentlemen," all with one mind and one motive: the preservation of American liberty. However they might have differed and wrangled and contended, here they were all at one. Nor had

they assembled with any indefinite object. Not a man came but knew that it was a crisis in his life and fortunes. Three conventions had sat in the preceding year, the first on the 20th of March in old St. John's Church, Richmond, where Patrick Henry fired all hearts by his eloquent appeal for liberty or death. Though it had lasted but a week, it did its work well. The second, which met on the 24th of July, had put the colony in a posture of defence.

On this day, May 6, the House of Burgesses held its last session and declared that the ancient Constitution of Virginia had been subverted by the King and Parliament of Great Britain. They thereupon disbanded and gave way to the great Convention, thus terminating Virginia's subjection to Great Britain. For the last year the Royal Governor had been a fugitive from the capital, and was now on board the warship *William*, fulminating proclamations against the people of Virginia as rebels, declaring martial law, and arming their runaway slaves, to whom he held out the reward of freedom. On October 26, 1775, George Nicholas had "fired the first shot of the Revolution at one of Dunmore's tenders sent to destroy the town of Hampton." Four months before, the battle of Great Bridge had been fought and Woodford had

won a victory, and, on New Year's day, Dunmore had burnt Norfolk, Virginia's seaport, to the ground.

War was already begun, though not yet generally flagrant. Separation was imminent and Independence was in the air.

Some persons appear to think that Jefferson sat down in Philadelphia after the 7th of June and wrote off the Declaration of Independence as one might dash off a letter. They little know the measure of Clio's march. The principles of that immortal paper had been debated possibly by every gentleman in Virginia, and by many outside of her borders. It had been the subject of discussion at every fireside and in every assemblage for months, if not for years. And its substance had been proclaimed as early as June 12 in that immortal paper, the Virginia Bill of Rights which has since been incorporated in the Constitution of every State of the Union.

However this may have been, Richard Henry Lee, on the 20th of April, wrote from Philadelphia, where he was representing Virginia in the General Congress, to Patrick Henry, urging him to propose to the convention about to assemble a separation from Great Britain.

"Ages yet unborn," he says, "and millions existing at present may rue or bless that Assem-

bly on which their happiness or misery will so eminently depend." (Grigsby, p. 8.)

Those will remember who know the story of the Declaration, that Richard Henry Lee was the member of Congress who, in obedience to Virginia's Instructions, on the 7th day of June moved Congress to declare the Colonies Free and Independent States. And but that he was recalled to Virginia by the illness of his wife, it would probably have been his pen rather than Jefferson's which drafted the Declaration.

Who were the members of the conventions who performed so notable a part in the drama that was just opening? Simply the old Virginians—planters and lawyers, plain country gentlemen—whose names were to be immortalized by their acts.

III

When the Virginia Convention of 1776 met there was but one subject for consideration—the preservation of liberty. Without any preliminary waste of time it at once settled down to business.

Of other Conventions since that date we have the debates—the methods and processes by which the members arrived at their conclusions.

But not so as to this one. In the volume of its proceedings all we find are the results told in briefest minutes. And all related to the public weal.

On the fifth day of their session the convention directed that 1,300 men, consisting of minute men and militia, be immediately raised in the middle counties of Virginia, and formed into two distinct battalions, to be sent to the assistance of North Carolina. And on this same day a "representation from the committee of the County of Augusta," which embraced all Western Virginia and Kentucky, was presented to the convention, "setting forth the present unhappy situation of the country, and from the ministerial measures of vengeance now pursuing, representing the necessity of making the confederacy of the United Colonies the most perfect, independent and lasting, and of framing an equal, free and liberal government that may bear the test of all future ages."

So we come to the great day of May 15, 1776.

The session was the most momentous which had yet been held, for the real business of the day was a Declaration of Independence.

Of what occurred during the debate we know little. We only know, indeed, that Edmund Pendleton, the President, drafted a resolution

instructing the Virginia delegates in Congress to move that body to declare the colonies Free and Independent States; that Patrick Henry drafted another resolution to the same purpose, and that Meriwether Smith drafted a third; that Thomas Nelson, Jr., offered the resolution, said to have been that drafted by Pendleton, thus becoming the sponsor for it; that Patrick Henry seconded and advocated it, and that while there was some opposition to it from conservatives like Robert Carter Nicholas, it was on the final vote of the convention unanimously adopted.

"They are," says Grigsby, "in every view the most important ever presented for the consideration of a public body . . . they constitute the first Declaration of Independence."

It bespeaks the greatness of the members of that convention that even when its far-reaching effect was recognized, no claim was set up by the mover of that resolution to any special honor. And not one historian has set forth the authorship as it was. The resolution passed into history—into Virginia's histories, for these were the only histories that deigned even to notice them, as Pendleton's resolution. But the real author of a resolution is not the man who writes it, but the man who offers it and carries it through. He it is who must stand or fall by it.

Here is the minute, from the Journal: "When Mr. President resumed the Chair, Mr. Cary reported that the Committee had under their consideration the state of the Colony and had come to the following Resolutions thereupon; which he read in his place, and afterwards delivered in at the Clerk's table where the same were again twice read and unanimously agreed to; 112 members being present:

"Forasmuch as all the endeavors of the United Colonies, by the most decent representations and petitions to the King and Parliament of Great Britain, to restore peace and security to America under the British Government, and a reunion with that people upon just and liberal terms, instead of a redress of grievances, have produced from an imperious and vindictive administration increased insult, oppression and a vigorous attempt to effect our total destruction. By a late act all these colonies are declared to be in rebellion, and out of the protection of the British Crown, our properties subjected to confiscation, our people, when captured, compelled to join in the murder and plunder of their relations and countrymen, and all former rapine and oppression of Americans declared legal and just. Fleets and armies are raised, and the aid of foreign troops engaged to assist

these destructive purposes. The King's representative in this Colony hath not only withheld all the powers of government from operating for our safety, but, having retired on board an armed ship, is carrying on a piratical and savage war against us, tempting our slaves by every artifice to resort to him and training and employing them against their masters. In this state of extreme danger, we have no alternative left but an abject submission to the will of these overbearing tyrants, or a total separation from the Crown and Government of Great Britain, uniting and exerting the strength of all America for defence, and forming alliances with foreign powers for commerce and aid in War: Wherefore, appealing to the SEARCHER OF HEARTS for the sincerity of former declarations, expressing our desire to preserve the connexion with that Nation, and that we are driven from that inclination by their wicked councils, and the eternal laws of self-preservation;

"*Resolved unanimously*, that the Delegates appointed to represent this Colony in General Congress be instructed to propose to that respectable body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon, the Crown or Parliament of Great Britain; and that they

give the assent of this Colony to such declaration, and to whatever measures may be thought proper and necessary by the Congress for forming foreign alliances, and a confederation of the Colonies, at such time and in the manner, as to them shall seem best: Provided, that the power of forming government for, and the regulation of the internal concerns of each Colony be left to the respective Colonial legislatures.

"*Resolved unanimously*, That a Committee be appointed to prepare a DECLARATION OF RIGHTS, and such a plan of government as will be most likely to maintain peace and order in this Colony, and secure substantial and equal liberty to the people."

Thus, the act of instruction became the act of the whole convention. And, becoming such, it was the first Declaration of Independence by a State on this continent. The hour had struck; a new star had risen in the firmament of Nations.

The account contained in the *Virginia Gazette* of May 17, shows the enthusiasm with which the passage of the resolution was hailed by the people of the old town of Williamsburg. The British flag was immediately struck on the capitol of the colony where it had flown continuously since April, 1607, and "the Union flag of the American

States" was run up on the capitol of Virginia, thus making Virginia the first State to fly the Union flag. The soldiery "were paraded in Waller's Grove before Brigadier-General Lewis, attended by the gentlemen of the Committee of Safety, the members of the General Convention, the inhabitants of this City, etc. The resolutions being read aloud to the army, the following toasts were given, each of them accompanied by a discharge of the artillery and small arms, and the acclamation of all present:

"1. The American Independent States.

"2. The Grand Congress of the United States, and their respective legislatures.

"3. General Washington, and victory to the American arms.

"The evening," says the *Virginia Gazette*, "concluded with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy, every one seeming pleased that the domination of Great Britain was now at an end, so wickedly and tyrannically exercised for these twelve or thirteen years past, notwithstanding our repeated prayers and remonstrances for redress."

The mover of the resolution for Independence, Thomas Nelson, Jr., was a delegate in Congress, and, having carried it through the con-

vention, he set out immediately for Philadelphia with the resolution in his pocket. There all eyes were turned on Virginia, which was taking the lead now in the Revolution.

On the 7th of June her delegate, Richard Henry Lee, in obedience to the resolution, offered in Congress a resolution in almost the words of his instruction.

The story is known how it was debated through the following three or four weeks; how Lee returned to Virginia partly because of his wife's illness, but partly because of the urging of George Mason and others who wished him to help frame the Virginia constitution; how Jefferson was appointed on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, and how by the committee the drafting was assigned to him. It is known also how Benjamin Harrison, as chairman of the Committee of the Whole, received and transmitted the Declaration to the Congress, whose president was John Hancock, now that Peyton Randolph was no more.

To show the importance of this action of the Virginia convention at this time it is only necessary to recall that on the 15th of May, the very day when the convention adopted the resolution declaring for Independence, and ordered a new

plan of government to be drafted, a resolution entered into by Congress for suppressing the exercise of all powers derived from the Crown, had shown, as Mr. Jefferson states in his memoir, by the ferment into which it had thrown the middle colonies (Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, the Jerseys and New York) that the people of those colonies had not yet accommodated their minds to a separation from the mother country. That some of them had expressly forbidden their delegates to consent to such a declaration, and others had given no instructions and consequently no powers to give such consent.

This argument was employed by Wilson, Robert R. Livingston, Rutledge, Dickinson and others against the Virginia resolution which Richard Henry Lee moved in Congress on June 7th. And even as late as the first of July, when in Committee of the Whole House, the consideration of the original motion made by the delegates of Virginia after being debated through the day was carried in the affirmative by the votes of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it, the two members from Delaware who were present

were divided, and the delegates from New York, though they declared themselves for it, were acting under instructions given them a twelvemonth before, and asked leave to withdraw from the question.

The determination of the question was then, on the request of Mr. Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, put off to the next day, as he stated his belief that his colleagues, though they disapproved of the resolution, would join in it for the sake of unanimity. And on the second of July, the question whether the House would agree to the Virginia resolution was carried, South Carolina concurring in the vote, as did Pennsylvania and Delaware. On the same days the actual declaration, its matter and form, as Mr. Jefferson states, was taken up, but it was on the Fourth of July that it was decided, and was signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson, though the delegates from New York did not sign until the fifteenth of July, authority not having been given them by their convention until the ninth, five days after the general signature. The convention of Pennsylvania, learning that it had been signed only by a majority of their delegates, named a new delegation on the 20th, leaving out Mr. Dickinson, and the entire delegation then signed.

IV

I cannot do better in closing the discussion of this subject than to quote from a scholarly address delivered some little time back by a cultured Virginian.*

"It may be of interest to relate the views of one well qualified to judge of events, and to whom both the choice of Washington to command the armies of the country, and of Jefferson to draw the great Declaration were due. In a letter to Timothy Pickering, written August 6, 1822, John Adams writes: 'You inquire why so young a man as Jefferson was placed at the head of the Committee for preparing a Declaration of Independence? answer, 'It was the Frankfort advice to place Virginia at the head of everything.' Mr. Richard Henry Lee might be gone to Virginia to visit his sick family for aught I know, but that was not the reason of Mr. Jefferson's appointment. There were three committees appointed at the same time. One for the Declaration of Independence, another for preparing Articles of Confederation, and another for preparing a treaty to be proposed to France. Mr. Lee was chosen for the Com-

* Mr. Rosewell Page.

mittee of Confederation, and it was thought convenient that the same person should be on both. Mr. Jefferson came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committee and in conversation (not even Sam. Adams was more so) that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote and did all in my power to procure votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number and that placed me second. The committee met, discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make a draft (I suppose because we were the first on the list). The sub-committee met, Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said:

"'I will not.'

"'You should do it.'

"'Oh no.'

"'Why will you not? You ought to do it.'

"'I will not.'

"'Why?'

"'Reasons enough.'

"'What can be your reasons?'

"'Reason first. You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason Second. I am obnoxious, suspected and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third; you can write ten times better than I can.'

"'Well,' said Jefferson, 'if you are decided, I will do as well as I can.'

"After saying that he did not make or suggest a single alteration, and adding that he did not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticised anything, the distinguished New Englander says: 'As you justly observed, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the Declaration of Rights and the violation of these rights in the Journals of Congress in 1774. Indeed, the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet voted and printed by the town of Boston before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, I suppose in one of his lucid moments, and pruned and polished by Sam. Adams.'

"The latter part of this letter recalls the saying attributed to the writer of it, relative to the elevation of his son to the Presidency for which

he was naturally very desirous. As Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were respectively elected over John Quincy, the elder Adams is alleged to have said, 'My son will stand no chance until the last Virginian is dead.'

"Let us briefly sum up the results of the Virginian movement, and what it accomplished. It gave Patrick Henry to arouse and stimulate the whole people of America. It gave George Washington, Lewis, Henry Lee, Daniel Morgan, George Rogers Clarke, and Thomas Nelson, Jr., to the army. It gave Thomas Nelson, Jr., to draw the instructions for Independence and to offer them to the Virginia Convention. It gave Peyton Randolph to preside over the first Congress. It gave Thomas Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence after the motion therefor had been made by Richard Henry Lee, who was also to be chairman of the committee for preparing Articles of Confederation. It won and gave the Northwest Territory to the country. It gave the Virginia plan to the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States with George Washington, James Madison and Edmund Randolph to support it; for though Randolph refused to sign the Constitution, he did as much as anybody to bring it to its state of perfection. It gave John Marshall to

establish that Constitution upon a basis so impregnable that civil war could not disturb it. It gave four out of the first five presidents of the United States; not to speak of the gallant sons of Virginia who offered themselves for the public good, nor of the treasure which Virginia poured into the general fund which the limits of this paper will not permit me to detail.

"The result of the Virginian movement may be summed up in the following language that has been well styled 'monumental,' written by one of the greatest of the Virginians and one well qualified to speak: Thomas Jefferson. These are his words, and my idea of what that movement made possible:

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious and political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State Government in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwark against Anti-republican tendencies, the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and our safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe correc-

tion of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority; the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first movements in war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense that labor may be light burdened; the honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the Public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its hand-maid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by jurors impartially selected; these principles form the light constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation!"

Such in brief, was the part which the Old Dominion had in the creation of the Revolutionary movement. She inspired the movement, encouraged her sister colonies, supplied the statesmen who led the councils and the chief who

led the Revolutionary armies to final victory. It was by no mere accident that George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, the Lees, the Harrisons, the Nelsons, the Randolphs, the Blands and other leaders of the Revolutionary movement came from the shores of the rivers which poured into the Chesapeake. They were the product of the life established on those shores. Then, when Independence was achieved, she led the movement to establish a more permanent union by the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, to consummate which she surrendered her vast Northwest Territory which her sons had conquered. And, having effected this, it was under one of her sons that the great Louisiana Territory was secured, and under another that the loose bands of the Constitution were welded to make the whole homogeneous and effective.

These and many more national benefits were the fruits of the civilization which had a footing first at Jamestown. But the chief and choicest fruit of all was the distinctive civilization which sprang up within her borders and took its character from her secluded and uncommercial life.

This life shed an inestimable influence on the whole country. The Virginia gentleman be-

came a synonym for lofty courtesy; the Virginia hospitality became noted the world over.

The quality and temper of the life were shown to the world in men like Washington and Marshall and Madison, and later in men like Lee and Jackson. They were all men of genius; but more marked than even this genius was their character.

This was the ripest fruit of the Virginia civilization, and the Virginians know that though these might have been equalled by few in genius, in character they were not exceptions, but only types of the Virginian.

V

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

"Our university: the last of my mortal cares and the last service I can render my country."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I

NO stranger story of self-sacrifice and devotion to a high ideal in the face of trials which to a lesser genius might have appeared insurmountable, and of disappointments which to less courage must have proved fatal, has ever been written than that which recounts the devotion of the last twenty years of the life of Thomas Jefferson to the establishment of a great University.

Any proper account of the University of Virginia must take into consideration the story of its establishment and the history of its work, since it realized the ideal of its great founder, Thomas Jefferson.

After a life devoted largely to public service, in which had been crowded almost as many

services of world-benefit as ever fell to one man's lot, and in which he reaped as much of the reward of high office and public appreciation as almost any man has ever had, when Thomas Jefferson had reached the highest point in the continuous climb from which all the kingdoms of the world and the needs of them fell within his ken, he saw one great need of the American People—Enlightenment—and addressed himself to it.

His far-reaching mind recognized that what was needed to carry through the plan which the fathers had formed for the good of the Nation was a comprehensive system of Education. He had a vast and varied experience which extended over this country and Europe, and he was as familiar with the great classical institutions of the Old World as he was with his *alma mater*, William and Mary College.

His principle was: "True knowledge and Freedom are indissolubly linked together."

It appeared to him quite clearly that what the people stood most in need of was a system of education that should cover the whole field of human knowledge and embrace within the range of its benefactions every class.

With a breadth of scope which ranged far beyond that of most of his contemporaries, he

aimed to build ever for the spacious future which he foresaw destined for his country. It was this comprehensive sweep of intellect that made him seize the opportunity to secure the vast territory of Louisiana, which Napoleon, with a view to raising a rival power to England in the Western Hemisphere, offered him. Stickler for strict adherence to the Constitution as he was, when this supreme chance came, with all its possibilities for the future, he did not hesitate to seize it. That the Constitution contained no explicit provision for such an emergency did not stagger him. But he met the situation by asking for an amendment approving and ratifying his action. Thus it is, that we celebrated recently the addition to our national domain of a territory which not only contains a dozen States, but gave this country control of the great West and enabled this nation to realize Napoleon's design and dominate this continent.

With this same spaciousness of design Jefferson proceeded to build his Institution of The Higher Learning. He would make it a University in fact as well as in title. With a vision far in advance of most of his friends, he contemplated a "system of general instruction, which would reach every description of our citizens from the richest to the poorest," on which this

University should be founded. Such a system, he declared in 1818, "as it was the earliest, so it will be the latest of all the public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest." His aim was to make his system broad enough for all. Only two years before his university was established he wrote his lieutenant, Joseph C. Cabell, who ably seconded him in his efforts, that were it necessary to give up either the primaries or the universities he would abandon the latter, "because it was better to have the whole people respectably enlightened than to have a few in a high state of science and the many in ignorance."

As early as 1779 he introduced into the General Assembly of the State of Virginia a bill for the more gradual diffusion of knowledge; he would bring the school-house within the reach of every man's door. His bill provided not only for the popular foundation of common schools, but for the free training of all free children, male and female, for three years in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This proposed admission of girls preceded by ten years, as Professor Herbert A. Adams has pointed out, the admission of girls to the common schools of Boston, thus placing Jefferson as the pioneer in this field of female education.

Next above the common school, according to Jefferson's proposed plan, were to be the grammar or classical schools—"free schools" in the sense to which old Sir William Berkeley referred when he hoped there would be "no free schools in Virginia these three hundred years." Here Latin, Greek, English, Geography, and higher Mathematics were to be taught. Over all, according to his first plan, the College of William and Mary, his *alma mater*, was to have a general control. Thus, the classical academies, middle schools, or colleges, as Jefferson afterward called them, would centre in the higher education, as did the common schools.*

One of the motives which actuated him was, undoubtedly, that he felt that the Virginian theory of government was sounder than that promulgated at the North. A reason which influenced him was his objection to being what he called "a beggar for the crumbs which fell from the tables of the North." He offered as an argument the fact that many young men from the

*Jefferson's great scheme for introducing common departments into Virginia in connection with the higher education failed because of insufficient legislation, which left the matter to the vote of the people of each district. It was not until 1796 that a law was passed which made it at all possible. And it was not until twenty years later that a general provision was made by the State for elementary education.

South went to Princeton, it having been reported to him that one-half of the students of that institution were Virginians. Education at that time, even the higher education, was under the spell of formalism. The principal colleges were subject to some Church whose teachings influenced the curriculum. It was Thomas Jefferson's idea to do away with this subordination—to destroy this cramping formalism and to emancipate the mind from every form of Church domination. At that time Princeton was a sectarian institution, as William and Mary, while no longer one, was at least under the influence of the Episcopal Church. Jefferson, however, as he boldly declared, had "sworn on the altar of the Most High God hostility to every form of tyranny over the human mind," and held that a great University should belong to no Church and be dominated by no sectarian Creed.

Undoubtedly, one of the basic principles on which Jefferson proposed to establish his university was the principle of enlightened freedom —freedom of thought and freedom of action, as far as might be consonant with the welfare of the greatest number. And his love of freedom extended to that higher form—the freedom of the mind. It was his profound belief that if this principle could be established as the founda-

tion-stone of his institution, that institution would be a boon and a blessing to the entire country and to all generations. With this steadily in view, he undertook to found a university which should avail itself of the experience of the Past, and withal should not only subserve the ever-widening influence of the Present, but should lead in the development of the Future.

The first step would appear to have been the founding of an academy in Virginia, modelled on the French Academy, through the efforts of a zealous young Frenchman, Quesney de Beaurepaire, to whom the idea had been suggested by John Page, of Rosewell, one of the scholarly Virginians. It was this far-reaching scheme which gave, at least, its character to the university, when it had attained its full conception and completion in Jefferson's mind; for the plan of the academy, in part, was that of the later institution.*

But preceding this came the influence on the youthful mind of Jefferson, while at William and Mary, of his old Professor of Mathematics,

*How the conception grew in the founder's mind until it reached its full ripeness would in itself repay the academic student. The late Prof. Herbert B. Adams has given the account in his remarkable sketch of Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia.

"If circumstances," says Professor Adams, "had favored this project [of an academy] it is probable that the University of Virginia would never have been founded." There would have been no need of it. The Academy of the United States, founded

"the great Dr. Small." Mr. Adams, quoting Emerson, that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," traces, step by step, the painful way in which Jefferson toiled up the laborious steep.

First came his own conception, and then came its fertilizing through the French influence which at one time brought him so much criticism, but which proved so broadening in the end.

The plan, however, of linking his new university to his old *alma mater* passed away as Jefferson's idea expanded. William and Mary College was by tradition closely associated with an Established Church, and an Established Church had become very unpopular in Virginia. Indeed, the old Church had been disestablished by churchmen, one of the leaders in the movement being Jefferson himself. By the charter of the old college a certain association with the Episcopal Church still existed. And Jefferson did not propose to have any such influence in his plan.

As early as 1794, Jefferson, working in the

at Richmond, would have become the centre of higher education, not only for Virginia, but for the whole South and possibly for a large part of the North.

Jefferson's proposition for the modification of the current curriculum of William and Mary College in 1776 represents, says Dr. Adams, "the first current of modern ideas" which began in 1779, at length, "to flow into American academic life."

direction of a great university, tried to get the Virginia Legislature to make provision for the transfer to Virginia of the faculty of the College of Geneva, who had expressed their willingness to come. It was, however, too large a scheme for Virginia; and then he undertook to connect Washington with the project of bringing over the faculty of the Swiss College, a daring project which Washington overthrew with a few sentences packed with that common sense which was his characteristic. He showed the disadvantage of transplanting an entire faculty rather than the best men from a number of institutions, and the importance of creating an American spirit for the American institution, rather than of taking over a foreign spirit.

As a part of this general plan Jefferson, in 1783, organized the Albemarle Academy in his own county, and here at once his breadth manifested itself in his efforts to secure the services of some learned Scotchman as principal.

By the beginning of the new century Jefferson had got well along with his outline for a university and in his correspondence with Dr. Joseph Priestly he disclosed it and begged the assistance of that eminent and exiled scholar.*

* He further induced M. Dupont de Nemours, who visited him, to write a treatise on national education in the United States, par-

The project for an academy in Albemarle County, though the academy was chartered by the Legislature in 1803, "remained on paper only," as Mr. Adams shows, until after Mr. Jefferson's election to the Board of Trustees, March 23, 1814. Says Mr. Adams, "From that election dates the beginning of the development process of the Albemarle Academy into the University of Virginia." It is related that the trustees of this academy were in session discussing the possibility of making it a reality when Mr. Jefferson happened to ride by. He was called in and consulted. On which he declared that though they had not been able to make an academy succeed they might establish a college. And before he left the room he had subscribed $1,000 to the plan, and under his inspiring example $8,000 had been subscribed. Thus, this academy was merged into Central

ticularly on a university of the higher learning in Virginia; a treatise which, relating to a broad system, beginning with the primary schools and embracing the intermediate schools, concluded with a grand university of four schools which should make that city the educational as well as the political centre of the United States.

"This treatise," says Professor Adams, "probably gave both sanction and emphasis to Jefferson's idea of a great State university," and to it he, with Professor Minor, attributed a considerable share of Jefferson's idea of separate schools, to which, as the first establishment of a true university system in the country, much of the prestige of the University of Virginia is due.

College, "in the very name of which," as Mr. Adams suggests, "lurked the idea of the centralization of the higher education." With this small step Thomas Jefferson began the first university in the country. It was this great development, founded upon only an idea which, according to Mr. Adams, proves the extraordinary ability of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1806, Mr. Joseph C. Cabell, a cultured young Virginian, returned from abroad, and he and Jefferson met, In 1807 Jefferson wrote him not to waste his energies in trying to patch up a failing and decaying institution, but to employ them in founding a new university worthy of the first State in the Union. At his instance the scholarly young Virginian entered the Virginia Assembly, and from this time, as Jefferson's able lieutenant, devoted his life to building up the University of Virginia.

On the 14th of February, 1816, the efforts of Jefferson and his lieutenant were crowned with success to the extent of getting from the Legislature an act to merge the Albemarle Academy into Central College. Under this act the Governor of the Commonwealth was to be the patron, or president, with power to appoint a board of six visitors to govern the institution, and this is substantially the form of government

under which the university has existed to the present time. The story runs that the spot first selected by Jefferson for his institution was owned by a man who was so hostile to him politically that he refused to sell to him at any price, and the present site of the university was then selected.

The first Board of Visitors to the new college were Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Joseph C. Cabell, David Watson, and J. H. Cocke. The plan for the new college was drawn by Jefferson and the corner-stone was laid October 6, 1817, in the presence of James Monroe, then President of the United States, and of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, ex-Presidents. Thus, three Presidents of the United States presided at its birth. The only endowment for the institution was the money which had been received from the sale of the two glebes of the two parishes of St. Ann and Fredericksville, in Albemarle County, the small subscription already mentioned, and the devotion of Thomas Jefferson and his friends to the idea of higher education. But devotion to a high ideal is a priceless endowment.

Ten days after the charter of Central College was created Mercer's bill was passed within two hours of being introduced, calling for a

digest of a system of general education which should embrace in it a university to be called the University of Virginia, and such additional colleges and schools as should diffuse education throughout the commonwealth. The feeling in favor of the higher education was beginning to crystallize.

The first meeting of the Board of Visitors of the new Central College took place on May 5, 1817. On this board, as stated, were Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe.

As the plan, however, unfolded itself by which the Central College was to be elevated into a real university, a new difficulty arose in the claims of the western district of the State to have the university established beyond the Blue Ridge in the Valley of Virginia, Staunton and Lexington each claiming the honor of becoming its seat.

By this time the spirit in which Jefferson labored had spread widely. Governor Nicholas as president of Central College, inspired with Jefferson's broad idea, had addressed to a number of men throughout the country a letter asking their views upon the subject of a great university. Among those whom he consulted were Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, at that time Secretary of State, Dr. Thomas Cooper, of

Philadelphia, Dr. Augustin Smith, President of William and Mary College, and Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale.

It was in Mr. Jefferson's reply, which set forth his views with that breadth which characterized all his views whenever they related to the subject of education, that he expressed his opinion as to the proper construction of a college building, outlining the "village form" rather than one immense building. This broad plan he afterward carried out when he built the university, and to it we owe what is possibly the most beautiful range of academic structures in the country, the first that was laid out from the beginning in one harmonious whole.

For years the struggle went on. Opposition, beaten in one session, again and again revived and ranged itself around the desire to have the institution, if established at all, placed beyond the mountains; but finally, Jefferson's persistence and Cabell's diplomacy prevailed.

On the 21st of February, 1819, the bill was finally passed by the Legislature, in which were provisions relating to a system of primary schools. Provision was made for the establishment of the University of Virginia with an annual appropriation of $15,000. And this small sum was the annual appropriation made for the

university for over sixty years. It was in pursuance of this bill that the commission of eminent men, appointed thereunder to decide where the university should be placed, met on August 1, 1818, at Mountain Top, in Rockfish Gap, through which the main road to the West winds over the Blue Ridge. Staunton, Lexington, and Central College, at Charlottesville, were rivals for the honor. Mr. Jefferson, who was unanimously chosen president of the Board, testified at once his superiority of intellect by being able to show the superior claims of the position of Central College, at Charlottesville. This he did by producing a long list of octogenarians living in that region and by presenting maps, which he had prepared in advance, proving that, of all the claimants, Central College was nearest the centre of the State.

The same arguments which are now urged in favor of urban institutions as against rural institutions were advanced on this occasion, but Mr. Jefferson, being warmly seconded by Mr. Madison, the vote was carried overwhelmingly in favor of the place which was finally selected.

Thus, the University of Virginia is seated on the sunny slopes of Albemarle, facing the little mountain on which Thomas Jefferson had perched his home, from which, later on, he used

to watch with a telescope his beautiful buildings rising day by day.

The fight, however, was only getting under way, and the contest was more bitter at the next session of the Legislature than ever before. Some idea of the tension of feeling may be gleaned from the fact that when the bill came up, Cabell, as he wrote Jefferson afterward, left the House of Delegates "to avoid the shock of feeling" which he "would have been compelled to sustain." "The scene," when Staunton withdrew her claims, he declares, "was truly affecting. A great part of the house was in tears." However this was, on the 25th of January, 1819, the bill was passed, chartering, on Mr. Jefferson's lines, the University of Virginia, to be established on the site of that Central College which he had labored so long to establish, and, although it was over six years before the University of Virginia was opened, and these six years were to be filled with more strenuous labor than the six years that had already passed, it was true, as Cabell wrote, that they had "gotten possession of the ground" and it would "never be taken from them."

As soon as this victory had been gained, Jefferson began to plan at once how to build his university and how to render it worthy of

the name. The motto which he chose by which to guide his action in the selection of his professors was, "Detur digniori," and he set to work not only to secure the best professors possible in this country, but planned to send Mr. Cabell to Europe to secure a corps of professors there—a mission which was actually performed later by Mr. F. W. Gilmer.*

Jefferson's first estimate of what would be needed for the buildings, exclusive of the library, was $162,364, and every dollar counted, for every dollar had to be fought for. But his broad plans soon outstripped his estimate and staggered even faithful coadjutors, like Cabell, who wrote to him and implored him to keep within bounds and avoid extravagance. Jefferson, however, was building for Posterity. The great object of his aim from the beginning was, he declared, to make the establishment the most eminent in the United States in order to draw to it the youth of every State. "If we cannot

*The first Board of Visitors was composed of Thomas Jefferson, Gen. James Breckenridge, Gen. Robert B. Taylor, John H. Cocke, and Joseph C. Cabell, and their first session was held on March 29, 1819, from which meeting dates the real beginning of the University of Virginia. It was decided that all the funds which they had secured—less than $60,000—should be devoted first to buildings, and Dr. Thomas Cooper of Philadelphia, was elected Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Natural Philosophy and Professor of Law.

get the money now we will at another or another trial." And when he had completed his work he had largely overstepped his estimates.*

Happy it was for Virginia and the South, if not for the whole country, that Jefferson's plans were so spacious. Not only his beloved creation, but every great college throughout the land has profited by the noble example he set them, not merely in the forms of architecture, but in the higher forms of his academic organization and the spirit of scholarship which he infused into its life.

Indeed, as paradoxical as it may appear, it seems an unquestionable fact that the upbuilding of every new educational institution tends to strengthen rather than to weaken all other similar institutions within the range of its influence. The spirit of enlightenment is the atmosphere in which educational institutions have their being.

The very plan on which Jefferson had projected

*Yet, even so, the cost of that beautiful pile is curiously small compared with the results that have flowed from it. The proctor's report for 1877 shows that up to 1832 the expenditure had been only $320,728.29, while up to 1875 this with the additions, aggregated but $548,172.65. Yet so strong was the opposition even to this moderate outlay that Jefferson was charged by some writer in the press with having deliberately deluded the people as to the cost of the buildings—a charge which he warmly resented and repudiated.

his structures exhibits the breadth of his idea. Eschewing all recent forms of architecture, he had from the first, as if to link his conception to the historic forms of the Old World, chosen for his academic buildings the pure classical models of ancient Greece and Rome. At the top of a fine quadrangle, open to the south, he placed a beautiful structure, modelled after that noblest of the relics of ancient Rome, the Pantheon. On either hand, stretching to the southward, lie long lines of buildings connected by long colonnades, broken at intervals by the façades of the professors' houses and modelled on such examples of ancient architecture as the baths of Diocletian and Caracalla, the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the Theatre of Marcellus; while on the slopes below and parallel to the colonnades on the lawn extend similar ranges of pavilions and colonnades. These colonnades are the cloistered rooms of the students, while the houses are the residences of the professors. They are taken, as their designer states, from Palladio's great work on Architecture. The whole system forms possibly the most beautiful architectural achievement yet produced in this country. Back of these houses, enclosed by curious serpentine walls of the thickness of a single brick, lie gardens some of which

the writer recalls as among the most charming tangles he has ever seen. If the Higher Philosophy has a soul which demands a fitting abode this abode would be here. If any pile of buildings in the world is fitted by its beauty to be the abode of the Higher Philosophy, it is this.

The final battle was fought when, with a view to defeating Jefferson's plans, the effort was made to move William and Mary College to Richmond; but the battle was won. Before its decision, however, Jefferson had to yield to some extent to the religious sentiment, which, crystallizing on the fact that Dr. Cooper, a Unitarian, had been selected as the first professor, made the success of his plan doubtful. He wrote suggesting that religious denominations might establish their own theological seminaries just outside the limits of the university, and thus receive the benefits of association with the institution. This, said Cabell, contributed to win him votes and carry the day. However this may be, though for long the Church looked with cold eyes on the institution which stood for Freedom of thought in every field, the religious life is as marked at the institution which Jefferson founded as at any secular institution in the land.

Jefferson, himself, provided rooms for religious exercises and arranged for the services

of a chaplain. And ever since that time a chaplain of first one denomination, and then another, has been in attendance, his term being limited to two years. Among these have been such eminent men as the late Rt. Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, Rev. Dr. John S. Lindsay, and the Rev. Dr. John A. Broaddus. The attendance of the students, while not compulsory either at chapel or at church, is, perhaps, quite equal to that in any institution where such attendance is compulsory.

II

Such, in brief, is the history of the building of the first true University in this country. But those who see the charming architectural pile which, through Thomas Jefferson's genius, finally rose in all its harmonious beauty, and who know the wonderful intellectual success which the university has attained, can get little idea of the immense expenditure of labor and sacrifice it cost, unless they know its full history. That achievement was the result of a labor little less than Herculean. For at least fifty years Jefferson had the project in his brain; and as we have seen, for at least twenty years he gave to its fulfilment every energy which he possessed. Every resource that he could summon was called

forth. Often he appeared on the point of defeat, but he never despaired. His able and devoted lieutenant, Joseph C. Cabell, happily had caught the spirit which inspired him, and in season and out of season, seconded his efforts. Yet often he would have given up, but for Jefferson's divine enthusiasm. In 1821, when Cabell, broken and worn with his efforts to help Jefferson carry through his project of a great university, announced his decision to retire from the Virginia Legislature and give up the struggle, Jefferson wrote him a pathetic letter urging him to hold on and declaring his resolution to "die in the last ditch." "Health, time, labor," he demanded, "on what in the single life which Nature has given us can these be better bestowed than on this immortal boon to our country? The exertions and mortifications are temporary; the benefits eternal. . . . If any member of our College of Visitors could justifiably withdraw from this sacred duty, it would be myself, who '*quadragentis stipendiis jamdudum peractis*,' have neither vigor of body nor mind left to keep the field, but I will die in the last ditch." It is gratifying to know that Cabell did continue with him in these "holy labors," and the institution he had done so much to establish was, in succession to Jefferson, Madison,

and Monroe, served by him as Rector until 1856.

So great was the opposition to Jefferson's far-reaching plan that, as we have seen, it required all his enthusiasm and persistence to carry it through. But Jefferson, like most reformers, looked to posterity for his reward. "I have been sensible," he wrote his chief lieutenant Cabell, "that while I was endeavoring to render our country the greatest of all services, I was discharging the odious duty of a physician pouring medicine down the throat of a patient insensible of needing it. I am so sure of the approbation of posterity and the inestimable effects we shall have produced in the elevation of our country by what we have done, that I cannot repent of the part I have borne in co-operation with my colleagues."

It was this long struggle, ending finally in supreme success in the establishment of a great University, combined with academic taste in such perfection that it is almost as though a dream of ancient Greece had crystallized and taken form upon that Virginia hill-top, which justified Thomas Jefferson in his order to carve on his tomb that he was the "Father of the University of Virginia."

But it was not only "the shell" that the old

philosopher was undertaking to lay the foundation of in a broad and lasting manner. His conception was to breathe into this body a soul worthy of this beautiful tenement. His design was no less lofty than to make the institution "the most eminent in the country" for scholarship and intellectual work, and with this in view he had long been preparing the way to secure the most eminent professors to be found. For that purpose he used his great prestige and sent to Europe and there engaged Professors George Long, Blatterman, Thomas Hewitt Key, Charles Bonnycastle, Robley Dunglison, and John P. Emmet. By this time it is probable that he had been in correspondence with every body of distinguished educators in Europe.*

On March 7, 1825, the university opened

*This importation of professors from old England appears to have given some offence in New England, and the Connecticut *Journal* and the Boston *Courier* declared that no American could read the account "without indignation," when "Mr. Gilmer could have discharged his duties with half the trouble and expense by a short trip to New England." On which the Philadelphia *Gazette* observed, "or we may be permitted to add, by a still shorter trip to Philadelphia. . . . This sending a commissioner to Europe to engage professors for a new university is, we think, one of the greatest insults the American people have received." On the other hand, the New York *American* applauded Jefferson's breadth of view. For all this clamor Jefferson, sustained by the loftiness of his ideal, calmly pursued his course, preparing for posterity and looking to posterity for his reward.

with five professors and sixty-eight students, of the average age of nineteen years. By the end of the year there were seven professors and one hundred and twenty-three students and the university was under way.

The institution thus started on such broad and lofty lines soon began to justify the hopes of its parent and those who had labored so faithfully with him. His high conception to bring it a faculty and establish a standard which should at once give it a place among the universities was realized. And although it went through the troublous period incident to the early years of most institutions of learning, its fame spread abroad.

From the first it took high rank. It was promptly recognized as a real University. For it was laid on broad foundations as a University, not as a mere college. And as a University—not large, and certainly not wealthy, for it is modest in size and poor in means—it has since that time held its course by virtue simply of its high ideals and sound standards, making its impress on the scholastic life of the nation, second to none in its scope and work and equalled only by the greatest. How it has fulfilled its mission is known by all scholars, and, in some sort, by the outside world; but is truly known only by its

sons who have been the beneficiaries of its nourishing care and have caught, often unknown to themselves, something of its illuminating spirit.

Students were drawn there from all over the country, though mainly, as Jefferson had foretold, from the South and West, and there is not a State in that section which has not felt in every profession the vivifying effects of its teachings. Bench and Bar, Pulpit and Medical Faculty have all been uplifted by the high standard set in the University of Virginia. Here Poe drew his inspiration for those immortal works which have made him the first poet and first story-writer of America. And here many less noted, but not less worthy sons have found the equipment with which they have served their age and country.

From the first it began to fulfil its founder's high ideal: "To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend; to expound the principles and structures of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which, banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the individual rights of

another; to harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well-informed views of public economy to give a free scope to the public industry; to develop the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil into them the principles of virtue and order; to enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences which advance the arts and administer to the health, the subsistence, and the comforts of human life; and generally to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others and of happiness within themselves." Truly this was no mean ideal.

Now that the university was a reality, one of the chief questions which occupied its founder was the practical concern of governing such a body of young men as would be thrown together. The principle was dear to his heart, "That government is best which governs least." Rejecting the time-honored plan of rigid laws enforced by proctors and masters, with a high faith in the virtue of youth, Mr. Jefferson proposed to govern the students by appealing to "their reason, their hopes, and their generous feelings." And therein lay one of the secrets of his success, and, no less, of the success of the Institution.

The distinctive features of the University of Virginia are the independence of its schools; its elective system, by which every student may attend the school of his choice; the conferring of degrees in the individual schools; its allowing candidates to stand examination for degrees without reference to time of residence; the bestowal of degrees only after the attainment of a high degree of excellence shown in written examinations of great strictness; the method of instruction by lectures and oral examinations as well as by textbooks; the requirement brought over by Long and Key from Cambridge University, of written examinations for all honors. But even more distinctive, if possible, than these is the absence of all sectarian influence and control; and finally, that system of discipline which more than any other one thing has distinguished the university, known as the "Honor system." In the development of the institution this principle has taken a commanding place as the fruit and product of the high conception in which the institution was founded, and it has always been one of its most admirable and distinctive teachings. It is an appeal to the sense of honor, truth, and manhood in youth. Founded upon the principle of the recognition of honor among gentlemen, it throws them frankly upon their honor,

and thus fosters and establishes it in them. It is impossible to give too much importance to this feature. It so permeates the life of the institution that no student can enter its classic precincts and not feel it sensibly. It stamps itself on his mind with a force which can never be forgotten, follows him through life and remains one of the master forces of his whole career. Its effects are discernible throughout the whole South, and other institutions are following an example so fruitful of good. This good also the institution owes to Mr. Jefferson.

It should not be imagined that this system reached its full maturity in a season. It is an error to suppose that the Honor system can be "adopted," or even founded, in a session. The system had its roots deep in the essential virtues of the gentle youth to whom Mr. Jefferson appealed; yet its growth was slow. At first, freedom was debauched and became license, and it was not until a great tragedy flared its fierce light into their eyes that the student body sobered to a high conception of the nobleness of the trust confided to them. The novelty of the situation was such, when the Honor system was first introduced, that the young men, habituated to a system of espionage, began to take advantage of the freedom allowed them and were soon at

such odds with the professors that the whole faculty, brought together with so much pains by Mr. Jefferson, resigned in a body. In this exigency Mr. Jefferson was called in and the faculty and students were requested to meet the Board of Visitors. An account of the meeting was written long afterward by one of the students present on the occasion. The meeting took place in one of the old lecture halls, and Mr. Jefferson arose and addressed the students. He was, however, so affected by the apparent failure of one of his most cherished ideas that he burst into tears. Instantly the whole body of students, who had been guilty of the acts which occasioned the trouble, arose and, rushing forward, made a full confession of the part they had taken. The ringleaders were expelled, among them being a near relative of Mr. Jefferson, on whom he poured the vials of his wrath and visited the extreme penalty. The others were forgiven. Even then, however, the trouble was not wholly eradicated. The students were at first unable to realize the high ideal set for them. And a number of petty rules caused, until remedied, much friction. A military company formed by the students began to interfere so much with scholastic duties that the arms were taken from them. This gave rise to so much discontent that annu-

ally the disbandment was commemorated by a celebration which was accompanied by much boisterousness. Finally, in 1842, when the conduct of certain of the students reached the point of carousal, one of the professors seized two of the students, who wore masks, and one of them shot him. This tragic act put an end forever to the unseemly license which had sprung from Mr. Jefferson's lofty conception, and since that time the institution he founded has approached more and more, as its traditions have become established, his noble ideal.

Its original eight schools have increased until now it has twenty-three, of which its law school has three classes and its medical school six.

Its one hundred and twenty-three students have increased steadily until it has eight hundred on its rolls, representing thirty-six States and several foreign countries. But it is not by the number of its students that its usefulness is to be measured. Its true gauge is the work it is doing, the high standard of its scholarship, and, above all, its high aim to make men.

"Every great college," said Hamilton W. Mabie, in a thoughtful and charming paper on the University of Virginia, "has a background which must be taken into account in any en-

deavor to understand its history or to enter into its spirit. A college is a visible embodiment of certain invisible influences, which are as much a part of its educational equipment as its libraries, laboratories, teachers, and course of study. These constitute its larger and deeper, if less obvious life; the life which searches, inspires, and often recreates the spirit of the sensitive student." And he observes, as the writer thinks truly, that "of no institution of the higher learning is this truer than of the University of Virginia—an institution of original organization and methods, with traditions and convictions which give it a place by itself in the educational history of the country."

On the outbreak of the Civil War, of the sons of the university, about twenty-three hundred entered the army; and not less than three hundred and fifty fell in battle. Of the students who were then at the university almost the entire body enlisted. It was estimated that even twenty years ago over one thousand alumni had engaged in educational work, and in 1896 over two hundred of her sons were professors in universities and colleges—a noble tribute, not only to her scholarship, but to that earnestness which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the university life.

Thus, it happens that the University of Virginia, with its limited number of students, has in the past possibly excelled in scholastic results any other similar institution in the country. She has had a larger representation in Congress than any other; she has a larger representation on the bench; and she has had a larger representation in the medical departments of both the army and navy. All this result has been accomplished on an income less than that of many second-rate colleges.*

Through the years, notwithstanding her want of means, this university, which sprang in her beauty from Jefferson's teeming brain, has continued to perform the work which he laid out for her and to follow the course which he marked down for her to follow, with her eye single to two great principles—the highest standard of scholarship and the highest standard of honor. Through all discouragements and in the face of all difficulties, she has been true to this ideal, which has been happily expressed in the motto chosen for her by a later rector, Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

*Her total revenue for the year 1899–1900, including tuition fees from the students, based on an estimate of five hundred and fifty students, was only $128,892, from which had to come the interest on the bonded debt, while the incomes of Yale, Harvard and Princeton are many times this amount.

Lying on the sunny slopes of the Albemarle hills, with her classical arcades stretching away southward, bathed in the Virginia sunshine, she has from the first taught her sons the nobility of truth and hereby has pointed them to freedom. Neither professor nor student can long breathe that atmosphere and remain untrue.

Always cramped in her resources, often strained to the utmost to carry on her work; she has yet carried it on through the self-denial of her professors. And there has been this compensation, that, as has been well said by Hamilton W. Mabie: "Simplicity is still the note of student-life in Virginia, and simplicity is always a note of the highest culture."

It is the most Republican institution the writer has ever known. Here, in this age of money-loving, money-getting, and money-spending, money counts for nothing. Here Jew and Gentile, gentle and simple, rich and poor, stand on the same platform: that "all men are created equal." The only aristocracy is one of intellect, manliness, and loftiness of purpose. And the wealth of Crœsus could not save a man a moment if he fell below the high standard set for gentlemen. This is why there is that in the life of the University of Virginia which stamps its impress on the life of her sons in a

way which can never be wholly erased. It is not Scholarship; it is not even always the ability to appreciate Scholarship; but it is that which comes from having in youth had a glimpse of the Truth and having had her breathe the breath of freedom into the nostrils that is never again wholly lost. More than the knowledge acquired, far more than the material advantage derived, one alumnus wishes to record that the greatest benefit he secured from his life at the University of Virginia was some appreciation of her ideals.

Times and conditions even in scholastic life have changed since Thomas Jefferson, on the tentative election of William Wirt to the presidency of the university, wrote with his own hand on the page of her records a protest against instituting such an office. Owing to these changes, after much thought, those charged with the responsibility have deemed it for the best interests of the institution to establish this office.

The great need at present is the means to carry on the work of the institution. A disastrous fire a few years ago destroyed its valuable library, and to rebuild it was necessary to mortgage heavily its property. "To widen its sphere of usefulness and to meet properly the educational demands of the age, a considerable sum

is required." It has long outgrown the narrow limits within which it is confined by its meagre income.*

The same local prejudices which so long operated to prevent its establishment have prevailed, and what it has accomplished has been with hopelessly meagre resources. Its best work has been done by men who have made great sacrifices to do it.

Meanwhile, however cramped her resources, she is performing a great work—upholding the standard of high scholarship and right living.

Looking back with pride to her noble past

*Its revenue from all sources, after payment of its interest on its bonded debt, amounting to less than $100,000, is hopelessly insufficient for its needs. Though nominally a State institution and under the direction of visitors appointed by the Governor of Virginia, as we have seen, it has always fulfilled Jefferson's high conception and drawn to it students from the whole country. In fact, it comes as near being a National university as any institution in the land.

In view of these facts it has always appeared strange to those who know the university that in the dispensation of wealth for educational purposes by those whose generosity or high sense of duty has led to their endowment of such institutions, so little has been given to this one. Now and then some broad-minded man, like Fayerweather, with a spirit elevated far above his kind and a soul which takes in the whole country, includes it among the objects of his beneficence, or some man like Arthur W. Austin, of Massachusetts, recognizes it as a great instrument for good and a fountain fertilizing a region which other streams do not reach. But for the most part, it has lain outside of the field in which public generosity has been exercised.

and looking forward with confidence to her future, her friends may well adopt as their own the brave words of Jefferson, uttered during one of the most trying periods in the struggle to establish her, "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices we are making for their service, and I fear not the appeal."

VI

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE DURING RECONSTRUCTION

THE Southern people, prior to the war, were almost exclusively of English, Scotch, and Irish blood; the last being partly that Puritan strain that came originally from Scotland by way of Ireland, and is known among us as the "Scotch-Irish," a term wholly American. The only infusion, except in Louisiana, that need be taken into account was that of French Huguenots who had left France after the failure of their cause and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—a virile and sturdy stock. The population was almost entirely native-born. Even now, according to the last census, when the foreign-born population in some of the old States of the North runs up from one-fourth to one-third of the whole, the foreign-born population of the South is so small as scarcely to be worth considering; being in some States less than one per cent.

These people inherited the traits and tenden-

cies of those from whom they had sprung; were bred on the traditions of the past, and loved the land on which they had been reared with a devotion little short of idolatry. Taine, in his "History of English Literature," remarks that the Saxon, on his first settlement in England, as soon as a footing was made good, selected a hill or a grove beside a spring, built there a habitation, and was prepared to defend it to the death. The same instinct had survived among his descendants who settled in the South. The life there had fostered the inherent tendencies. While at the North the people lived in communities, at the South they took up lands in separate parcels and lived on them, apart from their neighbors. This tended to develop individuality, and thus each man became in some sort a master and ruler of a domain, however small and mean it was. They were habituated to rule, to ride, to shoot, and to maintain their rights. The duel existed among those of the upper class; those of the more common sort were equally prepared to assert their rights in another form of contest. Lands and negroes were the principal kinds of property.

The majority of the whites of the South were not slave-holders. Indeed, only a relatively small proportion of them were such. The cen-

sus of 1850 showed that, of the entire white population of the South, those who owned slaves or hired slaves—if only one—were less than a half million, or one-sixth of the adult population. Many of these would have been glad to see slavery abolished, if it could have been done in any way by which whites and blacks could be equitably provided for; and there was a more or less constant agitation to enlarge the work of the Colonization societies that had long existed. The interference of the Abolitionists and the invention of the cotton-gin together nullified the work of the colonizers. A far larger proportion than that of Slave-holders were landowners. It is probable that ninety-nine per cent. of these had been bred on the maxim that every man's house is his castle, and were ready to stand on that maxim to the death.

The existence of slavery among them had, it is claimed, tended to discredit manual labor, but it had given the superior race the habits and the character of domination. Burke, in studying this same people nearly a hundred years before, had pointed out that the tendency of Slavery was to create an aristocracy of the governing people, and to give to the dominant race a feeling of superiority and the habit of control.

Against this benefit, the institution of Slavery

must be charged with having secluded the Southern people from the movement of the outer world as with a wall.

They knew little more of the modern outside foreign world than they knew of Assyria and Babylon; that is, they knew it almost exclusively from books. They knew no more of New England and the rest of the North than New England knew of them, and that is a large measure. The time was to come when both were to know each other somewhat intimately, and their misconception of each other was to be rudely disposed of.

The contest between the North and the South that had gone on for years had been of a kind to touch the Southerners nearly; it related to their property rights, and through these to their other rights under the Constitution. The Constitution itself was a matter of compromise, and with all its wisdom and adaptableness was, unhappily, in some particulars, liable to two diverse constructions. This early became a practical matter, chiefly owing to diverse interests growing out of the existence of slave-labor in half the States, and two different schools of interpretation almost from the first sprang up in the country; the one teaching primary allegiance to the State, the other to the National Govern-

ment. Owing to natural causes, the latter had come to have its chief adherents in the North; while the belief in States' rights found its stronghold in the South. Yet singularly enough the great Chief Justice whose decisions welded the loose bands of the Constitution was a Virginian of the Virginians.

Gradually, as the economic conditions became more pressing and the questions became more practical, the struggle was carried on with a heat and acrimony that tended always to inflame passions already burning; and the breach that had existed from the first steadily widened, until at last the split was absolute and irremediable. In this contest, as the preponderance grew on the side of the North, the power of the National Government was beginning to be more and more thrown, or was liable to be more and more thrown, against the South, while the influence of the several States was exerted on behalf of the latter's contention. Thus, the State eclipsed for the Southern people the National Government, and became more and more the representative of their principles and the object of their devotion.

Even when the final convulsion came, a large percentage of the people of the South were devoted to the Union and opposed to Secession.

For example, in Virginia, for the first time, perhaps, in her history, the Convention that was elected to consider the great questions at issue had a majority of Whigs. Virginia, in the shadow of the portentous cloud that was threatening her, had chosen her most conservative advisers, and refused to secede until all her efforts at pacification had failed, and she was called on to furnish her quota of troops to coerce the already seceded States back into the Union. War was made on her. Then, having to fight on one side or the other, she elected to side with the South. She could not tolerate Invasion.

In Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri the Union element was very large. Even in the other States it was not as insignificant as has been considered. Though bells had been rung and salutes of joy fired when the Ordinances of Secession were adopted, there was a large and conservative element to whom the sound bore only sorrow.

The storm of war swept everything along in its track. The whole of the South rose in arms. Men who had been the most earnest advocates of the Union went into the Southern army to resist Invasion. Even men like Governor Perry of South Carolina and General Wickham of Virginia, who had fought Secession to the last

moment, at length went with the people of their States; "ready," as the former said, "to go to the devil with his own people."

The war closed in the spring of 1865, after having lasted about four years. It cost the South even more than it cost the North, and its cost had no counterbalance. The actual expenditures of the Confederate Government from February 18, 1861, to October 1, 1864 (the date of the last report accessible), were $2,099,768,707. To this must be added the loss to the people of the South of their personal property, of which the four millions of slaves constituted only a part, and the destruction of all taxable values except the naked land. This was a total loss; for at the close of the war the repudiation of the bonded debt of the Confederate Government was enforced. Its currency was extirpated, as an incident. The railways, canals, and other public works were worn out and dilapidated. To the whole must be added the complete disorganization of the labor system, and, later, the imposition of its proportionate part of the immense pension tax, which absorbed its money like a vast sponge, to pour it out in other parts of the country. When the whole is reckoned, the amount is almost too great to be comprehended.

The Reconstruction period lasted about eight years—reckoning to 1876, when the whites, on the removal of the United States troops, resumed control of all the Southern States. Its cost to the South has never been accurately calculated —perhaps, because it is incalculable. It is, however, not impossible—indeed, in the opinion of many it is probable—that, reckoning the indirect loss, it cost the South, even in those values which may be measured by figures, more than the war itself had done.

When the war closed, the armies of the Confederacy, composed of well-nigh the entire manhood of the South, had been destroyed, but the remnants had gone home, prepared to apply all their energies to building up the South afresh; the personal property of the South had been largely swept away, but the lands, the chief basis of its former wealth, remained.

The slaves had been emancipated, and labor had been disorganized; but the laborers yet survived, full of health, skilled in many kinds of manual work, trained to habits of industry, and disciplined to good order. Besides its equipment of able-bodied field-laborers, almost every plantation possessed its smiths, wheelwrights, and carpenters; its spinners and weavers and cobblers. Moreover, outside of the question of

emancipation, the blacks were generally in full sympathy with the whites, and the ties of personal association and affection were recognized on both sides. It was not unknown for officers returning from the war to give their body servants the horses they rode. The tool-chests were opened to the mechanics. Jewels and plate, which had been held through all the hardships of war-time, were sold to feed the population of the plantations.

When Reconstruction was completed ten years later, what personal property had remained at the close of the war had, speaking generally, almost wholly disappeared; the laboring population of the South had been diverted from its former field, and changed from a blessing to a curse; the former relation of dependency and sympathy had been changed to one of distrust and hostility; their habits of industry had fallen to those of idleness and worthlessness; the lands had been taken from the former owners by taxation, or rendered valueless in their hands; and the white people of the South found themselves alienated from the Government—or, more properly, from those who then conducted the Government—impoverished beyond hope, their former slaves turned from friends to enemies, and themselves fighting with their backs to the wall

for the very existence of civilization in their section.

Happily for all classes and sections, they won at last; but it was at a terrible cost. Among the items of loss was the old civilization of the South, with its ideals and its charm.

The rest of the country has never had a very accurate idea of what this civilization was; the present generation certainly has none, and it is not to be wondered at. Remnants of it yet remain; but they are to be sought for and found only in secluded places, as relics of antique art are discovered amid ruins or tangles in out-of-the-way parts, or are exhumed from beneath the desolation and the heaps of decayed cities, or under new cities built on the ancient sites.

Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the South held by the rest of the country is that drawn from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which, whatever its truth in detail —and there was doubtless much truth in it— yet, by reason of its omissions and its grouping, contained even more untruth as a picture of a civilization. As an argument against the evils inherent in slavery, it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror, it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere

but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream, and possibly even the intention, of its author; it did much to hasten the overthrow of slavery; it did no less to stain the reputation of the South, and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life, and it blinded the North to the vast and fundamental racial difference. From that time the people of the South were regarded, outside its own borders, much as—shall we say, China is regarded to-day?—as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance, and possibly, among many, as an object of righteous spoil. Is it too much to say that the general idea of the people of the South held by the people of the North was that they were lazy, self-indulgent, and frequently cruel; that they passed their time in the indulgence of their appetites, supported by the painful labors of slaves to whose woes they were worse than indifferent?

What the South really was she gave no small proof of during the war; she gave even stronger proof of after the war. Without ships; without money; without machinery that could produce a knife, a blanket, or a tin cup; without an ally; without even the sympathy of a single nation; without knowledge of the outside world, or indeed of her able and determined opponent, she

withstood to the final gasp the vast forces thrown against her—enduring all things, hoping all things, until she was not only overthrown, but was actually destroyed. When Sherman marched across the South to the sea, he found it to be an empty shell. At that same time the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox cost Grant 124,000 men,—about two men for every man that Lee had in his army.

But as notable as were the intrepidity of her soldiery in the field and the endurance of her people at home, they were not equal to the resolution and courage that her people displayed in the great and unrecorded struggle afterwards. The one was a fight of disciplined armies, with an open sky and a fair field, the endurance of a people animated by hope; the other was a long and desperate struggle, with shackled hands, against a foe that, in the darkness, unknown to the rest of the world, or with a sort of blind approval on its part, fastened on its vitals and slowly sapped its life-blood.

The several classes of which the population of the Southern States at the close of the war were composed were rapidly merged into two—the whites and the blacks. The whites had, with few exceptions, been in the war, and, trained in its stern school, were inured to hardship and

self-reliance. Class-distinctions had been diminished; for the poor as well as the rich had borne their part bravely in the struggle, and every man, irrespective of social condition, had the consciousness of having imperilled his life and given his all to serve his State.

It was a veteran soldiery that repeopled the plantations and the homesteads of the South, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of Reconstruction. In addition to such racial traits as personal pride, self-reliance, and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle. This race pride the war had only increased. However beaten and broken they were, the people of the South came out of the war with their spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable.

A story used to be told of an old Confederate soldier who was trudging home, after the war, broken and ragged and worn. He was asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home.

"Oh, they ain't goin' to trouble me," he said. "If they do, I'll just whip 'em agin."

The South, after the war, was ready for peace. Its leaders accepted the terms of capitulation without a single mental reservation.

The terms had been equally honorable to both the victors and the vanquished; and the troops returned home fully prepared to abide by those terms in every particular. They were sustained by the consciousness of having been animated by the highest of motives—love of country and of home—of having made an unsurpassed struggle, and of being able to meet and endure every fortune that could befall. Their idolized general refused all proffers of aid and tenders of attention, and retired to the little college-town of Lexington, Virginia, to devote the rest of his life to educating the young men of the South. George Washington had given the first endowment to the college there, and the next greatest Virginian now endowed it with his presence and his spirit. Here the sons of his old soldiers flocked to be under the command of the man who had led their fathers in battle, and to learn from his life the high lesson of devotion to duty.

The writer can speak from personal knowledge when he records that his teaching was the purest patriotism. As was said by a distinguished divine who came to deliver the baccalaureate sermon the year after General Lee's death: "The oath sworn at that shrine was more solemn than that of Hannibal. It

was not to destroy Rome, but to rebuild Carthage."

The example of General Lee was inestimable. It possibly did as much as the garrisons that filled the South to prevent the lawlessness that almost always follows the close of war and the disbandment of armies.

The worst that the people of the South anticipated was being brought back into the Union with their property gone and their wounds yet smarting. The sense of defeat, together with the loss of property by force of arms, which left them almost universally impoverished, and the disruption of their social system, was no little burden for them to bear; but it was assumed bravely enough, and they went to work with energy and courage, and even with a certain high-heartedness. They started in on the plantations, where by reason of the disorganization of all labor they were needed, as wagoners or ploughmen or blacksmiths. They went — the best-born of them — to the cities, and became brakemen or street-car drivers, or watchmen or porters. Or they sought employment on public works in any capacity; men who had been generals even taking places as axemen or teamsters till they could rise to be superintendents and presidents. But they had Peace and Hope.

On the 18th of December, 1865, General Grant, who had been sent through the South by the President to inspect and make a report on its condition, in his report said:—

"I am satisfied the mass of thinking men in the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have hitherto divided the sentiment of the people of the two sections—slavery and State rights, or the right of the State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal, that of arms, that man can resort to."

He also made the wise suggestion that Negro troops should not be employed in garrisoning the Southern States, as they tended to excite the people and intensify their animosity.

It is possible that but for the Race questions that existed, the South would have been pacified within a few years; the process of Reconstruction if it was tried at all, would have been carried out in a wiser and less disastrous way; the South would have resumed its normal place in the Union with the net results of the war—an indissoluble Union and a homogeneous people, freed from the canker of Slavery and bound together by even closer ties than before.

The whites numbered, roughly, about 8,000,-

000, and the other class, the Negroes, about 4,000,000. A relation too singular to be understood by the outside world existed between the races. It bore on the side of the masters a sort of feudal coloring—the right to demand duty, and the duty to give protection; on the part of the slaves it had a tinge that has been well said to resemble a sort of tribal instinct. The outside world, including the North, saw only a relation of brute power and of enforced subservience. The examples which came to their attention were, in the main, only the worst cases. The proportion of Negroes who, during the war, availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from slavery and seek asylum within the Union lines was by no means a large one. Doubtless they comprised many who were ambitious and enterprising; but, speaking generally, they were the idle and the vicious. Others went because of the scarcity on the plantations, caused by the war, or of the new hardship, due to the absenteeism of their masters, and the rumors of the gilded rewards awaiting them—rewards beyond freedom—which reached them in their homes. Many Confederate officers had their colored servants with them in the field. It was almost unheard of for one to desert. It was not unknown for them to avail

themselves of their color to forage within the enemy's lines for their master's mess.

The Negroes had, as slaves, indeed, have often done during wars, borne themselves admirably all during the war—a fact which speaks with equal force for their loyalty and for their knowledge of the resolution of their masters. Even those who, under the temptation of freedom and bounties, had gone into the Union army had never been charged with exceptional violence. Emancipation had brought no outbreak. They had generally gone off from their old homes—perhaps, as a practical proof of freedom, —most of them slipping away in the night; but the first taste of freedom over, and the first pinch of poverty experienced, they had come straggling back with a certain shamefacedness, and had been received with cordiality.

The writer can recall now the return of some of these prodigals, and the welcome they received.

In many cases they had their old cabins assigned them; in others, at their option, they were given a lodgement on a piece of land on some part of the plantation more or less removed from the mansion, where they could build and live independent whilst they worked as laborers for hire. Almost universally, the relation

re-established after the first break was one of friendship and good-will. Their return was marked by a revival of the old plantation life, and in a short time, the old régime appeared to have begun again, with every prospect of continuing. Land, the only property which had survived the war, rose in value, until it was as high as it had ever been. Loans were negotiated on it to repair the ravages of war and restock the plantations; cotton, wheat, and tobacco commanded prices that promised well for the agricultural interest; and the people of the South began to experience the awakening of hope.

The machinery, however, had hardly got started when new factors injected into the new conditions began to make themselves felt. The treatment in prison of the ex-President, who was put in irons and subjected to the constant presence of a sentinel, aroused bitter resentment at the South. A very considerable faction there had always been opposed to Mr. Davis. But he had done no more during the Secession period than half the people of the South had done, and no more during the war than all of them had done, and his treatment now was taken as an intention to humiliate them. It had, moreover, as an object lesson, a disastrous effect on the Negro population, who drew from

it the not unnatural inference that the North was able and willing to go to any lengths.

The severity visited on Mr. Davis at once destroyed every vestige of resentment in those who had opposed him, and from that time to his death he stood to the South as a vicarious victim, sacrificed for her act.

Unhappily, the work of a madman cut down, in the very hour of success, the leader who had brought the country safely through the war, and who might, with his calm foresight and his gift for conciliation, have guided it through the troubled times that were to follow. The assassination of President Lincoln, with the murderous attack on his advisers, filled the North with consternation and rage, and gave the chief haters of the South an opportunity to vent their wrath on her which they were not slow to use.

Under a plan devised by Mr. Lincoln, the recently seceded States had set to work to reorganize themselves, and their civil governments were in full operation a few months after the close of the war. The next step was the election of Representatives in Congress. In the main, men known nationally to be of conservative views, many of them old Union men, were selected. It was, however, to be long before Southern Representatives were to be admitted.

Now, in its struggle, the South had no such potent friend as Lincoln might have been. The first official act of Secretary Stanton after Mr. Lincoln's death had been to reverse one of his decisions, and issue an order for the arrest of a member of the late Confederate Cabinet who was on his way to Canada. On Lincoln's death, Andrew Johnson, who had come into note as the war-governor of the newly reconstructed State of Tennessee, had begun by breathing threatenings and slaughter against the South. His first measures had been so severe that Mr. Seward had felt it necessary to restrain him. His proposed action had been so violative of the terms accorded by Grant at Appomattox to Lee and his army that Grant, always magnanimous and courageous, had felt himself compelled to threaten him with the surrender of his command. In a short time, however, a contention had arisen between Johnson and the Congress, growing, on his side, partly out of his attempt to exercise the power claimed for the Executive by Mr. Lincoln, partly out of his ambition to be re-elected, and the necessity he was under to secure the votes of the Southern States as a part of his electoral machinery; on the other side, out of the wish of the Congress to control the reorganization of the South, and the determination

of its ablest leaders to secure at all cost perpetual control of the Government. Johnson, who had been among the most virulent enemies of the South, and assuredly not the least hated, was thrown by this contest into the anomalous position of its advocate, and the Congress was hurried along, with its passions inflamed by its most radical leaders, until reason was lost, moderation was thrown to the winds, and it found itself paramount, indeed—with the South prostrate, the Constitution a thing to be tinkered with or overridden as partisan expediency suggested, and "the party of the Union" burdened in the South with the most ignorant, venal, and debauched representatives that ever cursed a land. The white race of the South, a constituent part of the great race that had made the country and was to help hold it in the coming years against the world, was outraged almost beyond cure. With every divergence of opinion forgot, every possibility of wholesome division on economic or other public questions buried, the white people were consolidated in the passionate desire to hold their homes and save their race and their civilization.

The blacks had not been less injured by the political debauchery into which they had been wiled. Withdrawn from the field of activity

in which they had been trained, and in which they might have attained continued success, the close of the Reconstruction period found them estranged from the whites, their habits of industry impaired, their vision obscured, their aims turned in directions in which they have shown neither the genius nor the training to compete successfully. They were legislated into a position where they did only harm to themselves and others, and in which they could be maintained only by outside power.

It was the South's misfortune that the new problems could not be worked out on their own merits. The Negro question, "the direful spring of woes unnumbered," almost at once became the paramount issue, and from that time to the present it has tinged nearly every measure in which the South has been concerned. Emancipation had been accepted readily enough; but emancipation brought new problems. The proper solution of the new questions, which would have been a delicate and difficult task under any circumstances, was rendered impossible by the ignorance of the elements to be handled, and the passion infused into every act touching them.

The institution known as the Freedmen's Bureau, and its work in the South, played a not

inconsiderable part in the trouble that arose. The motive for its origin was, no doubt, a good one, and, no doubt, a part of its work was beneficial to one of the races. It had the "supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen." It issued rations to freedmen; regulated all matters of labor and contract in which the freedmen were interested; administered justice wherever they were concerned; and had power to take charge of all "abandoned lands" and parcel them out to Negroes as homes, and generally to administrate the Negro and his affairs. Incident to these duties was the power to arrest and imprison. The Bureau began its work with an idea which was fatal to its success: that the Negro was a poor oppressed creature who was to be treated as the Nation's ward, and that the White was a hardened tyrant who had to be restrained.

The officials of the Bureau were of various kinds: honest men, more or less fair-minded and wise; honest men, hopelessly prejudiced and bigoted; and men without honesty, wisdom, or any other qualification whatsoever for the work in hand. All were absolutely ignorant of the true relation between the old masters and slaves; all had a bigoted people behind them, and a bigoted

people before them. Unhappily, the largest, or, at least, the most active element among the officials were the last class: sutlers, skulkers, and other refuse of a great army, who had no sooner found the dangers of war over than they had begun to look about them to see what spoil they could appropriate, and, recognizing in the newly freed Negroes the most promising instrument at hand for their purposes, had ingratiated themselves with the Freedmen's Bureau. One of the first evidences of their malign influence was the idea disseminated among the Negroes, which grew out of the provision relating to abandoned lands, that every freedman was to be given by the Government, out of the lands of his old master, forty acres and a mule—a teaching which was productive of much danger to the whites, and of much evil to the blacks. Among other things, it prevented the former from settling the Negroes on the old plantations, as they would otherwise have done very generally.

The Freedmen's Bureau and its work soon had the whole South in a ferment. The distribution of rations relieved the slaves, but misled them into thinking that the Government would support them, whether they worked or not. The officials began inquisitorial investigations. They summoned the best and the

most stately of the old gentry before them, as if they had been schoolboys. If the officials were of the last class mentioned above, they hectored them before crowds of gaping Negroes, which taught another lesson. They interfered with the administration of courts that had begun to work again, even taking convicted prisoners out of the hands of the officers of the law. As an illustration: In Virginia, an old magistrate, who had tried and sentenced a Negro for some crime, was peremptorily ordered by the military authority to release the prisoner, and appear himself before the provost to explain his action. He replied that the prisoner had been tried fairly, convicted justly, and sentenced legally; and though he might be released by the military power, it would only be after he had summoned the whole power of the county to resist it.

Naturally, such action tended to excite the Negroes and embitter the whites.

The Negroes in some places began to hold night-meetings, and parcel out the lands of their former masters.

On one of the finest plantations in Virginia this nocturnal partition went along amicably enough until the mill was reached. Here trouble arose at once. The idea of being able to sit and watch the meal spurt down from under

the hopper, with nothing to do but to take the tithe, was so attractive that there were too many claimants to agree to its disposal to any one of them, and the meeting broke up in a row. Knowledge of what was going on thus reached the master, who sent at once to the court-house for the Federal officer stationed there, who then represented law and order in the county; and the officer soon settled the matter, and disposed of all apprehension of further trouble on that plantation.

No one would say that army officers make generally ideal rulers; for, after all, military rule subjects government to the will of one man. In the pacification of a people, the questions are so difficult and delicate that only wisdom, firmness, singleness of purpose, and an inherent sense of equity avail. These did not always exist. But a dispassionate reading of the records shows that the army officers in the South endeavored, in the main, to perform their duties with wisdom, equity, and moderation. Conditions, however, were to grow worse. The army officers were soon to be supplanted by worse rulers.

The carcass was recognized, and the "eagles" gathered together. The sutlers, skulkers, and refuse, who had been given a chance, under the working of the Bureau, to ingratiate themselves

with the Negroes, soon were chosen as the political leaders. The ignorance and the credulity of the Negro became the capital of these creatures, and with it they traded to their own enrichment and the impoverishment of every one else. The misapprehension on the part of the Southern People of the changed conditions played into their hands.

The laboring population had been withdrawn from the fields, but were still present in the community, while the fields were untilled and the plantations were going to waste. History had shown that such an element might change from a useless to a dangerous one. The legislatures of the various States, assuming that, after a successful war to preserve the Union, the Union still existed, and unable to recognize the completeness of their overthrow, began to pass labor-laws directed at the Negro, some of which certainly were calculated to impair his freedom of action. Similar laws existed in some of the Northern States, such as Maine, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. But these new statutes were frankly aimed to control the newly emancipated slaves. An impression of profound distrust was created throughout the North, the people of which, with their sympathies quickened for an entire race turned adrift, without homes or property, had

almost begun to consider that the war had been fought for the emancipation of the blacks. Unhappily, at the same time State Representatives were chosen whose votes might have a decisive influence on the fortunes of those radical leaders who now esteemed themselves the saviours of the country. It was determined by these leaders to perpetuate their power at every hazard even if it were found necessary to overthrow the white race altogether, and put the black race over them. The South was intractable and uncompromising. The North was blinded by passion, and led by partisan leaders bent on domination and without scruple in their exercise of power. A large element of the people of the North believed that they were doing God and Man service in supporting them, and putting down a rancorous people who were, they thought, still ready to destroy the Union, and were trying to effect by shift what they had failed to do by force. But so far as the leaders were concerned it would appear that along with other motives was an implacable resentment against the white people of the South, and a deliberate determination to humiliate them and render them forever powerless. The result was one of the mistakes that constitute what in the life of a nation is worse than a national crime—a national

blunder. Those who had been the masters, and had given proof by their works that they were behind no people on the earth in the highest fruits of civilization — who had just shown by their constancy, if by no other virtue, that they were worthy of being treated with consideration—were disfranchised and shut out from participation in the Government, while their former slaves were put to rule over them.

For instance, in the county that had produced Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, one of the most noted of the old gentlemen stood as a conservative candidate for the first General Assembly held in Virginia after the war. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and culture. He had travelled abroad—a rare thing in those days—and had translated the poems of Ariosto. He was one of the largest property owners in the State; had been a Union man and one of the stoutest opponents of Secession. He was the head of one of the few old families in Virginia who, immediately after the war, announced their determination to accept the new conditions and act with the Republican party. This gentleman was beaten for the General Assembly by the brother of his Negro carriage-driver. This was early in the period following the war. Later on, when "ironclad oaths" had been devised,

and the full work of disfranchisement had been effected, no whites but those who had had their disabilities specially removed could hold office or vote. For a time, only the Negroes, the carpet-baggers, and those who disregarded perjury voted.

The white race was disfranchised, and were not allowed the franchise again until they had assented to giving the black race absolute equality in all matters of civil right. This the leaders of the other side vainly imagined would perpetuate their power, and for a time it almost promised to do so.

The result of the new régime thus established in the South was such a riot of rapine and rascality as had never been known in the history of this country, and hardly ever in the history of the world. It would seem incredible to any but those who have investigated it for themselves. The States were given over to pillage at the hands of former slaves, led largely by adventurers whose only aim was to gratify their vengeance or their cupidity. The measure of their peculation and damage, as gauged by figures alone, staggers belief.*

*The cost to the State of Louisiana of four years and five months of carpet-bag rule amounted to $106,020,337. Taxation went up in proportion. The wealth of New Orleans during the eight years of carpet-bag rule, instead of increasing, fell from $146,718,790

But as extraordinary as the mere figures would appear, and as strong as they are to show the extent of the robbery to which the people of the South were subjected, they give little idea of the bitterness of the degradation that they underwent. The true measure of injury to the people of the South was the humiliation to which they were subjected during the progress of this system of rapine. Some States were subjected to greater damage and, if possible, deeper humiliation than others. The people of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, perhaps, suffered the most: but all underwent the humiliation of seeing their States given over

to $88,613,930. The governor himself, who, when he stood for the governorship, had a mite chest placed beside the ballot box to receive contributions from the Negroes to pay his expenses to Washington, had been in office only a year when it was estimated that he was worth $225,000. When he retired, he was said to have one of the largest fortunes in Louisiana.

In Mississippi, the State levy for 1871 was four times what it was in 1869. For 1873 it was eight and one-half times as great. For 1874 it was fourteen times as great, and 640,000 acres of land, comprising twenty per cent. of all the land in the State, had been forfeited for non-payment of these extraordinary taxes.

In South Carolina, the taxable values in 1860 amounted to about $490,000,000, and the tax to a little less than $400,000. In 1871 the taxable values had been reduced to $184,000,000, and the tax had been increased to $2,000,000. A large percentage of the lands of the State were sold for unpaid taxes, and a land commission was established to take them and distribute them among the freedmen and their friends on terms that substantially placed them at the disposal of the commission. "Noted Men of the Solid South."

to pillage by miscreants and malefactors; of having their slaves put over them and kept over them by armed power, whilst they themselves were forced to stand bound, helpless witnesses of their destruction.

Virginia escaped in a measure some of the most extreme consequences. For instance, there were no continued incitements to riot and no wholesale arrests of an entire community, as took place in South Carolina; there was no general subjection to an armed and insolent militia of former slaves who terrorized the country, as happened in the more southerly States. Virginia never had a governor, as Arkansas had, who issued to his adjutant general proscription lists of leading citizens, accompanied by a notification that he had marked with asterisks the names of the most obnoxious persons, and that if they could be tried by court-martial and disposed of while the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, the finding would be approved by the governor. The Ku Klux Klan, with its swath of outrage and terrorism, never obtained the footing in Virginia that it had in States farther south, where life had been made more unendurable. But the people of Virginia, like those of the other Southern States, drank from the same cup of bitterness in seeing their civil-

ization overthrown—intelligence, culture, and refinement put under the heel of ignorance and venality, and a third of the people, who had comprised most of the laboring population and all the domestic servants, and had lived in the past in amity and affection with their masters, turned for a time into violent enemies.

Unhappily, the credulity and ignorance of the Negroes threw them into the hands of the worst element among the adventurers who were vieing to become their leaders. The man who was bold enough to bid the highest outstripped the others. Under the teaching and with the aid of these leaders, the Negroes showed signs of rendering considerable portions of the Southern States uninhabitable by the whites. Had the latter given the slightest sign of being cowed or of yielding, they probably would have been lost forever; but, fortunately for the South, they never yielded.

Unable to resist openly the power of the National Government that stood behind the Carpet-bag Governments of the States, the people of the South resorted to other means which proved for a time more or less effective. Secret societies were formed, which, under such titles as the "Ku Klux Klan," the "Knights of the White Camellia," the "White Brotherhood," etc., played a potent and, at first, it

would seem, a beneficial part in restraining the excesses of the newly exalted leaders and their excited levies.

Wherever masked and ghostly riders appeared, the frightened Negroes kept under cover. The idea spread with great rapidity over nearly all the South, and the secret organizations, known among themselves as the "Invisible Empire," were found to be so dangerous to the continued power of the Carpet-bag Governments, and in places so menacing to their representatives personally, that the aid of the National Government was called in to suppress them.

In a short time every power of the Government was in motion, or ready to be set in motion, against them. "Ku Klux Acts" were passed; Presidential proclamations were issued; the entire machinery of the United States courts was put in operation; the writ of habeas corpus was suspended in those sections where the Ku Klux were most in evidence, and Federal troops were employed.

The testimony taken before what was known as the "Ku Klux Committee," with the reports made by that committee, is contained in thirteen volumes, and makes interesting reading for the student of History. The investigation covered every State in the South.

One who studies those reports is likely to find his confidence in human nature somewhat shaken. It will appear to him that gross and palpable perjury was almost common before that committee, and that the story contained in those reports is so dreadful that if published now it would not be believed. It serves to illustrate, at least, the violence of party feeling at that time, that, under the stress of passion which then prevailed, the Republican members of the Committee of Investigation all signed one report laying the entire blame on the Southern People, and the Democratic members all signed a minority report charging the blame wholly on the other side.

With Congress passing penal acts against all connected with the secret societies, the army of the United States at hand to put them down, and the United States courts ready to push through the convictions of all participants in their work, the constituency and purposes of the secret societies soon changed. The more law-abiding and self-respecting element dropped out, and such organizations as remained were composed only of the most disorderly and reckless element. Under conduct of such a class, the societies, whatever their original design, soon degenerated into mere bands of masked ruffians,

who used their organization and their disguises for the private purposes of robbery and revenge. As might have been foreseen, they became a general pest in the regions which they infested, and the better element of native Southerners were as concerned to put a stop to their action as was the Government. This class, later on, found it necessary to keep themselves banded together; but it was no longer in a secret association. During the later phases of the struggle the meetings of the whites were open. Fortunately for them, by this time the debauchery of those who had formerly been sustained by the Government had become so openly infamous that it began to be known at the North for what it really was, and the people of the North began to revolt against its continuance. The indorsement of the Government leaders at Washington became more and more half-hearted; and as this was recognized, the white people of the South began to be reanimated with hope.

The action of the other side at the South generally played into their hands. The leaders lacked the first element of wisdom; their moderation was only the limit to their power.

The women and children of the Southern States, during the utmost excitement of war, had slept as secure with their slaves about them

as if they had been guarded by their husbands and fathers; but under the new teaching the torch became a weapon. A distinguished leader of the colored race, a native white man in South Carolina, said, in a public speech to his constituents, that the barns had been built by them, and their contents belonged to them; and if they were refused the distribution of those contents, "matches were only five cents a box." Is it to be wondered at that, with such suggestion, the burning of houses became more or less frequent in the belts subject to the domination of the excited race? This man, who had many crimes to answer for, after passing through numberless dangers, became the victim of a foul assassination. A story is told that some years later two men were sitting together in a well-known restaurant in Washington. One of them, who was from a Northern State, said to the other who was from South Carolina, "Tell me, now that it is so long past, who murdered So-and-So," mentioning the name of the leader who has been spoken of. "Well," said the other quietly, "I was tried for it."

Amiable and orderly as the colored race were when the whites were in control, as soon as an election approached they showed every sign of excitement. When they were in power, life

became intolerable, and a clash was imminent at every meeting; many families, unable to endure the strain, abandoned their homes, and moved to other communities or other States. The distinguished pastor of a large church in the North, one of the godliest of men, who had a church during this period in one of the Southern States, has said that when he went to his night services he as regularly put a pistol in his pocket as he took his Bible. Even funerals were liable to be interrupted by the half-maddened creatures, and instances occurred when the hearse had to be driven at full speed to outstrip a mob bent on the last extremity of insult.

It was notable that even during the periods of greatest excitement, when the Negroes were stirred almost to frenzy, the old family servants ever stood ready to prevent personal harm to their former masters and mistresses; and that when the excitement had passed, the entire race were ready to resume, and even to seek, friendly relations with the whites.

When, at last, with their homes rendered unsafe and their life intolerable, the people of the South finally threw off the yoke under which they had been bowed, it is hardly strange that they should thenceforth have remained solidi-

fied to withstand the possibility of such a condition ever being repeated.

It is not probable that any wholly sane man of any section or race, who knows the facts, would ever wish its repetition. The last governor of South Carolina under the carpet-bag régime stated during his incumbency, that when, in May, 1875, he entered on his duties as governor, two hundred trial-justices were holding office by executive appointment (of his predecessor) who could neither read nor write. No wonder that he should have declared, as he did, in writing to the New England Society, that the civilization of the Puritan and Cavalier, of the Roundhead and Huguenot, was in peril.

In the last stages of their existence, these governments were sustained solely by the bayonet. As soon as the United States troops were removed they melted away. As an illustration: In South Carolina, in 1876, after the extraordinary Wade Hampton campaign, in which the whites had won a signal victory, two distinct State Governments performed their functions in the State House; a small guard of United States soldiers marched their beats back and forth, representing the power that alone sustained one of those governments. An order was issued by the President of the United States

removing the troops, and in twenty-four hours, without a drop of blood shed, without a single clash, the government of the carpet-bagger and the Negro had disappeared, and the government of the native South Carolinian and of the white man had quietly, after a lapse of years, resumed control. But during those years the people of the South had seen their most cherished traditions traversed, their civilization overthrown.

The late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, passed, years ago, a judgment upon the Southern People which was not lacking in vigorous criticism; but his criticism was tempered by a piece of characterization which it seems not impertinent to quote here.

"They have," he said, "an aptness for command, which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only, but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them, and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they come the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth. They are lovers of home. They have not the mean traits which grow up somewhere in places where money-making is the chief end of life. They have, above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without re-

gard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired and without getting diverted, can pursue a great public object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

Looking at the other race in the South—who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the Southern People—whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education, had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now, in place of political leaders who were simply firebrands, is arising

a new class of leaders, who, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and upon these to build a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

Many of the baleful fruits of reconstruction remain among us. Inability to divide freely on great public questions is a public misfortune.

Obedience to Law is one of the highest qualities of a people, and one of the first elements of national greatness. However strong the necessity may appear, Law cannot be overridden without creating a spirit that will override Law —a spirit which is liable to end by substituting for Law its will, and by confounding with right its interest.

Among the baleful fruits is whatever fraud or evasion has appeared in the electoral system in any part of the South. In old times this evil was not known among the people of the South. Fighting the devil with fire may be the only effective mode of such warfare; but fire is a dangerous weapon to use under any circumstances.

Much has been said recently on the subject

of lynching in the South. It is not too much to say that nearly every black victim of lynching and nearly every victim of that person may be set down to the not yet closed account of Reconstruction. This, too, was a crime which in old times was scarcely known in the South.

Among the better signs is the increasing feeling that it is best, on the whole, to leave every section to work out its own problems. Many years ago Mr. Seward said of the Negro race "They will find their place; they must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those."

Congress attempted to contravene them; but though for a brief period it appeared to have succeeded, the lapse of time has shown its failure. It might as well have attempted to contravene the law of gravitation.

That intelligence, virtue, and force of character will eventually rule is as certain in the States of the South as it is elsewhere; and everywhere it is as certain as the operation of the law of gravitation. Whatever people wish to rule in those States must possess these qualities. Whatever people wish to rule there must profit by the rigorous lessons of the Recon-

struction Period, when the South proved that she could survive even that.

All this is now matter of history. The fierce passions of that time have almost, or quite, burned out. Even the memory of the enforced humiliation through which the people of the South passed is blunted by the passage of time, by the ever-increasing friendliness between the sections, which grows steadily under the influences of a greater community of interest, a better understanding of each other, and a wider patriotism. The old life of the South, of the kind which made it distinguished, has more or less passed away; a new life, and possibly one that embraces a larger section of the people in its advantages, is taking its place. A more practical spirit is growing up, prepared to utilize present conditions, and avail itself of all the material advantages that may be offered. The waste and the anguish of that time have long since been passed to the account of profit and loss, which only the historian or the student ventures to open. Many of the old houses which were the chief charm of the South went down under the ploughshare of Reconstruction. The people who made them and gave them their sweetness have passed or are passing away.

One riding through the stretches of country

where the fields have reverted to forest, or are worked by the small-cropper, can form little idea of the time when they were a part of a wide and well-tilled domain which supported the whole population of a teeming plantation. He might imagine as well that the quiet, grizzled farmer whom he sees in the field or meets on the road, in friendly intercourse with some dusky neighbor, once fought in battles that marked the high tide of Anglo-Saxon courage, or rode with a band of night-riders, resolute to withstand for his race those who threatened it, even though they were backed by the dread power of the United States.

The present generation is, as is, of course, every generation, the product of heredity and environment. Its members are said to exhibit qualities which were once wanting, or which, if they existed, were despised; but, in reckoning their virtues, a deeper student is likely to conclude that the best that is in them is the inheritance from their fathers: devotion to duty, the sense of honor, and a passion for free government.

VII

THE OLD DOMINION SINCE THE WAR.

I

"'The Virginian? What is he good for? I always thought he was good for nothing but to cultivate tobacco and my grandmother,' says my lord, laughing.

"She struck her hand upon the table with an energy that made the glasses dance. 'I say he was the best of you all.'"—THACKERAY.

THE traveller to-day who takes a run through Virginia on one of the roads which cut across her from Washington to the south or southwest gets a very inadequate idea of that which is in fact the Old Dominion, for in localities throughout this section, poor as it appears, lie some of the best farming-lands in the State—the lands, in fact, which once made her wealthy; and much besides her lands enters into that which is the Old Dominion.

Virginia is, in the speech of her people, divided geographically into sections.

Of these sections the richest, and by far the most beautiful, are "the Valley" and "the Southwest," whilst the oldest and the best known

are "the Tidewater" (including "the South Side") and "the Piedmont."

The mountains, once inaccessible to the outer world, are rich enough in iron and coal to attract the attention of Northern investors and to draw capital almost unlimited, and sundry railway lines recognizing their future, have penetrated them, placing alike their ore-filled ranges and their fertile valleys in direct communication with the outer world, and opening the way for enterprise and capital to make this long-closed portion of the Old Dominion one of the great manufacturing centres of the country. A trip down the Valley of Virginia or across the rolling Piedmont will, especially in the summer, well repay the trouble, though one should never leave his car; for there are few more beautiful sections of this country than that from the Potomac to the Cumberland Mountains.

The idea, however, which one gets from his car-window in passing through eastern Virginia will be very incorrect.

From Washington to Petersburg the railway passes along the former army-track; from Petersburg to the southern border it is in what was known years ago as the "Black Belt," and neither section has yet fully recovered.

This region, now so largely grown up in forest

or left as "old fields," was, before the war, filled with comfortable homesteads and well-cultivated farms. It was here that much of the early history of "Old Virginia" was enacted. From this region sprang that wonderful body of great men who during the Revolutionary period and for long afterwards gave the Old Dominion the title of Mother of States and Statesmen. A single county produced George Washington and all the Lees. In one room of the Lee mansion, Stratford, were born two Signers of the Declaration of Independence and Robert E. Lee. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Marshall were from the Piedmont, a little nearer the Blue Ridge; Patrick Henry and Henry Clay came from the same county, lower down. Even now the region through which the road passes conveys, with its leagues of forest, but an inadequate idea of the life within it. To know this one must leave the train and strike out into the country. There he shall find Virginia. It is true he will frequently find the lands poorly cultivated, if not poor; he will find old homesteads dishevelled and worn, and he will find the old houses, the home of charming hospitality and refinement, sadly dilapidated and unfurnished. He will be struck by the apparent want of things to which he is accustomed elsewhere, and for the possession

of which ready money is needed; but in a little time he will forget this; he will be in an atmosphere which will soothe his senses and lull him into a state of rare content, and he will become aware that there is something even amid this simplicity which he had not before discovered, a certain restful feeling with which the external is in harmony, and in which it is well with the spirit.

Assuming that he was not in a Pullman—for all Pullmans and all their passengers are alike—or is not simply passing over like a bird of passage, he has discovered that he is in a new region, or, more accurately, a new environment, from the time he crossed the Potomac. The low, soft, slow speech, with its languid, long vowels and neglected final endings, has caught his ear, and he listens to it as music without trying to follow the words. There is a difference not only in the manner, but in the matter. There is a difference, too, not very marked at first, but still perceptible, in the dress. The people all seem to know each other, and they talk with easy familiarity of personal concerns as members of one family. The conversation is more personal for that reason, the tones less repressed. The women will appear less expensively dressed. A man will probably not notice this; for they will be generally prettier than those he left the other side

of the bridge, and they will have something about them—an air, a manner, a something—which will be more attractive. Among the older persons, men and women, he will note a gentler air than he has seen on the other side. They will in a way be more individual, too; there will be individualities of dress. He will see more men offer seats to ladies, and more as a matter of course. He will be surprised to see how many get off at Alexandria. Should he, however, stop there, and be so fortunate as to know some of his fellow-travellers who have got off, he will discover that the view of the town which he has had from the car-window gives but an indifferent idea of the place itself. He will find it old, it is true, and bearing unmistakable marks of the absence of the wealth which has made the glittering Capital on the other side of the Potomac; but the want of money is not poverty, and the old age is not decrepitude. The streets until just now were paved in the old-fashioned way with cobble-stones, which looked strange to one who had been rolling through the asphalt avenues of Washington; the houses are often antiquated, and sometimes out of repair, but there is something impressive in it all. There are no marble palaces on the street corners, but the old square houses with their classic porticos, on the streets,

or set back in the yards amid the old trees, are homes, not mere monuments of wealth and pride; the stain on them is that of time and of the elements, not a chemist's concoction; and they have sheltered through generations a pure, kindly, and home-loving people. The splendid marble shaft that towers to the memory of Washington is on the other side of the river in the city which bears his venerated name, and which is even a more splendid monument than this to the great Virginian; but the old church where he met his neighbors and worshipped God and the civilization from which he sprang are in Alexandria. It was on this side of the river that he learned the sublime lessons which have made him the foremost American and the greatest citizen that the world has known. Down the broad river only a short distance is the home where he lived as a Virginia gentleman, and the simplicity of which he adorned with the elegance of a noble life.

As soon as we reach the old town we are on historical ground. The house where Braddock rested when the young Virginian who was to be known as the Father of his Country was his volunteer aide is still shown, and the road that leads away towards the west is still called "Braddock's Road," after the brave but ill-fated British general. Here, too, British troops

landed to ravage when the city across the river was but a village; and here in the civil war came the first army which invaded Virginia to march on Richmond and end the war during a summer holiday. Away to the westward, only a little distance, is Bull Run, where the summer-encampment idea was so terribly destroyed, and here the shattered army returned to prepare for war in earnest. From here to Culpeper and to Petersburg lies the way that the armies took in campaign after campaign, and this explains in part the appearance that the country still presents. This region was, to use the old phrase, "swept by the besom of war," and the besom of war sweeps clean. Time not only repairs the ravages of war and heals its physical wounds, but it heals the wounds of the spirit as well. It takes time to do so, however, and the length of time required is proportioned to the severity of the injuries. Thus, the country here has not yet recovered. In the lapse of years men forget the conditions that once existed. When the war had been going on three years there was not a fence and scarcely a tree left standing from Alexandria to Fredericksburg. When the war closed, from Alexandria to Danville, almost on the North Carolina border, was little more than a waste. In portions of the counties of Culpeper, Fauquier

and Prince William there was hardly a house left standing within five miles of the railway on either side, and a bill was introduced in the Legislature empowering the railway company to buy the lands within five miles on either side.

As the road turns south it shortly reaches again the noble Potomac, and for many miles follows its winding marge, with the bluffs of Maryland rising bold and blue on the other side of the broad stream. When it touches the river, however, it has left in the angle it has made, Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason, who drew the Virginia Constitution and the Virginia Bill of Rights, among the noblest papers ever drawn by man. Then, after a run across the same poor-looking country, the train suddenly crosses a high bridge over a small river, with a hamlet on the near side and a town on the other, in a plain between the river-bank and a line of semi-circular hills. The little village is Falmouth, where George Washington went to school. The town on the other side is Fredericksburg, and the heights which bend around it are the far-famed Marye's Heights (pronounced Maree, from the old Virginia family whose residence crowned them). It was up these heights that Meagher's brigade charged

time after time, to be swept back by Lee's line with a loss of seventeen hundred in fifteen minutes, and on the plain below men were mowed down like grass. The country all around here has been a battle-ground, for this is Spottsylvania, where much of the war was fought. To the westward a dozen miles lies Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson, after one of the most brilliant military movements ever conceived, which only genius could have planned and only genius could have executed, fell at the age of thirty-nine with his fame established. Not a hundred yards from the railway a half score miles below Fredericksburg, in a garden, stands the little quaint house in which he died one Sunday morning, alternately giving orders to forward his infantry to the front, and whispering of passing over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.

A singular circumstance has recently come to light. On a part of the battlefield of Chancellorsville have been discovered the site and remains of Governor Spotswoods' furnace, the first iron furnace ever established in America. The old race has been traced, the foundation of the old stack uncovered, and the beginning of that industry which is now said to control general commerce has been laid open to the sight.

Only a short distance to the south lies the country not inaptly called the Wilderness, but back a little along the rivers are many fine farms and pleasant sections.

The valley of the Rappahannock was in the old times a famous grain-region, and some of the finest plantations in Virginia still lie there around the old colonial mansions which sheltered in the past the great Virginians.

Fredericksburg itself was formerly well-nigh unique among the towns of Virginia. The gentry generally lived in the country on their plantations, but in Fredericksburg there were many of that class who kept town-houses. Washington's mother spent her declining years here, and the little old house where she lived still stands, with its quaint roof and its garden stretching around it as when she received, flower-pot in hand, the nation's benefactor, Lafayette, "without the parade of changing her dress." Fredericksburg gave to the country three of the most noted men who have honored our navy; for here lived, from the age of thirteen Paul Jones, that "foreigner of the South" who, with the *Bonhomme Richard* on fire and sinking, replied to a demand to surrender that he was just beginning to fight, lashed the *Serapis* to her, and forced her to strike her colors; and

here were born Lewis Herndon and Matthew F. Maury. Some of the old mansions still stand embowered in trees, impressive as in the old days when they were the homes of wealth and ease as well as of elegance and refinement.

A picture of the town recalled by memory rises before the writer when it was very different from its present placid condition. It is as it looked forty-eight hours after the great battle when for days and nights it had been in the focus of the fire of two armies. It was whilst the heroic dead were being buried under a flag of truce, and, once seen, its appearance could never be forgotten —the battered and riddled houses; the dug-up and littered streets with raw earthworks thrown across them, on which groups of children had planted little Confederate flags, whilst they played at levelling them with fire-shovels; the torn gardens; the shattered fences, behind which men had poured out their blood like water; the long, red trench on the common where the Path of Glory ended; the roadways filled with broken vehicles and fleeing refugees. All combined to leave on the memory the ineffaceable picture of a bombarded town.

Some fifty miles further on, across an unending battle-field, is Richmond, the capital of the

Old Dominion, and during the war the capital of the Confederate States, about which the war surged for four years.

As the train runs out on the high bridge which crosses the James, and one sees the historical river boiling beneath it over its granite ledges, with the beautiful city spread out for miles along its curving bank, and with Belle Isle in the middle, and Manchester on its further side, he must agree that it was a wise man who selected the spot for a city, and that he had an eye for the picturesque as well as for the material advantages of a location. He was Colonel William Byrd, one of the old Virginia grandees —a wit, a humorist, a colonial Councillor, a man of affairs, and the Virginia author of greatest note during her colonial history. He wrote the "Trip to the Mines," which contains in sidelights the best picture of life in the Old Dominion that illumines her colonial period. His descendants in Virginia are numerous, and many of the Virginia families trace back to the founder of her capital.

He laid it off at the falls of the James, the river on which his own beautiful home, Westover, one of the handsomest types of colonial architecture remaining, was situated, a score or two of miles lower down; and, sorrowful to re-

late in this advanced age of the world, he established a lottery to dispose of his lots. The place had already been long known. Christopher Newport, Admiral of Virginia, and her good angel, planted a cross on an island here as long ago as Whitsunday, 1607, when he explored the James to its falls. Here Nat Bacon, the Rebel, had a place, and Bacon's Quarter Branch perpetuates the memory of the spot where the young planter had his plantation, little knowing of the fame that should come to him when he struck the first armed blow on American soil for constitutional rights.

The Falls of the James stretch in a reverse curve for about seven miles, boiling over granite ledges and slipping between islands covered with birch, sycamore, and willow, which, although several railway lines occupy the banks, are as wild and beautiful to-day as they were when Indians hunted upon the wooded bluffs which hem them in. All old travellers unite in their praise. They might have extended their eulogies to the whole river; for, from its source among the blue Alleghanies to where it widens into Hampton Roads, it is not only the most historical river in this country, but is one of the most beautiful.

It may be that nativity in Virginia and many

years residence in Richmond have inclined the mind of the writer to idealize the city's loveliness, yet he knows no city in the United States more beautiful. It is not that the houses generally are handsome, but there are sections of the city where the yards, filled with trees, look like bowers, and the public squares are among the most beautiful in the country. "The Capitol Square," with its leafy slopes, its fine old Capitol lifting itself on its eminence with the simple grandeur of an old temple, and with its broad walk, with the splendid Washington Monument at one end, and the impressive old "Governor's Mansion" at the other, is perhaps the prettiest park of its size in the country. It is certainly this to a Virginian; for many proud or tender associations cling about the place. For a hundred years and more the city has been associated with all that Virginians are proud of. In old St. John's Church assembled the great Virginia convention which prepared for the public defence and led the way to the Independence of the Colonies. Here in Richmond sat the great Convention for the ratification of the Constitution, when Kentucky was a district of Virginia; here have assembled her law-makers, her jurists, and all that have contributed to make the Old Dominion renowned and great. Here

met, year after year, the Old Virginians, with their wives and daughters, to enjoy the gay life of the capital of the Old Dominion, which they adorned by their presence and made memorable by their genius. Here sat and deliberated the Secession Convention during the period when Virginia stood as the peace-maker between the two sections. Here, upon the President's call for troops, she finally declared her decision to secede from the Union. Here Lee received the command of the Virginia forces, and here he was appointed later to the command of the armies of the Confederacy. Here the Confederate Government passed its brief but strenuous life, and from here the Southern side of the war was fought. To seize Richmond the armies and energies of the North were directed, and for it they strove. Whilst it stood the Confederacy stood, and it fell only when the South was exhausted.

The country to the south of Richmond is like that to the northward; for it went through the same experience—if anything, worse. For not only has war been here, but after the war it underwent an evil from which the other section of the State was exempt. This was the Black Belt, and on it rested the heaviest burden any portion of Virginia had to bear. Before the war this

section of Virginia, the South Side, was, perhaps, the most "comfortably off" of any in the State; there were more negroes here than elsewhere, and though the lands were not so fertile as those in the Valley, or generally even as those in the Piedmont, they were readily susceptible of improvement, and were in a state of good cultivation. Negro emancipation meant necessarily a change in this; but Negro domination meant its destruction.

It was of this section in old times that George W. Bagby used to write his charming sketches, such as "My Uncle Flatback's Plantation,"* with touches of delicious local color, and with a delicate sentiment that made the reader homesick to get out under the trees and roll on the grass. Yet, some years back, I have oftener than once gone from Richmond almost entirely across this section, and outside of the towns never seen a single farm-animal — this in a region once filled with well-stocked and well-cultivated farms. Even then there were good sections back from the railways, and some of the most beautiful plantations in the State lay along the rivers; but these were at that time the exception. My Uncle Flatback's sons were dead — one of camp-fever,

* Writings of Dr. Bagby: Whitlet and Shepperson, Richmond, Va., 1884.

one at Gettysburg, and one in an unnamed skirmish; he himself slept in the old garden, where the roses and hollyhocks used to bloom, and his sweet daughters used to walk with their lovers in the old times; his plantation was let or deserted, and the home with its cheer and charm was gone. War and its followers had eaten up the land.

As stated, the lands along the railways in this part of Virginia give but an indifferently true idea even of the soil and its culture; and what is viewed from a car-window gives none of the life which is the real Virginia. Poor as the soil appears on the ridges, it is kindly. It is easily susceptible of improvement, and produces grain and tobacco of a peculiar quality. It was in this eastern part of Virginia (in Hanover) that the most famous race-horses of the country were bred in old times, such as "Boston," "Nina," "Planet," "Fanny Washington," and many others of the great plate-winners. Of late years "Fanny Washington's" great son "Eolus" and his wonderful progeny have justified the boast of the old Virginians that this is the home of the thoroughbred. Virginia colts have won the great "Futurity," and in one year four out of twelve Virginia entries stood the training and ran in the race, a fine test of bone,

muscle, and bottom. Virginia hunters are so highly esteemed that they are eagerly sought after.

Perhaps, nowhere in the country has the external and material been less indicative of the internal or spiritual than in the Old Dominion. The life has been so sequestered, so self-contained, and the people have been so indifferent to public opinion—at least, of all public opinion outside of Virginia itself—and have cared so little for show, that from the outward appearance a wrong conception has often been drawn of that which was within. Back from these ridges along which the railways run, on the rivers and little streams which empty into the rivers, are peaceful valleys filled with sweet homesteads, where the life flows on as calmly and undisturbed as the limpid streams which slip so silently between their mirrored willows. This, after all, is Virginia—the Virginia which is not seen any more than the air or the perfume of the fields is visible to the eye, but which is felt and known through its silent influence. In those secluded homes, under their great oaks, far from the bustle and din and strife of the world grew and ripened the Virginians who made the Old Dominion what she was: mother of States and of Statesmen.

II

To understand Virginia and the Virginians it is necessary to know something of her history. That furnishes the key to much of their character. It entered into the Virginian's life, influenced his tendencies, and tempered his spirit. He was proud of being a Virginian, and he never forgot the fact. To him the Old Dominion was what she had appeared to the earliest chroniclers: "Most plentiful, sweet, wholesome and fruitful of all other." It was, indeed, a picturesque history that lay back of him; beginning to come into being like a glimmering dawn, with the mighty figures of great Elizabeth accepting the name bestowed as an honor to her Majesty, and Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, soldier, discoverer, statesman, historian, poet, Admiral and Shepherd of the Ocean, proud to style himself, "Lord and Chief Governor of Virginia."

She had not been won easily. Many had "come to leave their bodies in testimonie of their mindes"; but in the Virginian's mind the prize had been worth the striving for. He loved Virginia with a passionate love. Abana and Pharpar were better than all the waters of Israel. The James was greater to him than Jordan, Tiber, Nile, or Thames. It was on

the James, in Virginia, that Anglo-Saxon civilization on this continent first found a lodgement. It was here that it reached its highest development. The Virginian knew, as no one else did, all the attendant history of sorrows and joys, hardships and triumphs. He treasured the picturesque history of the bold chevalier Captain Smith, a story which, notwithstanding all his detractors, survives to-day with the romance of the old paladins. He knew him and he believed in him. To him he was what he was to his contemporaries: "deare noble captain and loyal hearte." He always thought of him as a Virginian, and was proud to claim him. He believed that Pocahontas saved his life, and he held her in high esteem. Any reflection upon her offended him as if she had been a member of his family, however remote. In any event she was a benefactress of Virginia, and that called forth his gratitude.

The life in the Old Dominion was not unlike that in England, and the Virginian treasured the idea of resemblance. Shakespeare had been inspired by an event in her romantic story to write the "Tempest," and, before her limits were curtailed, Ariel inhabited the airs that blew upon her shores. During all the colonial period this resemblance to the mother country had been

warmly cherished. The conditions were such that the rich planters with their indented servants and slaves had advantages which brought them great wealth, and they knew how to enjoy it. They patterned their life on that in England; built large country-houses on English models, and established "their fine seats upon the rivers"; kept their coaches and four; entertained with a lavishness and cordiality which established the custom of hospitality with the authority of a law; bred horses which rivalled the cracks of the turf in the old country; monopolized the offices of honor; passed laws recognizing "quality"; and endeavored, as far as they might, to perpetuate old England in the Old Dominion.

But so far from their love of England impeding their development along their own lines, it fostered it. They cherished their resemblance to England so warmly that they never admitted a difference, and always insisted on equal rights. Sir Walter Raleigh's charter had guaranteed them "all the privileges of free denizens and natives of England," and they never ceased to be jealous of them. Within twelve years from their first coming they had a General Assembly, with every freeman having a vote for the representatives. "The Virginia courts are but a sum-

mary way to a seditious parliament," the Spanish ambassador had told James, and it proved to be measurably true. One of the things this first elective Assembly of Burgesses did was to claim of the company at home a right "to allow or disallow their orders of court, as his Majesty had given them power to allow or disallow our laws." This was but the beginning of a long and continuous line of claims of right, insistence on which has become a fixed characteristic of the Virginian, and on which he has been ready always to stand to the end. If the royal governors held their prerogatives in high esteem, the people held their privileges in no less esteem. They or their rulers named their rivers after kings and queens, and their boroughs and counties after royal princes and princesses, so that the chronology of the settlement of Virginia may be told by the geographical names; they declared their loyalty with piled-up asseveration, but they never forgot their chartered rights. The General Assembly addressed James in terms of worship extraordinary to a republican ear of this year of grace, but when the King sent over commissioners to inspect their records they refused to exhibit them, and when their clerk furnished the commissioners a copy the Virginians put him in the pillory and cut off one of his ears.

"Whole for monarchy," one wrote of Virginia when the struggle came between the Crown and the people—whatever she is "for" she is always "whole for"—but she was even more whole for her rights; and though, as old Beverly says, she was the last to give up for the King and the first to assert his restoration, and though in his defeat she offered an asylum to his discomfited followers, she stood up boldly against Charles I., and refused her sanction to his claims to the tobacco monopoly. When Charles II., to whom she had offered a crown when he was a fugitive, attempted to invade her privileges and violate her grants, she grew ready for resistance. When his Governor refused her rights she actually burst into revolution, and, under command of "Nat Bacon the Rebel," stormed and took the colonial capital; the young commander capturing, it is said, the wives of the chief supporters of the Crown, and standing them in white aprons before his men whilst he threw up his breastworks preparatory to his attack on Jamestown. Later on new elements came into the Dominion. Stout Scotch-Irish settlers filled up the Valley, and made it a different type social and religious, whilst similar politically. They were Presbyterians, and they made a new force in the colony. They made

the valley a garden, guarded and extended the frontier, worshipped God agreeably to the dictates of their own consciences, and became, with another infusion of religious refugees who came later—the Huguenots—a new element of force in the Old Dominion.

From all these different elements came the Virginian character, a character with some singular contradictions in detail, and yet with certain general basic principles which govern it and give it its form and force. From it came in one generation that extraordinary body of men who did so much in the Revolution and afterwards, to create and establish this nation.

The master of characterization, the profound student of life, the ablest analyst of our time, knowing the Old Virginia life, deemed the Old Dominion a worthy refuge and home, in his later years, for Henry Esmond. If there is one character described in the literature of our race by which one would have the race judged, it, perhaps, is the scholar, the soldier, the courtier, the man, the gentleman, Henry Esmond. Recognizing the virtue of the old Virginia life, the great novelist deemed Virginia the most fitting place in which to have Colonel Esmond end his days and leave his blood, and the

sequel to the greatest romance of our time he entitled, "The Virginians."

The elements of character which the Virginian of the Revolutionary time inherited from his father he transmitted to his children.

At the close of the Revolution new conditions had supervened, new energies were demanded, and those men were most successful who could adapt themselves best to the new conditions. Out of this came men like John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Randolph of Roanoke, who were still the leaders in the country, as the older generation had been before them.

Virginia entered upon her new career with a full recognition of her commanding position. The people had become more homogeneous. The participation by all in the war and in the subsequent creation of the new Government had done away with privilege, and opened the way to all. Still, the great leaders were in the prime of their intellectual vigor, and they necessarily still led. The social order was too firmly established to be radically changed at once even by the sterling republicanism which had supervened, and the most republican leaders alongside of their strong republicanism maintained a social order with many aristocratic features.

They disestablished the Church and did away with primogeniture, but still built their seats on the loftiest hills, and maintained their establishments as nearly like those of the English gentry as they might, Jefferson himself levelling the top of a mountain for his mansion. It was one of this class (John Page, of Rosewell) who in Congress prevented the stamping of the President's head on the national coin, and had substituted therefor the figure of Liberty with her cap on her pike.

The Negro question about this time began to assume new importance, and thenceforward it was to be an even more potent factor in all that related to the life of Virginia. Virginia was the first State to declare the slave-trade piracy, and in 1832 she came within one vote of abolishing slavery. The opening up of the West had brought in new elements, political and social. Many of the hardiest of Virginia's sons had gone with their wives and children across the mountains to settle in Kentucky and Tennessee, and had taken with them the political tenets of their mother State. Perhaps, in no other States did politics ever stand so closely related to the social life as in Virginia and Kentucky. It assumed a personal character, and families were divided by their political faiths. In Virginia

it even entered into the considerations governing matrimonial alliances. Fathers interposed objections to their sons paying addresses to girls in families of a different political faith.

Virginia was not even before the war one of the rich States like the cotton and sugar States of the South, but she was at least fairly well off. In those States were many splendid fortunes; in Virginia there were but few of these; but there were many persons who were "comfortably off." They were still almost entirely an agricultural people, and naturally the large fortunes lay in the rich grain-producing belts along the low grounds of the James, the Rappahanock, the Roanoke, etc., or in the fertile valleys. Here the bare-armed wheat-cutters *en echelon* cradled the wheat that fed the country when the great Western grain sections and the reaper which mows them, and which was invented by a Virginian, were alike unknown.

The history of the commonwealth had left its strong impress on the Virginians, and they, perhaps, still were more like the English than were the people of any other State. They continued to pattern their life on that of the old country, even after they had lost the conscious knowledge of the source from which it came. Their social customs were continued. They

could no longer send their sons to English universities, but as substitutes they maintained William and Mary College in the Tidewater, and founded the University of Virginia in the beautiful Piedmont, Jefferson devoting the end of his life to the establishment of the latter, and drawing with his own hand the plans for its charming and classical structures. They preserved the language they brought over, and English travellers remarked on the purity of their English. It is said that Thackeray stated that he heard the purest Saxon English in Virginia that he had ever heard. Freeman and Matthew Arnold are quoted to the same effect at a later time. Be that as it may, the Virginians preserved through all their republicanism a strong feeling, almost like kinship, towards the English. Many of the old families kept up a sort of association with the old country; filled their shelves with English books; took English reviews, and kept abreast of English politics. When the war broke out, it was to England that they looked for recognition and support, and the failure to realize that expectation was scarcely enough to shake their confidence or change their sentiment.

The resemblance in the life was not merely fancied—in the tone at least. It has been called

feudal and aristocratic. This is, perhaps, not the most accurate nomenclature. The old feudal features had in the main passed away with the stanch republicanism that succeeded the Revolution. The aristocratic features were so modified by the introduction of the same factor that what remained was rather a feeling than a condition. There were classes, it is true, and there was, perhaps, a stronger class-feeling than existed anywhere else on this side of the water, unless it was in South Carolina; but the class distinction was not based upon those elements which marked it elsewhere. Birth counted for something, it is true—that is, that a man's forefathers had been gentlemen before him—but it was not sufficient to keep him in the pale if his personal character and address were not up to the standard, and it was not requisite to admit him if they were. What was demanded was a certain personal standard of education, address, and character. The pedigrees, at best, in the great majority of cases, ran back only to some one who had been distinguished in Virginia's history, and if more were asked it was comfortable to believe that it might easily be extended back further without making the attempt to verify it. Wealth meant absolutely nothing.

The standard was personal. Ties of blood were recognized to an extent which has excited the astonishment of the outer world, and cousinship was claimed as long as the common strain could be traced. It was felt that the relationship gave a claim, and the claim was ever honored.

The Virginian still kept open-house, as his fathers had done before him, and hospitality was the invariable law of every class. It had been noted since long before the Revolution. English travellers recorded how gentlemen sent their servants to invite strangers to make their houses their homes, and how the poorer people gave up their beds to make them comfortable. This custom continued. Relatives and friends "came by" with their carriages and servants, summer after summer, on their annual passage to the White Sulphur Springs, or to stay as long as they liked, assured that with their hospitable hosts it was always, "the longer the better." It was, indeed, a purely pastoral life that they led. The large planter on his great plantation with scores of slaves, and the poorer one on his smaller farm with but a few servants, differed only in degree. The life was substantially the same on both estates. The character of the masters was the same: proud, self-contained, brave, generous,

tender when undisturbed, fierce when aroused, loving Virginia idolatrously, and knowing little of and caring less for what was outside of her; his chief glory was that he was a Virginian. Money made no difference to them or in them.

There were handsome estates along the rivers —old colonial mansions with their wings and "offices," terraced gardens and imposing gates, along the Potomac, the lower James, the Rappahannock, the York, etc.; fine houses of a Greek, Gothic, or Italian style on the upper James, the Staunton, the Dan, and in certain portions of the Piedmont and the Valley, etc.; but in the main the houses were plain, unpretentious wooden structures, with additions put on from time to time as the family increased or the demands of hospitality required. Often they had been built for overseers' houses, with the intention of building better mansions as means increased, but the families increased more rapidly than the means. In these unpretentious houses the old Virginian made his home. Here he governed his plantation, raised the wheat, corn, and tobacco which made the Old Dominion wealthy; entertained like a gentleman whoever came within his gates; shot partridges (styled simply "birds") in the fall, fox-hunted in the winter, and at Christmas gathered his children,

his relatives, and his friends about his hearth, and with bowls of apple-toddy and eggnog, amid holly and mistletoe, with peace on earth and good-will towards men, dispensed an abounding hospitality, worshipping God and loving his fellow-men to the best of his ability, having wealth without riches and content without display.

This was the life in Virginia when the John Brown raid shocked her from the Potomac to the North Carolina line. It was "a fire-bell in the night." Every man sprang to attention, and "every mother clutched her babe closer to her bosom."

When the law was vindicated, Virginia settled down again, but there was no longer any possibility of the old repose. When the convention called to consider the question of secession assembled, the great majority were Whigs, undoubted Union men. They resisted secession, with the hope that they might effect a reconciliation, and almost as late as the eve of attack on Sumter rejected it by a vote of more than two to one; they appointed peace commissioners, and used every effort to preserve peace.

Then came the President's call for troops, and, finding that she was to be invaded and must fight on one side or the other, Virginia

stood by the Constitution and retired from the Union.

The outer world has never appreciated the spirit in which the South went to war. It was like a conflagration. After it started, the people outstripped the leaders. Gray-headed men who had been the stanchest maintainers of the Union enlisted and marched to the Peninsular under Magruder or to Manassas under Beauregard. Boys ran away from home to join the army; women cut up their gowns to make flags, and their under-clothes for lint and bandages.

The slavery question, which had been prominent in the previous agitation, now, fused in the furnace, passed completely out of sight, and the battle-cry was the Invasion of the South. With this the entire population of old Virginia rallied to the standard as one man.

It was in this period, and that more terrible one which followed it, that the people of Virginia showed their character. They accepted victory and defeat with equal constancy. No success elated them unduly. No disaster cast them down. Their zeal never flagged, their enthusiasm never wavered. The exactions of war sapped their strength and engulfed their property. There were not men enough left at home to bury the dead, and women not infrequently

were called on to perform the last sad sacred offices. Rich women sent their sons to fight, gave up their jewels to help the cause, or sold their lands to reinvest in Confederate bonds or gunboat-stock. Poor women wrote to their husbands that they were starving, but that they must stand to their duty. This was the spirit all the way through. They never doubted, never flagged. Subsequent events showed that wisdom would have pointed to a different decision; but he would have been rash who would have dared to hint of making peace on any terms less honorable than complete independence. The failure of the Hampton Roads Conference. was based on the universal sentiment of the people.

The condition of the city of Richmond at that time will give an idea of the condition of the country as well. At first only the excitement of war was felt, only its pomp was seen; but in a little time its graver side was understood, and when McClellan's army was within sight of the city's steeples the terrors of war began to be recognized. "The Seven Days' Battles around Richmond" were fought within sound of the church-bells of the capital, and the roar of the artillery floated in at her windows, and drew throngs out into the streets and gardens. There was no panic as some have

stated, only a just realization of the gravity of the situation. Women nerved themselves for the struggle. Soldiers, already wounded, crawled from their beds and made their way to the battle-fields to die.

It was a terrible time indeed. None knew what the next day might bring forth. A general and his staff breakfasted at a country-house just outside of the city. Within three days an ambulance passed through the place on its way from a battle-field with three of the gay breakfast party in it in their coffins. When McClellan fell back the city reacted from the tension, and social life once more began. A memoir of General Pendleton, Lee's Chief of Artillery, written by a lady who was present, gives a picture of the time. "Hearts grew light," it says, "at the knowledge that Richmond was safe and free, and could pet and praise her defenders to her fill; eyes smiled through their tears upon dear ones still left to them; and strangers and friends coming daily to look for others reported 'wounded' or 'missing' were received with cordial and limitless hospitality. The city kept 'open house' for every one who had fought or prayed for her safety."

After this thousands flocked to the city, "refugeeing" before the invading armies, until

its population trebled and quadrupled. Under such circumstances amusement is necessary, and life in the capital grew gay. The entertainments were termed "starvation parties," because there was nothing to eat. Provisions were too high to be wasted at a mere social entertainment, and even if money had not been wanting, the necessaries of life were too precious to be squandered in revelling. A breakfast came to cost more than a year's pay of a private and a month's pay of a captain; a pair of boots cost a thousand dollars; coffee, tea, sugar, and such articles came to be things unknown. Yet the life was not without its compensations, even its joys. There was a pleasure in self-sacrifice where all were vying with each other. Love-making went on all the more prosperously that young Mars who courted in a captain's bars might lay a colonel's stars or even a brigadier's wreath at his lady's feet before the campaign was over. When Petersburg was in a state of siege the favorite ride was across a bridge which was under Federal fire, and horseback rides in the autumn afternoons were all the more exciting in that a dash across the open space might be followed by a shell crashing across behind the horses.

It was not only provisions, but everything,

that was wanting. The dearth of materials exercised the ingenuity of people, and called forth all their cleverness. Old garrets were explored, old trunks were ransacked, and everything available was utilized. Hats were plaited of wheat- or oat-straw by the girls; old silk-stockings were made over into gloves; ball-dresses were fashioned from old lace-curtains and ladies' slippers were made from bits of old satin which might have been remnants of ball-dresses worn by the fair wearers' great-grandmothers at Lady Washington's levees.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox the war ended.

The home-coming of the disbanded remnants of the Southern armies was the saddest hour her people had ever known. Up to that time Virginia and the South at large had not dreamed of final failure.

At first, the news of Lee's surrender came borne, so to speak, by the winds, so vague was the whispered rumor, then taking palpable shape, as it were, as weary stragglers passed along the country roads, stopping in at the naked farms to get a meal, if there were enough left to feed a hungry man. Then little parties passed by with details of the surrender that no longer left any room for even the faintest doubt. And

after weary days—it might be fewer or more—days in which it was not known whether loved ones might not have been captured or killed in the last engagement, they came home foot-sore and broken, dragging themselves along the cannon-worn roads they had marched down so bravely four years before, and, flinging themselves into the arms of weeping mothers or wives or sisters gathered to receive them, surrendered for the first time to despair.

Even then they had no thought of what the immediate future had in store for them. The conditions which existed and the period which ensued were utterly without precedent. The Negroes took prompt advantage of their new freedom, and almost without exception went off, some openly, some by night—those that went openly declaring that "the word had come from Richmond for them." Generally speaking, they returned home after a brief and sad experience of travel and sojourn among strangers.

For a time there appeared danger of some friction under the evil influence of that species of visiting adventurer wittily termed, from the smallness of his personal belongings, "the carpet-bagger," but good sense and the good feeling engendered by long association between

the races prevailed after a while, and the peril passed away.

The soldiers returning from the army found Virginia almost as war-worn as themselves. In many sections the country was swept clean, and the disorganization of labor and the depletion of teams had prevented the proper preparation of a crop. The horses which the soldiers had brought home from Appomattox were not infrequently the chief dependence for a new crop, and before the huzzas over the returning armies of the Union had died away in the North, the soldiers of the other army which had held them at bay so long were working in the fields, trying to build up again the waste places of their States. There is scarcely a professional man over the age of fifty to-day who did not work at the plough during those first years after the war.

The complete prostration of Virginia—indeed, of the whole South—at the close of the war has never been fully apprehended by the outside world. It was not only that property values had been swept away, but that everything expect the bare land from which property values can be created had been extirpated. The entire personal property of the State had been destroyed; the laboring class of a country dependent upon its

agriculture had been suddenly changed from laborers into vagrants, with no property to make them conservative and no authority to hold them in check. Their dependence was suddenly shifted from their former masters to strangers, whose indirect, if not their direct teaching was hostility to the former owners. The country was left overwhelmed with debt, with nothing remaining from which the debts could be paid. It is difficult to conceive of this even as applied to a small section, but when it embraces a great territory covering a dozen great States, with their entire population of many millions, the mind refuses to take it in. Yet such was the case at the South.

It was amid such conditions as these that Virginia and the other Southern States addressed themselves to the new life.

For a time there was a condition which was peculiar. The old life survived for a period in a sort of after-glow; the people thought they could reconstruct the shattered fragments and live it over. They undertook to reorganize their Governments and their life. The one was as vain as the other; but, at least, the dignity and courage with which they set about it call forth unqualified admiration. Certain laws were passed looking to the control of labor. The

whites believed them necessary, as well as wise. The military rulers viewed all such action with possibly not unnatural suspicion, and assumed a fuller control than ever. Whatever disputes arose between whites and blacks were reviewed by the military authorities.

The fact that the land had survived gave it a peculiar if not a fictitious value. It was estimated and appraised highly. Money was borrowed on it to restock and plant it, and the old life went on for a while almost as before, as a wheel continues to turn with its own propulsion even after the motive power is removed.

For a time, under the reaction resulting from the wear and tear of war, the spirit rebounded. After the fatigue of war the meanest home was comfort, and the life was almost gay, even amid the ruins. The South had been overwhelmed, not whipped, and the indomitable spirit of her people survived. So the young soldiers patched up the broken farm-implements, hitched up their thin army-horses, and worked at their crops. They worked like laborers, but they were not mere laborers. They kept ever in view the fact that they were more than ploughmen. Classical schools sprang up again almost as soon as the war closed, and colleges opened with fees fixed at the lowest conceivable sum, and board provided at the low-

est possible figure. Young men poured in when they were too poor to pay even that and had to mess as they had done in the army. They went to town and took positions as watchmen, brakemen, street-car drivers, foremen in factories, anything that would enable them to support themselves and those dependent on them, and would aid them in educating themselves. There was no feeling of indignity, no repining. A man who had hitched the horses to a gun under fire and brought it off under a storm of shot and shell could drive a street-car without chagrin. He had expected to be a brigadier-general then; now he expected to be some day president of the line.

It was a strange spectacle, the people commonly supposed to be the proudest in the land engaging in the work of laborers and losing no caste by it. When night came they dressed up in their best, whatever that was, and went to see the girls, the fair sweet, brave young gentlewomen of the South, or, with their eyes fixed on some profession, they devoted themselves to study, and in the evenings one might find visiting in the parlors, with that old-time courtesy of manner which had made notable the Virginia gentleman, the same men to be seen in the day at the plough or on their engines.

The girls were not less brave than the men. They accepted and married them without a dollar, and, with a sublime faith in their lovers which was a happy augury of the future, went with them to live in the old broken farm-houses or in upper stories in town, planted flowers, hung baskets in their windows, and made their homes fragrant with sweetness and content.

Then came the Reconstruction period. The Negroes were enrolled by the carpet-bag leaders in what was known as the Union League, and were drilled in political antagonism to the whites. And pandemonium came.

The six or eight years of carpet-bag rule were the worst that the South has ever known. It is the writer's belief based on serious study of the facts that the Southern States were poorer when these years ended than when the war closed. However theorists may regard it, it was an object-lesson which the Southern States can never forget. The conditions then existing paralyzed every energy but one, and withdrew the South from the common movement of progress. The States which went through it could think only of existence; they had to struggle for mere life. Even after these States obtained control of their governments, the conditions were for a while such that there could be no advance. It was

at this time that South-Side Virginia suffered most. She was in the "Black Belt," and the incubus upon her was a burden which kept her down.

The Negro question was a theory or a sentiment with the outside world; with the South it was and still is a vital fact. Only time can solve it. It has already solved some of its problems. Before it did so, however, much injury had been done Virginia and the other Southern States, from which they are but now recovering. The Virginia Negroes, however, either because of their close relations with their masters or because of other conditions, appear to be of a higher grade generally than those of States further South, and the relations between the races is in the main amicable and pleasant.

Virginia has always been a great colonizer, and her sons have gone forth from her to build up with their energy the great States which lie to the south and west, and to strengthen them with their brain and character. They are to be found in every Western and Northwestern State, where they began as cowboys on ranches, as mechanics in factories, as brakemen on railways, clerks in law-offices, anything that was honorable, and have worked themselves up to the highest positions of trust and responsibility.

They have filled every position, from that of chief executive of their States down, and always with honor. But this has been at a terrible loss to the old mother State, and the pride in her sons' success has had something of pain that they no longer live within her borders and strengthen her with their strength.

The disorganization of the laboring class in Virginia and the condition of her transportation facilities, coupled with universal lack of means at that time, almost destroyed her agriculture. The Negro as a slave was an excellent laborer; as a freeman, at least under conditions which have existed in the country, he is not. Under compulsion he works laboriously, but otherwise not steadily, and generally only when he is obliged to work. Cincinnatus is the only recorded instance of a statesman who was also a good ploughman. At the ordinary cost of corn and bacon in Virginia, a man can for $25 obtain meat and bread enough to give him three meals a day for the whole year.

The old planter-system proved generally wholly unsuited to the new conditions, and under the continued depression of agriculture, and such agricultural products as it had been the custom to raise in Virginia, it almost entirely disappeared. When labor only gave a

half-year's work for a full year's hire, only that man could afford to farm who was independent of labor. Thus, the old planter-class gradually passed away, the young representatives of it going to cities and seeking other fields of enterprise for the application of their faculties, and their place has been taken by the small-farmer, who works at the plough himself, or who hires a few "hands" to work under his own eye.

Few outside of the South dream of the privations which the old planter-class have gone through in these years. That they have endured in silence is their best testimonial. A few years ago it was not unusual to find in old neighborhoods in certain sections the best houses shut up and the farms abandoned or let to tenants at a rental which was merely nominal —homes which had once been the centres of a life as elegant and charming as ever graced any people. Some places were held on to, but went steadily down year by year, there being absolutely no money to keep them up. Yet, through all the poverty there remained just that something which preserved in them without money that which distinguished the Virginia homes when they were the seats of ease and elegance, and about which the light of romance yet lingers.

There life still is based on the old foundations

of purity and peace. Preserved from the materialism of the present, it still keeps the simplicity of the past. Hospitality and the domestic virtues yet survive, and notwithstanding some changes, the old standards of gentility and righteousness of life still stand. One may yet drive through the country, from one end of Virginia to the other, and never pay a cent; and if he were to stall or break down in the road, there is not a Virginia farmer who would not cheerfully turn out of his bed to help pull him out.

The conditions have of late been changing. Virginia, instead of being, as the cant phrase went, "a good country to come from," has become once more a good country to come to. Her advantages of location and climate have ever been recognized, and of late other advantages also have been discovered. Her transportation facilities have been steadily improving, her mineral resources have attracted the attention of capital, and, being examined, have been found to be wonderful both in quantity and quality. Her coal produces the highest speed in the ocean racers, and her iron brings the best prices at the Northern forges.

The improvement in her transportation facilities was the beginning of her new era; her timber regions have been penetrated, and have

proved a great field for new enterprise. Unhappily ignorance of the value of her forests has led to their devastation and is steadily tending to their destruction. The judge of one of her southwestern counties, being shown in Chicago a few years ago suites of walnut furniture as something remarkable, said, "Young man, in my country we make fence-rails of walnut." The development of her mineral resources has given an impetus to manufactures, and factories have been and are being established; villages are springing up on all sides and are becoming towns, whilst the towns are growing into cities.

Richmond has long been a manufacturing city. Over one-fourth of her entire population is engaged in manufactures, and some of the largest manufactories in the country are there.

The diversity of life in the Old Dominion may be illustrated by the fact that one of the greatest ship-yards in this country, and one of the greatest winter health-resorts—those at Newport News and Old Point Comfort respectively—have been established only six miles apart, at the mouth of the great river on which our race first found a lodgement in this country, and the names of both places

are memorials of the hardships which the first settlers endured.

If at one time the interest in Virginia's mineral resources grew to excitement and the progress ran into a "boom," it was but the natural and common result of the conditions which were suddenly disclosed, and though inexperience and folly ran away with the movement, and wound up, as every one in his sober senses knew it must end, yet the general result was growth; the advance never wholly receded. What were believed to be incipient cities are, at least, growing villages, the conditions which first caused the excitement still exist, and the progress is going on steadily, on an ever firmer and firmer basis. The beauty of that section of Virginia cannot be overstated, and it seems to the writer destined to become one of the most prosperous and wealthy regions in the entire country.

It is, however, not only the southwest that is now improving; other sections as well are in the movement, and after the long night the day seems at last to have broken. Even the poorest section is beginning to advance. One large portion of it, lying within the influence of the Chesapeake, has been found admirably adapted to truck farming, and now furnishes fruits and vegetables for the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New

York, and Boston weeks before they can ripen a hundred miles further inland; other portions produce bright tobacco which brings many times the price of the common leaf; in yet others, other resources are being developed. The farmer has learned in the school of experience where to let out and where to take in. He no longer confines himself to cereals and tobacco. Stock is being raised more generally than before and agriculture is placed on a more scientific basis.

A gauge of Virginia's advance may be found in the fact that whilst other classical schools and colleges continue to maintain their number of students, the University of Virginia, the pride of the State, has doubled her number within the last few years. The country is once more filling up. The cheapness of the lands, the salubriety of the climate and the charm of the life have arrested attention, and the beautiful old country-houses are being bought up by Northerners of capital, or as Virginians have made money in cities the old instinct has awakened, and they are returning to the country, buying and fitting up country-places in which to bring up their children and spend their declining years amid scenes associated with their happy youth. The climate is attracting those who can no longer stand the rigors of a Northern winter, and many

new settlers are seeking homes in the Old Dominion, where wealth is not needed, and contentment yet has its home. The old country places are thus being opened again, and the old life pure, sweet, and gracious which made her distinguished in the past is beginning under new conditions to be lived once more in the Old Dominion.

VIII

AN OLD NEIGHBORHOOD IN VIRGINIA

THE old neighborhood in Virginia in which the writer was born and reared lies "in the forks of Pamunkey," in Hanover County —that county of fierce battles—just where the foothills of the Piedmont melt into the Tidewater region, about thirty miles to the northwest of Richmond. The road which used to connect it with the outer world followed "the ridge" between two small streams, known as Newfound River and Little River, which flow into the Northanna, and with the Southanna make the historical Pamunkey, and no streams cross it for a distance of at least twenty-five miles. A few miles away, on either side, the roads that run from Richmond to the mountains wind along other ridges between the rivers, and down these roads in my boyhood used to go the great covered wagons, with their jingling bells.

It was one of the many similar neighborhoods that existed throughout Virginia, each of which

constituted a sort of little separate world all to itself. On either side of the main road for ten miles to the old, gray-brick, colonial church—the "Fork Church"—with their mansions set back on hills amid groves of oak, hickory and locust, and separated so far that no man could "hear his neighbor's dog bark," lay the plantations of gentle-people, all of whom were more or less allied with the gentle-folk of Eastern Virginia, and more remotely with a portion of the gentry of England. Farther back on other roads lay generally a somewhat different class, though there were gentle-people there, too, while interspersed among them were the little homesteads of those who were known as the "poor whites." Some of these were tidy and well-kept, while others were mere cabins of the most squalid kind, a sad testimonial to the evil effects of a slave system which cut off the free laborer from the opportunity to work and develop. To some of these places, among them the writer's home, the title was that of grants from the English Crown, while to others it was simply that of an immemorial possession, dating back to the time when the region was the frontier.

Among the population may still be found the traits of frontiersmen with an instinct for woodcraft and an absence of the commercial instinct;

which, possibly, comes from the generation that drove the Indian back to the mountains, which on clear days may be faintly seen upon the blue rim of the western horizon.

The region, secluded as it appears, with its deep forests and its lonely roads, is not lacking in historical interest. Not far below lie the birthplaces of Patrick Henry—"the Trumpet of the Revolution"—and of Henry Clay, "the Mill-boy of the slashes." A mile from the writer's home, on a part of the old Nelson domain which is still in the family, died General Thomas Nelson, Jr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence and commander of Virginia's forces at the siege of Yorktown, his home, where, learning that General Washington had ordered his mansion to be spared if possible, he offered a prize to the first gunner who should hit it, and, according to an old tradition, paid it to a young French ensign named Bernadotte, who later became King of Sweden. A few miles below is "Scotchtown," a quaint, gambrel-roofed house where Dolly Madison was reared, and where Patrick Henry for a time made his home, while farther off towards the lower end of the county lie Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Gaines's Mill, and many others of the bloody battle-fields of the campaigns of 1862 and 1864.

When the writer can first remember, few regions in the world would have appeared less likely than this to be the scene of historical events. Set back among the forests, far from the currents of modern life, and divided from the outside world by the little streams which for long distances flowed only a few miles apart; accessible only by roads which during a considerable part of the year were well-nigh impassable, the life was as quiet as though it had been caught in an eddy, and old habits of thought and old customs of speech and of life survived for generations, almost without change. Only one gentleman in the county had ever crossed the ocean, and not a great many had ever crossed the Potomac River. The solitary mail-rider passed up the road twice a week, and it was a part of the duty of the children to meet him at the "big gate" and get the mail. If more or fresher news were wanted, the railway was only seven miles away and one train passed noisily each way once every day.

From books, however, the people were familiar with England, and to a considerable extent with France and Italy, and, possibly, they were more interested in the former country than in any parts of the United States beyond the confines of Virginia. There was an absence of wealth in the sense in which the term is under-

stood now, but there was much wealth in that better sense of the term in which it is used in the old liturgy, and a part of the family-prayers used every morning was, to be granted, "minds always contented with our present condition."

The plantations, which contained anywhere from three hundred to a thousand acres, were in the main well tilled, and wheat, corn and tobacco were raised in such quantities that there was abundance not only for whites and blacks, but for the constant stream of visitors who enjoyed the hospitalities of that most hospitable region. If the time had passed when gentlemen, as in a former generation, sent their servants out to the main road to watch for the casual traveller and invite him in, the latch-string still hung always outside—literally so at the writer's home—and the houses were filled to overflowing with those who, with or without claim, came to partake of that bounteous entertainment.

Half the life of the boys was spent on pallets made up on the floor, and at seasons of reunion, such as Christmas and other festive occasions, there was scarcely an available spot from garret to basement which was not utilized. In one family of which I knew, the master and mistress always retired at Christmas to the attic, so full was the house. It was a season so given up to jollity

and cheer that the hiring-contracts of servants ran from New Year only to the "Christmas holidays." Its joys and its sanctities have survived all the manifold chances and changes of our time, and every one still knows that "Christmas comes but once a year."

That this hospitality was not always appreciated by the guest is illustrated by a story which the writer used to hear in his youth of one who after a visit asked the loan of a good horse to carry him on to his next stopping place, a town which lay at a considerable distance. The host accordingly lent him his horse and sent along a Negro boy to bring the horse back. As, however, after some days the boy did not return, some one was sent to hunt him up. The messenger finding him demanded to know why he had not returned with the horse.

"'Cause dat gent'man done sell de horse," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't you return and say so?" demanded the messenger.

"Hi! He done sell me, too," said the boy.

But this story, if not apocryphal, certainly represented the rare exception, for the claims of hospitality were quite universally recognized, and any wayfarer, whatever his condition, was at liberty to put in at the first "big gate" which

struck his fancy, and was sure of a welcome and gracious entertainment so long as he chose to remain. The only call upon his purse was that of paying on his departure a quarter to the servant who brought his horse, or who handed him his julep, and unless some of the old letters exaggerate conditions, these "vales" were not always easy to meet. Every gentleman was sure to do this, and the servants were quite likely to gauge a gentleman by his readiness to follow this amiable custom. "Mr. Spectator," was as much a familiar in these households as in those for which Sir Roger was originally painted. And there were guests who, like Will Honeyman, spent their lives in visiting from place to place, and who, like him, made full return by their handiness in contributing to the enjoyment of their friends and entertainers and their readiness to do them favors in all ways within their power. There were others who, having spent the night under some hospitable roof, found the entertainment so much to their taste that they spent there the remainder of their lives. Of one such casual visitor I remember to have heard that regularly once a year he ordered his horse and then sadly announced to his host that he "feared he ought to be leaving." This, of course, the host naturally "regretted," and

suggested that he need be in no hurry and hoped that he would remain longer; on which he regularly returned his thanks and accepted with graciousness for another year the renewed invitation. This was the very forge on which individuality was wrought.

Here in their homely, rambling country houses, given to hospitality, lived a race sprung from old English, Scotch and Huguenot stock, clearly patterning their lives on Plutarch's characters, with a tempering of Christianity; simple, sincere, kindly and content with the blessing of Agar: neither poverty nor riches.

It seems to have been imagined by the outside world that in this region the people were less religious than in some other sections of the country; but the idea is either erroneous or else Piety must have reached elsewhere a degree of which the writer has never seen any sign. They were, indeed, the most religious people that he has ever known. In very old times, as we know, attendance on Religious Service was required by law there as elsewhere and was enforced by rigorous penalties; but in our time no such requirement was needed; every one went to church by choice or habit. No Puritan Sabbath was ever spent under more rigorous and rigid regulations than the Virginia Sunday in old times. All

secular pursuits and amusements were as absolutely interdicted as under the blue-laws of a previous generation. And this rigorous observance of the Sabbath still remains a characteristic of the life, after it has been relaxed elsewhere. As a Northerner not long since observed, "It seems now to be no longer 'Puritan New England,' but rather 'Puritan Virginia.'"

It may illustrate this sentiment to say that even now in the writer's old home family-prayers are held three times a day. Indeed, much of the social life still, as formerly, centres about the Church. And religion enters into the life of the people as hardly anywhere else that the writer has been. He has seen hay-harvest go on in New England on Sunday as well as on other days; but has seen in Virginia fields of ripe tobacco caught and destroyed by a sudden frost because the owners were not willing to cut on Sunday.

It may be as was once observed by the writer's father, that "the Fourth Commandment in our region was violated not so much by the breaking of the Sabbath as by breaking the other six days in the week."

There was but one man in the neighborhood who was openly an unbeliever, and I remember that he was looked on by us youngsters with

somewhat the same awe with which a man condemned to death is regarded. By the elders he was, if reprobated for his tenets, esteemed for his kindness, and possibly was considered a proper subject for proselytizing. He not infrequently came over to spend the day at my old home, and, as on such occasions, he was sure to stay over at least one service of family-prayers, he used to take a paper and retire to the veranda till what he termed "the superstitious rites" were over.

Years later the writer fell in with him once on the cars when he was in extreme old age. With his long, white hair and beard, he looked like a hoary old prophet. He at once began to inquire cordially after the various members of the family. "The best people in the world;" he declared them, "but eaten up with superstition." Finally he asked after one who was a young clergyman. "I hope he is prospering?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, present my regards to him. Tell him I say he has selected the best profession."

This began to look as though my grandmother's prayers were meeting with some answer. But he continued:

"Yes, he has secured to himself all the necessaries of life and a great many of the luxuries.

In fact, my son, I am d—d sorry now that I did not turn my own attention to the ministry."

And with this final shot he got off the train.

In the matter of education the gentry were not behind those of the same class in any other part of America. Nearly all were college-bred men. As their fathers had been trained at William and Mary, so they in turn had for the most part either attended some Northern institution or else had been educated at Jefferson's great foundation—the University of Virginia. Added to this they possessed good libraries; composed, it is true, of works somewhat antiquated, but none the less valuable. The gentlemen nearly all had a fair acquaintance with Latin, and the ladies with French. And the one gentleman mentioned as having travelled abroad had written a translation of the poems of Ariosto. An admirable classical school, known simply as, "The Academy," whose fame extended far beyond the confines of Virginia and drew students from many other States, existed under the direction of a noted teacher—Colonel Lewis Coleman, who subsequently became professor of Latin at the University of Virginia. Later, on the outbreak of war, with nearly the entire faculty and student-body, he went into the army, and fell at Fredericksburg.

With regard to facilities for the education of other classes not so much can be said in praise. There were a number of "old-field" schools in the county, but they were mainly of that type which Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson has so quaintly and delightfully portrayed in "Dukesborough Tales," and little education was gotten from them.

In our old neighborhood, however, was established a little free school, the only one in the writer's childhood in that immediate region. This small seminary, which belonged to the class known as "old-field" schools, was, as is still recorded on the painted sign above the door, established by a bequest made in 1844 by one Aaron Hall, a small farmer, who left his entire estate "to educate the children of his poor white neighbors." In pursuance of his bequest a number of gentlemen were appointed trustees. A couple of hewn-log houses were built by "old Uncle Ralph," and "Carpenter William," the Negro carpenters from the writer's home, one for the school-house and the other for the teacher's dwelling; and there for sixty-odd years Aaron Hall's beneficence has borne fruit.

The total income was only about $250 per annum, but so well was the fund invested that when the writer's father, who was the treasurer,

came home from Appomattox, though he had not a cent in the world, or a dollar's worth of property, except the two horses ridden by himself and his servant, the little endowment of Hall's Free School was not only intact, but had increased in value. The learning imparted there was neither very broad nor very deep, but it served. Small as was its endowment and indifferent as was its teaching, the school was a little oasis in that section. The neighborhood about it showed as clearly the effects of its work as the sands of Arabia show the marks of a perennial fountain. The people about it, belonging largely to the class whom Mr. Lincoln used to call "the plain people," have the stuff in them which, when called forth, has made the Anglo-Saxon race and given it its history. They have the good old English names—Stanley, Halloway, Askew, Lowry, West, etc.—and are pure Anglo-Saxon, with old English traits; speaking quaint old English. And fine features, and straight, clean-cut figures are not uncommon, for they are of good old stock. On the outbreak of war, they flocked into the army and made excellent soldiers, and many a small household to-day counts its sons who died on the battlefield, or in the hospital.

One of the causes which contributed to keep

the old neighborhood so quaint and old-fashioned has doubtless been its remoteness, or, at least, the difficulty of access to it from the outside world.

I once asked an old soldier who had been in Virginia all during the war, what had struck him most while in the South, and his instant reply was, "Mud! Mud! Mud!" It was, indeed, mud. Mud was at times worth to the South a hundred thousand men, for it held whole armies back. It is one of the memories of my childhood; for we went to church every Sunday irrespective of weather or of roads, and as "Trinity," the nearer of the churches, was four miles off, and the other, Old Saint Martin's, known as "the Fork Church," was ten miles away, we had abundant opportunity to know what *mud* means. When the roads became too bottomless for the ordinary teams, a pair of mules were hitched on in front of the carriage horses, and we went "just the same." How people who lived "on the road" stood such terrible highways is a wonder of modern life. There were mud-holes that had lasted for generations.

I once asked an old aunt what was the most vivid recollection of her childhood, and she answered promptly, "Being dressed in the carriage on my way to see my grandmother."

It is said that my grandmother three times a week took her children in the carriage to see her old blind mother who lived ten miles off. Some one explained the illegible handwriting of another member of the family by the fact that he had been taught to write in the carriage on these pious pilgrimages. However this may be, half of the life of a man was spent "on the road," and the roads were so incredibly bad that it would appear almost impossible that they should have been tolerated. Yet the standing order was under all conditions, "Plumb the track."

At that time the road from our old home to the railway, like many of the Virginia roads, instead of taking even an approximately direct course, began by running in quite the opposite direction, and after a detour of seven miles reached the railway at a point which was really less than five miles distant from the starting-point.

And when, as sometimes happened, the bridge across Little River, on this road, was washed away, it was necessary in times of high water, unless one were willing to swim his horse (which we sometimes did), to make a yet further detour by Honeyman's Bridge, which made the distance quite ten miles. Yet, all this time plantation-roads led through most of the plantations by the

"Horse-shoe Ford" directly to the station less than five miles away.

Now and then efforts were made to get a high-road "put through" from the back country to the station; but as often as there appeared a chance of success, the gentleman who owned the plantation lying on the railway would get in his carriage and drive eight or ten miles around by Trinity Church to visit the worthy farmers whose places lay on the other side of the river, directly in the line of the proposed road, and explain to them how much more important it was for them to have privacy than to have a public road to the station which would cut off nearly two-thirds of the distance.

It was in part, doubtless, this difficulty of access from the railway and in part the absence of water on the ridge-road that during the war forced the armies to march down other roads than this, and thus gave the neighborhood immunity from the visitation of the enemy except on an occasional raid. For, curiously enough, although the direct track of the armies, Union and Confederate, during two campaigns, passed across the county within less than a score of miles of the old neighborhood, and although the sound of the guns in almost every battle of McClellan's, Burnside's and Grant's campaigns was distinctly

heard; although, indeed, the line of several raids lay within three miles of Oakland, and small bodies of troops belonging to raiding parties, were from time to time seen on the opposite hills, as it happened, no Union soldier during the war put his foot on our plantation. I remember that this used to be attributed directly to my grandmother's prayers, but a wag once said that it was because the raiders were afraid my grandmother would have prayers for them.

Few persons passing by the quiet, little hamlet of Beaver Dam on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway nowadays dream of the fact that the long, low, massive brick building which serves as a station and freight-house is more than a commonplace railway station. Yet, at this point the old Virginia Central Railroad, the chief highway of transportation during the war from the rich regions of southwest Virginia and the Valley of Virginia to Richmond, ran nearest to Spottsylvania County, but a few miles away, and thus offered a continual temptation to the bold raiders of Hooker and Grant to strike for it by a dash around Lee's left wing and destroy, if possible, his chief line of communication. And the temptation was not always resisted.

Thus it was, that when the writer was a small boy, at times the glow on the near horizon to the

northwestward told in vivid characters written on the evening sky of the raids around Lee's army, lying between the Northanna and the Rappahannock, and of swift dashes for the Confederate Capital. Three times, as he recalls, this glow came nearer than the long sickle-like sweep of the northern sky-line: on the occasions when Stoneman and Kilpatrick and Sheridan, riding hard for Richmond, struck the Virginia Central Railway and burned Beaver Dam Depot. On such occasions there was always the excitement, delightful enough to children, of running the stock and the horses off to the woods for fear they should be taken, and of hiding the silver. The custodian of these valuables was almost invariably some one of the trusted old servants, and the writer personally never knew of the violation of such a trust.

Strangely enough, there was always some intimation beforehand that the raiders were coming, some vague rumor by the "under-ground railway." Such occasions were always of intense interest to the boys, for it was likely to liberate us from school, and we were given the privilege of going over to see the soldiers pass. Thus, vivid memories remain of the raiders and of the Confederate cavalry which followed them up—it seemed to us rather slowly—their roads marked

generally by columns of dust rising high above the forests—with an occasional skirmish between rear and advanced guards, till at the proper point and time there would be a dash, and then the Gray line would stretch across the road and block the way.

On one occasion, at least, the raiders destroyed at Beaver Dam several days' rations for Lee's army which had been brought from Richmond and stored there as a point convenient to his location in Spottsylvania County, ten miles away, and secure from just the sort of attack that destroyed them. It was when Sheridan made his dash for the Confederate capital in 1864, when Jeb Stuart gave his life to head him off at the Yellow Tavern, almost in sight of the spires of Richmond.

The writer well remembers going with the other boys, white and black, to the station the following day and the scene that presented itself —the yawning, fire-scorched walls of the massive brick structure that had been put up as a storehouse for the supplies, and the long line of yet smouldering embers where the sheds had been, under which the coffee and sugar, flour, meat and sorghum barrels had been stored. What a waste it appeared! For flour and meat were scarce in private homes in that region about 1864

and coffee and sugar were inaccessible, and here the roads were filled with melted sugar and grease. The railroad for a quarter of a mile was a blackened curve, where red rails coiled and writhed in all sorts of contortions from the fires built on them. Our object was to collect cartridges from which to get powder and make shot for our fowling pieces, which consisted in part of old abandoned muskets. We were a little shy of mingling with the Yankees. So, though they never disturbed us, or did anything worse than question us and call us "little Johnnies," we usually kept aloof and looked at them from a respectful distance.

There had been a little skirmish at Beaver Dam, and there were stacks of muskets which had been piled up and burned, covering a considerable area, while near the fork in the road, a mile below, were two fresh-made graves; one, it was rumored, of a young officer of high rank—it was even whispered of a brigadier—while under a booth of boughs in a fence-corner lay yet a third poor fellow, too badly wounded to be moved even to the nearest house.

Several years later, just after the war, when the troops were stationed throughout the country, and the Government was collecting the remains of its dead soldiers to be interred in the

national cemeteries, the writer, as a little boy, piloted an officer of the company posted at Beaver Dam, with his resurrection squad, to the grave of one of these men who was killed on this raid. I recall that he offered me a greenback, which was declined with the design of showing him that I was a gentleman's son.

The tramp home at night, after following a raid, was over roads thick and soft with the flour-like dust made by the march of regiments, marked by the trail of snakes and other wild things; through tangles of abatis thrown across the road to delay the pursuing force and through woods which were blazing with the fires that had been started and were sweeping through the timber. Looking back at it now it was weird enough, but at the time it seemed only natural.

At the river, as the bridge was down, we all "cooned it," that is, crept across a great fallen tree which stretched from one bank to the other. I wonder now that we were not afraid, for, loaded down as we were with cartridges, had any one of us slipped off in the dark he would have gone to the bottom like a stone. Fortunately, we had the courage and unconsciousness of ignorance. Now and then we would meet some servant who had been sent out to "look for the

boys." No one appears ever to have dreamed that he might go off with the Yankees.

How the women managed to maintain the plantations during the war is even yet a mystery. There were some twenty whites and fifty blacks on our place, and so clean was the country swept for the subsistence of the troops that often one of us boys has ridden behind our mother all day trying to get bread for next day. I recall one visit to the old infidel who has been mentioned. "Madam," he said, in answer to my mother's application, "I have but two pieces of meat left, but you shall have one of them." And he called "Lucy Ann," his cook, and made her get half his remaining store. Possibly the denial of Henly Doswell was better than some professions.

It was at this same little station, Beaver Dam, that Stonewall Jackson disembarked his "foot-cavalry" from the trains when, having slipped away from the front of the enemy, he marched to face McClellan and astound Fitz John Porter, when he was thought to be held fast in the valley by Banks and Milroy. And by that station again, in furtherance of Lee's grand strategy, he passed as swiftly and as silently but a few weeks later, with that army, now "long familiar with the morning star," to slip through Thoroughfare Gap and strike Pope on the doubly

bloody plain of Manassas when the latter thought he was safe below Richmond.

The fame which Stonewall Jackson had already achieved and the manner in which he was held by the Southern people at this time is illustrated by an incident which happened during this forced march from the victorious fields about Richmond to the yet more victorious field of Manassas.

As Jackson with his staff was on this march riding through the old neighborhood some distance ahead of his troops, he stopped at a small homestead on the road near the Fork Church and asked for water. The good woman of the house hastily brought a pitcher and drew a fresh bucket from the well. As the dusty and travel-stained leader was drinking, a member of his staff told her who he was. She said not a word, but when he had finished she took the pitcher and poured out on the ground all the water that was left. Then she said to the others: "Gentlemen, I will fetch you another vessel, for so long as I live no one else shall ever drink from this pitcher, which has been consecrated by the lips of Stonewall Jackson."

The close of the war found the old neighborhood swept clean of everything.

After the war there was a period of much

privation. Everything was gone except the land, and that for a time appeared valueless. One old gentleman expressed something of the general view when he said to a Federal officer: "If you had taken our land and left us our Negroes, we should have been much better off than we are, for we might have worked or sold the Negroes, whereas we can neither work the land, nor sell it."

In fact, it looked for a time as though starvation were not far off. The servants at first nearly all left and went to seek their fortunes either about the camps, or in the cities. They appeared to feel that it was necessary to go off to have proof that they were really free. Some departed boldly with their effects packed in carts, others slipped away in the night, unable to face the ordeal of leave-taking. This condition, however, did not last very long, as for the most part they soon came back, satisfied by a sharp if brief experience that they could do better with their own old masters than with strangers, and either settled on or near the old plantations.

A tribute to the whole population of the old neighborhood was paid once in the writer's presence by that fine old Virginian, ex-Governor Smith. At the close of the war, a reward of ten thousand dollars was offered for his appre-

hension, and although there was probably not half that sum in the whole county, he spent several months among the people, most of whom knew him, and many of whom were on the verge of starvation, with no more fear of being betrayed than if he had been across the border.

In the time of our dearth at Oakland the first aid came to us from Mrs. Dupont, of Delaware, the wife of that gallant Admiral who strove in vain to seize the Southern coast. The great box which she sent down contained not only necessaries which were sadly wanted, but dainties which were the first that had been seen in that household within four years. After nearly forty years my heart always warms at that honored name.

With the aid of "stay-laws" and under the spur of necessity an attempt was made for a while to resurrect the old life, or, at least, to reconstruct from its fragments something that might a little resemble it. It cannot, however, be said that the effort was wholly successful. Just as the "stay-laws" expired and litigation began for the collection of old debts, the Reconstruction measures began to undermine the relation of mutual kindliness which had ever existed between the old masters and servants and well-nigh destroyed the new labor system which had begun to grow up.

One of the writer's memories of Lee's storehouse at Beaver Dam is of the first election under the Reconstruction system, where the Negroes were marshalled by the United States officials and led up to vote for the first time, while the whites, disfranchised and angry, stood glowering and jeering by.

Following upon this there was a period of real poverty, and, notwithstanding the efforts which were made, the old plantations which had been cultivated began to grow up once more in forest. The writer's father, who had been a major in the Confederate Army, was a lawyer, and was enabled by stinting to give his sons the benefit of an education, while his uncle, who had been a colonel of artillery, ran the plantation. But on many of the other plantations the families were not so fortunate, and until those who had been children during the war grew up, there was a period of real hardship. Happily, common misfortune had increased the feeling of neighborliness. The old home, like most others, always open to those who chose to come, had been during the war an asylum for all the family and friends who were "refugeeing," and it always continued an asylum and refuge for the whole connection.

For many years after the war it appeared as if the old neighborhood were doomed to a con-

stant decline. "Labor" became more and more "trifling." The young people of the better class nearly all left and went off elsewhere to seek their fortune, while it was some time before the body of the people awoke fully to the opportunities presented to the small farmer. The land went down until it got to a point where it could get no lower, and it still can be bought for the worth of the timber on it, and in good seasons may be paid for from a single crop.

The houses were built in a former age with no reference to railroads and modern conditions; the lands were poor, markets inaccessible; and with the new conditions the ability of the owners to maintain themselves perished and, after long struggling, they submitted perforce, and new owners came in and took possession. These were of the class which, if they made little, spent nothing—the small-farmer class which work with their own hands.

One of the handsomest houses in the county in which I was reared, and which once was the home of culture, elegance, and princely hospitality, is now in the possession of a tenant. Not long since a gentleman passed through the place and stopped there. A dinner-pot boiled in the old drawing-room, hung on a spike driven into a crack in a fine old marble mantel.

Another such house, in a neighboring county, where I used to visit as a youngster, comes to my mind. It had been owned for many generations by the old Virginia family which at that time still made it one of the most charming houses in the State. A bevy of lovely girls, transmitting the traditional beauty of their mother (which, indeed, though faded with years and sorrow, still spoke for itself), made it one of the most popular places in Virginia. The old flower-garden, filled with old-fashioned roses, lilacs, hollyhocks, and other flowers in profusion, stretched wide around it, with walks and bowers which many lovers blessed, as they had blessed them, and the horse racks and stables were never empty of visitors' horses; whilst within and all about were a sweetness and charm which have never been surpassed. A friend whom I first met there told me he was there not long ago. He found the mansion divided up and occupied by two or three families of foreigners, whose women went barefooted, and whose children sprawled in rags and dirt about the once polished floors.

There are some who never hear the word gentleman without thinking it is an insult to themselves, and who will perhaps say that the place serves a better use now than in the days

when plenteous hospitality and elegance had their homes there. This might be so could the several families not obtain food and shelter elsewhere; but had the family come by natural evolution into the first mansion, they would not have cracked the mantel. When they shall develop, if they ever develop, they will want marble mantels uncracked; but it will be long before they reach that point. Meantime the families which once occupied these old houses and used marble mantels have passed away or gone far off. These are no exceptional cases. It is easy to find similar instances throughout the entire South; indeed, it is hard not to find them.

Of late, however, the people have awakened and the forests are giving place to well-tilled fields. The generation that went off after the war have returned or are returning, some bringing their sheaves with them, and are building up once more the waste places. Some of the old plantations are being restored, while others, which were once large estates cultivated by slave labor, are now divided into small farms, cultivated by their owners. On the former culture and refinement dwell as of yore, and the steadily improving schools are awaking the small farmer to the opportunities at his door.

Thus, "the old neighborhood," as its friends love to call it, finds itself falling a little into the movements of modern life, and with a pleasant and healthful climate, a responsive soil, kindly manners and old-fashioned ideas, it offers a haven of rest to whomsoever, after having been tossed and buffeted by the winds and waves of varying fortune, may come home to see how sweet and peaceful life with content may be.

IX

AN OLD VIRGINIA SUNDAY

UNTIL just now there has been apparent an impression which somehow became quite general out of the South, that nearly everything that has counted for much in the history of this country, either sprang from or took its color from New England. Much of the history which has been written of late years teaches this—inferentially, perhaps, but quite distinctly.

For example, the New England Puritans have been rather assumed to have been the only very religious population of the colonies. They have certainly been declared by those who have undertaken to set up as teachers, to have been the only section of the population inspired by a high ethical principle. While, on the other hand, the population of the South, particularly of Virginia, have been assumed to have been a roystering, hell-raking lot of adventurers who, ready enough maybe to fight in any cause, good or bad, yet wanted the essential principle of serious

character, from which alone any great achievement could spring.

Even so thoughtful, and later, so well informed an historian as the late John Fiske stated in his "Beginnings of New England" that the principle of "No taxation without representation" on which the Revolutionary War was fought, had its first beginning in America in a town-meeting in Massachusetts in 1630.

Much of the recent teaching of history has been to the effect that Virginia was settled mainly with a view to discovering gold and obtaining worldly wealth, while into the name of the Virginia adventurers, whose far-seeing wisdom, patriotic zeal and religious fervor devoted their fortunes and in many instances their lives to building up an Anglo-Saxon Empire in the West, has been read a debased meaning which grew out of later and quite other conditions.

The planting of Virginia had its origin in the patriotic zeal of the people of England to wrest this continent from Spain, and build up for England a great Anglo-Saxon Protestant State in the West which should enable her to withstand Spain's vaulting ambition which menaced the world.

It has been charged by those ignorant of the

facts or incapable of comprehending them, that Virginia was planted only for gain. The fact is far otherwise.

The planting of Virginia had its origin in the religious zeal of the people of England; the prime objects of the movement were ever expressed to be the "welfare of the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of England," and the final instructions to the first colony that settled at Jamestown closed with an exhortation "to serve and fear God, the Giver of all Goodness, for every plantation which our Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out." This exhortation the new settlers ever observed, and though the forms of worship differed on their part, and on the part of the Puritans, no Puritans were ever more zealous than these Church of England colonists of Virginia. Religious fervor was the characteristic of the time. The annals and records show that religion was a prominent part of their life, and from that day to this the people of Virginia have been among the most religious people in the world.

On that first Sunday when the Indians took the fort, as soon as the attack had been repulsed, "Worthy Master Hunt" asked the president if it were his pleasure to have a sermon, and Wingfield replied that the "men were weary and

hungry, and if it pleased him he would wait until some other time." And even this failure was made the subject of a charge against him by his enemies.

The records are full of the piety of the time, and the ministrations of those faithful Soldiers of Christ, who came in the true missionary spirit, prepared to lay down their lives even with joy in their Master's service.

It is believed that the first edifice erected after the construction of the fortifications was, however rude, a church, and on its site four sacred edifices arose before Jamestown ceased to be the Capital of Virginia.

The first act of Lord Delaware on his arrival, when he had met and turned back the famishing remnant of the colony, was to fall on his knees before he entered the South Gate of the fort where Sir Thomas Gates was drawn up with his fifty soldiers to receive him.

The first laws posted in Virginia contained the laws promulgated by Argall and his Council, enjoining attendance on divine worship under penalty of lying neck and heels on the *corps de garde* and slavery to the colony for a week for the first omission; for the second, slavery for a month, and for the third, slavery to the colony for a year.

Indeed, whatever the short-comings of the Virginians were, the lack of piety was not among them. I venture to make the assertion that their attendance upon divine worship from the time of Argall's laws, down to the last ringing of the church-bells has not been exceeded by the people of any other colony or State in this country. It gave the complexion to their life, and with chivalry and love of the rights of freemen, gave its fibre.

It is true that the seeking of wealth bore its part in the enterprise, as it has ever borne its part as one of the objects of human endeavor. Sir Walter Raleigh sought El Dorado; but who will be so stupid as to charge that this was his chief aim? So none can read the true story of the founding of Virginia without discovering on how much broader a foundation it was laid. The aspiration was for the establishment of a great Protestant State; a bulwark for England across the seas. The foundation was cemented by the dust of thousands of bold soldiers of Christ, who left comfort and ease behind them to face Death in its most terrible form.

Those who will take the trouble to burrow out from the musty records of the time their history, will find it the story of as high and noble fortitude as ever illumined the pages of human en-

deavor. No embellishment is required. Truly it may be said, as was said at the time, "That nothing can purge that famous action from the infamous scandal some ignorantly have conceted, as the plain, simple and naked Truth."

It was a church-going time. Religion engrossed the energies of the people. Participation in worship was the law, and whoever failed in it was a law-breaker and was dealt with accordingly. One of the early laws provided that on every plantation an apartment should be set aside for religious services and should be used for no secular purpose. Such a law was not needed. Religion was the basis of the life as it still is today, and the idea that it was not is but an echo of the time when every form of Puritanism thought every other form of religion worse than idolatry. Later on, for a brief period, prior to the Revolution, came a certain laxness—the reflex of the taut-strung bow—when the fox-hunting, cock-fighting parsons were inducted into the livings; but as the causes were temporary, the main cause being the political appointment by an absentee metropolitan, so the effect was not permanent.

It was out of these conditions that the Hanover Presbytery sprang, under the influence of Patrick Henry's model, the eloquent "Parson Davies,"

later the president of Princeton College. It was out of these conditions that the Methodist Church and the Baptist Church came into being. Indeed, while some of the English parsons, who have made the time notorious, were dicing and drinking and fighting, the laity were standing staunchly for the old customs, and were making the saddling upon them of such miscreants one of the charges in their indictment against the Government "at home." They withstood innovation. They kept the faith. They built churches which still stand to-day as memorials of their piety and churchmanship. Among the finest architectural relics of the colonial period are the massive brick churches throughout Tidewater Virginia, some of them now towering in a wilderness, like that on Carter's Creek, near the Rappahannock. It is possible that pride, too, entered into the motive at times, for it is related that old Mrs. Carter, of Corotomon, whose family built the church on Carter's Creek, directed when she came to die, that she should be buried under the aisle on the side where the poor sat, that they might walk over her in her death, who had carried herself so loftily in her life.

"President" Nelson, of the King's Council, who owned the land in Hanover County on which the mansion described in this paper was built two

generations later, always spread a table on Sunday, at his home in York, to entertain the congregation that attended the church there.

Lists of the vestries have been published, and every student of the history of that time must be struck by the number of those who became noted in the great Revolutionary struggle. The rolls of the great conventions were almost made up from the vestry-lists.

Having achieved independence, these same churchmen disestablished the Church. Mr. Madison said that the clergy, having so largely taken the English side, had made the Church so unpopular that the churchmen felt it necessary to disestablish it to save it. Their feeling is illustrated by the story told by Bishop Meade of the old gentleman in his cocked hat and ruffles who, during the contest over the disestablishment measure, was approached by a constituent with an inquiry as to how he would vote.

He said he should vote for the bill; for he was of opinion that every man should have the right to choose his own road to heaven; but he was very sure that a gentleman would always take the Episcopal way.

Even the drastic measure of disestablishment hardly saved the Church; the gentry had largely been ruined by the war, and the plain people

were finding other churches more congenial to them. Thus, the first bishops, Madison and Moore, had a hard struggle to build up the waste places.

Then came the iron bishop, Meade, who saw the task before him clearly, and went about it with an irresistible resolution. A man of remarkable intellect, of unquestioned piety, and of iron will, he took the Church in Virginia in his strong grasp and moulded it to suit himself. He was the supreme dictator among the Episcopalians of the State, and stamped his impress indelibly on their thought and life. He was a Spartan in habit and a Calvinist in creed. He asked no one to do what he would not do himself; but few could endure without suffering what was merely a spur to his energy and an inspiration to his zeal.

The writer remembers him in his early childhood, when the Bishop came on his Episcopal visitation to stay with his relatives in Hanover. His place beside his wife's grave was railed in and reserved in their lot at St. Martin's, the Old Fork Church, which used to give us youngsters a grewsome feeling before we knew how close to Life is Death. I have since seen the archbishops of both the Roman and Anglican communions, and have seen the House of American Bishops in

procession; but I have never seen any prelate received with the homage that this stern head of the Virginia Church had from his people.* And this he effected by the sheer force of his intellect and character. In the old parlor at Oakland an engraving of him in his episcopal robes hung beside an engraving of St. Peter preaching, one of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, and one of the Washington family.

The boys of the household of the preceding generation had gone to school to him, and recited their Latin with their jackets off, and the entire connection still took the law and the gospel from him, on all mooted points.

He was married in Hanover, and arriving the day before that set for the wedding, and finding the clergyman in attendance, he declined to wait, and, the bride assenting, they stood up and were married that evening. No one gainsaid him. He preached a stern gospel and lived it.

Horce-racing, cards, the theatre, and dancing were all banned as equally wicked. The observance of Sunday was enforced as a cardinal doctrine.

It was in a family established in the doctrines of the Church as expounded by this virile divine

* At General Cocke's they kept a carriage which was known as "the bishop's coach," and was only used when the bishop came.

that the writer was reared. As to the keeping of the Sabbath this rearing was after the straitest sect of our religion. Religion entered into the life as he has never known it do anywhere else. Instead of being stowed away in a corner or laid up for use on Sunday, it was always at hand, and became a part, and a very obvious part, of the daily life. Nor was it a religion softened and emasculated to suit the delicate fancies of modern dilettanteism. It was the religion of the grim evangelical divines of the last century. This world was only "a vale of misery," through which we had to walk with fear and trembling so as to reach in safety the other world where true Life begins. The Bible was the literal word of God, and the only admissible question on any point was what the Bible said. No man took from it, even if somewhat was added to it by Calvinistic exegesis. It is related that the wife of the old churchman of York who used to spread his table to entertain the whole congregation, on coming from church one Sunday called her maid to come and help her off with her dress, as she "had heard so much about hell and damnation that she did not feel as if she would cool off before Christmas." The style had not changed in a hundred years. The lurid glare of fire was pictured from the pulpit, denounced

against all mankind; but it was tempered by the soft musings of the psalmist in hours of hope, and the gentle sayings of the Saviour as he yearned over a fallen world. These, though hardly understood beside the terrific interpretation of the old divines, were somehow clung to and believed in. Fast-days were kept as regularly as Sundays.

The family life was so religious in the week that it was necessary to have Sunday quite completely given up to devotion to distinguish it. Family prayers—with a hymn sung by the whole family—were always had twice a day, and after the beginning of the war, when the President of the Confederacy asked in a proclamation for special prayers every day for the soldiers, they were held also at one o'clock, a custom which has been kept up in the household ever since, though someone characterized it as a Mohammedan custom. Whenever a clergyman came to the house he was always asked to have prayers before he left. Thus, occasionally "prayers" were had four times a day.

My uncle, Colonel Nelson, was the master of the plantation and always read prayers if he was at home. In his absence they were read by the next in seniority. The first sound in the morning was his vigorous call to prayers,

and then his sonorous voice as he read out the hymn. In slavery days he always had prayers for his servants before they went to the field in the morning, and later on he always drew up his men and read prayers to his battalion. This Virginian churchman was a stout Cromwellian who prayed with his sword in his hand and fought with a prayer on his lips. He was known during the war as "Old Ironsides."

The rule for the youngsters was "no butter" unless we got to prayers, a persuasive ordinance; for "dry bread" is dry indeed to a youthful tongue. The singing of the hymn, however, served a double purpose: it gave us notice and granted us some minutes of grace. It had another and more permanent effect—it taught us insensibly the hymns of the prayer book.

A wayfarer from a distant State passing through the country on some business, was directed to Oakland to spend the night. He was detained for a day or two by bad weather, and after he went away he told someone that he had been to a curious place, an old bachelor's home where twenty people sat down at table and where when they were not eating they were praying.

We were brought up on the Bible, our regular duty being the reading of the lessons for the day, a grounding which we little appreciated at the

time. Sunday was absolutely given up by the elders to the worship of God. In preparation for it our playthings, never very numerous, were put away, and the reading of secular books was discontinued Saturday night. After thirty years I can recall the lorn emptiness of my Sunday pockets. We were not allowed to "play" or "do" anything on Sunday; our sole "recreation" —a word which has always had an unpleasant sound for me since—being a walk. It should be said that the resourcefulness of the juvenile mind was not infrequently equal to the emergency and, avoiding the forbidden line of games, we occasionally substituted not less interesting entertainments. Those Sunday afternoons sometimes witnessed boxing and wrestling matches, "clod battles," and other athletic exercises which were not reported at the house.

Our reading was carefully looked after and guarded, all our "week-day books" being prohibited and our reading being confined to "Sunday books." Prominent among these were Mrs. Sherwood's works, beginning with "Henry Milner," "Little Henry and His Bearer," and "The Fairchild Family," the latter a grim and terrifying collection of moral teachings. One of these I well remember was an account of an excursion on which the father took little Harry and Lucy,

after a quarrel, to see hanging on a gibbet the body of a man who had killed his brother.

The writer was nearly thirty years old before he ever saw a lady read a novel on Sunday, and such is the effect of early training that he never sees one so engaged now without its raising doubts, at least, as to her social standing.

The churches, Trinity and "The Old Fork," were four and ten miles off, respectively, and service was held in them on alternate Sundays.

The Old Fork, amid its immemorial oaks, is one of the old colonial churches, built of brick with the glazed "headers" which, mellowed by the years, give that soft gray color so pleasing in old structures, and with fine, simple lines that render a building dignified and impressive.

The road to the Fork Church was at that time bordered by the plantations of gentle-folk, well cultivated prior to the close of the war, and supporting a large population. It followed the ridge for miles. Now there are scarcely three places left in the hands of their original owners, and the country is almost entirely grown up. But the writer has had occasion to know that their influence has not perished from the earth. Their sons have gone out into many lands, stout soldiers of the cross, and fighters for the principles of their fathers.

We always went to church irrespective of the weather, or—what was more remarkable—of the roads, unless, indeed, the weather was so surpassingly bad that there was no possibility of the preacher himself attending. When we stayed at home, we had the service and a sermon, for our elders believed in calling upon us to hear sermons. This, however, was on rare occasions. If the Fork Church road was exceptionally bad, a standard that can only be appreciated by those who have travelled in winter that bottomless stretch of clay hills and Serbonian mud, an extra pair of horses or mules were hitched on in the lead and we went with four-in-hand, or with a postilion. This, so far from being a hardship to us, was in fact generally a pleasure; for the gathering at church had a social side to it. We saw our friends, and sometimes even strangers were there. No one who has not lived in a back-country neighborhood can appreciate the interest that a stranger excites. I can remember casual strangers whom I saw at church during my boyhood better than I can now recall notables that I have seen in later years. The church in the country fills a larger place in the life of the people than it does in town. It was and still is the centre of the life in St. Martin's Parish, in Hanover.

On arriving at church each gentleman had his own place, generally "a swinging limb," at which to tie his horse, quite as much as he had his seat in church, and it would have been quite as great a breach of decorum to take the one as to usurp the other. This was a matter of strict and necessary etiquette; for there were certain families who never were on time, just as there were others who were always on time. Indeed, occasionally this variance was the case in the same family, for I remember a discussion in which one gentleman charged another with always having been late for church, while the latter declared that he had never been "too late for church in his life."

The ladies always went "into church" immediately on arrival; the older gentlemen as soon as the clergymen entered the chancel; the younger gentlemen at the first sound of his voice; and those of the plainer people who were not Episcopalians came in about the time of the second lesson, their object being—inscrutably as we thought—to hear the sermon.

In church the men sat on one side of the aisle, the ladies on the other.

Before the minister entered there was usually a buzz of conversation throughout the church, and after service there was quite a levee in the aisle. I remember once Colonel Nelson, the

senior warden, as the hum of conversation before service grew too loud, rose in his seat and said, quietly, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." The hubbub ceased.

The organ was in the gallery over the entrance, and as the chants were sung a number of the men used to turn their backs on the pulpit and leaning against the back of the pew gaze up at the choir.

The choir led the singing, but the whole congregation sang. When I can first remember, the hymns were "lined out," two lines at a time, and as there were a number of the older ladies who preferred their own deliberate pace to any "time" that the younger portion who composed the choir could set, the result was sometimes amazing. But there were many fresh voices, and the singing was hearty and inspiring. I remember one old gentleman who always used to sing with his eyes shut fast, even though he was standing up, a peculiarity which possibly explained his keeping them also shut when he was sitting during the sermon. I remember to have essayed the same convenient practice; but my seniors were not to be deceived, I was poked up and made to open my eyes.

The pulpit was high up on the wall, and an

interesting event in the exercises was when the clergyman, after the service, left the chancel and went to the vestry-room to exchange his surplice for his gown and bands—for no one then preached in a surplice. The gown that I first remember, during and soon after the war, was a venerable garment, and our rector was very tall and spare. I can see him now as he used to come striding up the aisle, his gown flying and fluttering behind him in a way wonderful to behold. We knew that he carried half concealed his sermon, and it was an anxious moment, for the pulpit was too high for us to see it after he reached that exalted perch, and on the glimpse we caught as he passed by depended our gauge of the thickness of his manuscript and the length of time it would take him to deliver it. It was usually dishearteningly thick.

One of the clergy having on an occasion broken through a bridge as he was travelling through the parish, an old gentleman was asking what injury he had suffered.

"None," said his informant, "except that his sermons all got wet."

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "they will get dry again."

The preaching was of the old-fashioned kind, largely hortatory, very loud and very long, and

was divided into almost as many heads as the sermons of the Duke of Argyle's dominie. But, however many heads, there was one point in all; the fiery condemnation of the wicked and the felicity of those who escaped. Learning, eloquence, and zeal were piled up on this perennial theme. I early made the discovery that duration of time is not at all measured by its passage, but that an hour may be many times as long under some circumstances as under others, and that of all the means to lengthen time a sermon is, perhaps, the most effective.

It was, however, when taken with the surrounding life, effective preaching, and all the young girls and nearly all the young men early became members of the church.

After church, Hospitality had its claim even on Piety, and every one invited every one else to "stop by" and take dinner, the rule being not to accept an invitation given only at the plantation gate. This was a custom that was highly appreciated by us juniors, for it gave us a day out with our friends and furnished us the coveted opportunity to ride strange horses to water. The horses of St. Martin's parish "went to water" often on Sundays.

The dinner was always cold, but it was so good that after thirty years we of St. Martin's

have a *penchant* for a cold dinner on the first day of the week.

In the afternoon unless we reached home too late, we had to learn the collect and a hymn, and "say" the catechism, an exercise which I appreciate more highly now than I did then.

The days were undoubtedly very long, and would have been very wearisome to us youngsters had we not recognized the inexorable necessity of yielding, as to any other divine decree. We do not complain of the law of gravitation or kick against the pricks of the laws of age and decay. When we are ready to submit, the work of submission is already half accomplished.

Reading and reflection have satisfied the writer that this extreme Sabbatarianism is not enjoined by the New Dispensation, and has not been taught by the general Church. The Sabbatarianism of our people was a result of the tide of Puritanism which swept over the country of our fathers a few centuries before, being based on the Old Testament dispensation, and in protest against whatever the Catholic Church taught or allowed. The extreme type that it took in Virginia was a form of repudiation of the laxness of the ante-Revolutionary period, and of the free thought of the post-Revolutionary time following the French Revolution.

Men had to take sides, and they took them.

However hard the old regimen was, and the writer cannot deny that he is glad to have escaped from its severities, yet he is satisfied that in the main its effect was excellent. For one thing, it taught the habit of obedience and of reverence; for another, that of self-denial. No one can deny himself in obedience to a sense of duty without being a gainer thereby.

Men from time to time tax the hardness of their early training with their aversion to attending church. But one rarely hears them credit their virtues to their training. The writer's observation is that those who have been trained to go to church, in the main continue to do so in after-life. If there are any who were not brought up to attend church, they did not come from Hanover. The old Virginian in "The Barton Experiment," however low he sank during the week, always "shaped up," put on a clean shirt, and attended church on Sunday, because his mother had brought him up to do it.

Moreover, there was something that came from that direct recognition of God, and that sturdy determination to do one's duty as it was understood, that gave a "body" to the character not so commonly found nowadays.

But however rigorous was the life, we who

underwent it look back to it now with only affection. It was clean and pure and stimulating. In a measure it still exists, though tempered by the softening influence of freer thought, the currents of which have reached even that retired haven.

Most of the old homes that once bordered the Fork Church road have passed away; but happily a few of them still remain. The old Fork Church, with its generations of worshippers sleeping in the shade of its oaks and cedars, still stands as a sanctuary for those who were reared in its teachings.

One cannot leave the dust and turmoil of the city and spend a Sunday there without feeling that he has climbed to a higher level and breathed a rarer air. It is as if he had taken a plunge into a cool and limpid spring. He comes away refreshed and stimulated. It was in old times one of the centres of the old Virginia Life; after a period of declension, it is becoming so once more, and peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety are established there. May they be so established to all generations!

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